

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Vaftrudner on September 22, 2008, 02:02:06 pm

Title: **How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 22, 2008, 02:02:06 pm**

An AAR written by Vaftrudner, illustrated by Heffa.

New introduction:

For those who were wondering, I wanted to do something different by jumping straight into the action without a text like this, and since this is above all a playground for me and my AAR writing, I'm not playing this as a community/succession fortress. My writing is the same as all other games I've written about, picture-heavy, attempting to be humorous and poking fun at every oddness I encounter in the game itself. It's not an attempt to make a legendary epic story of win and greatness, it's supposed to be something light and entertaining. I do swear a lot, mostly because I've lived in Ireland for a time, I suspect ;) This might not be for everyone but I hope that you don't just consider me another /b/-tard. I was trying to introduce the characters one by one in the text itself instead of just throwing up seven screenshots in the old "I DARE you to read me!"-style, but since I (as usual) failed to do this in any good way and just made it more confusing, here's a list of the starting dwarves:

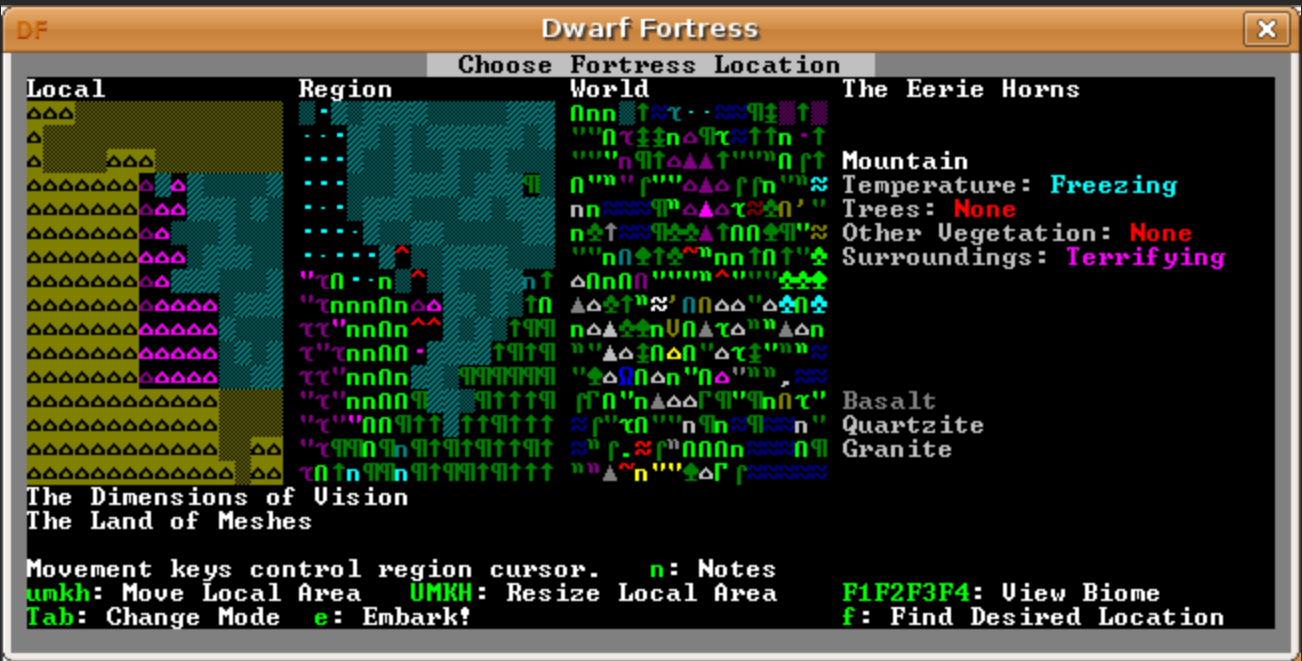
- Cog: Proficient grower/Leader with appraiser, JoI and all that
- Lolor: Proficient miner/Proficient mechanic
- Aban: Proficient stonecrafter/Carpenter/Miner
- MafoI: Proficient weaponsmith/Proficient armorsmith
- Deduk: Proficient mason/Building designer
- Obok: Proficient brewer/Proficient cook
- Kogan: Likes to chop heads off with her axe

Big thanks to Heffa and Pekkaman for pictures.

Old disclaimer: There will be no original content, except the pictures. Everything Vaftrudner writes is stolen, contains profanity and is about as dirty and meaningless as a night out in Dublin. Please leave your expectations at the door and you may have a real good time.

Prologue by Kogan Betaneshtân

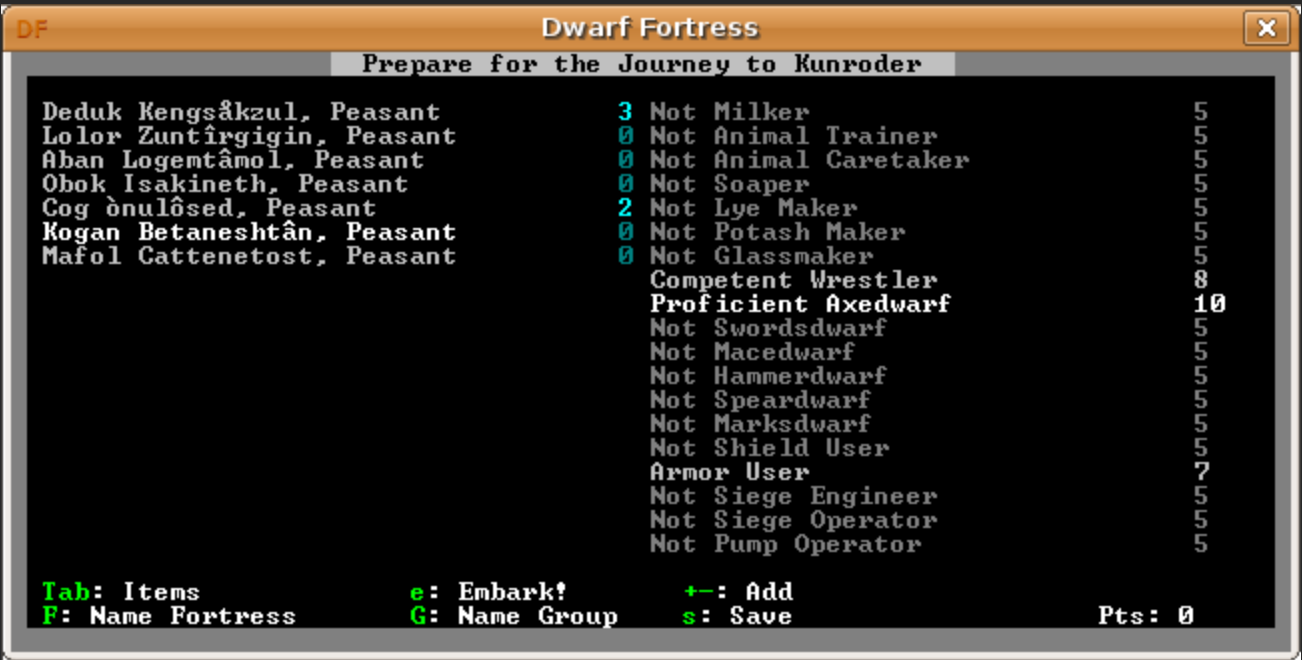
I was surprised when the Captain of the Guard came to speak with me. I still had about seventy years left on my sentence, and I didn't seriously think that anyone would consider my appeals. He was quite blunt - he told me that they would let me go, on the condition that I would accompany some colonists as a woodcutter. I considered telling him that the only thing I know how to do with an axe is cracking skulls, but thought better of it.



So he showed me the maps. The plan was to set up a mining colony on the other side of The Eerie Horns, right on the edge of The Helpful Blizzards. I'd heard about that region before I was locked up, the higher-ups refer to it as "an unfortunate chokepoint of minerals". Now, I don't pretend to be fluent in noble bullshit, but I know enough to translate that into "dwarves are going to die. A lot". They have to be real desperate for gold to actually send someone up to that hellhole. But of course I'd go if it meant I could lay my hands on some alcohol again. I was just about to accept when something hit me.

"Wait.. Why do you need a woodcutter? Last time I checked, there weren't any trees on a glacier, nor on a mountain made up of thirty fucktons of basalt!"

He just put on a friendly smile. I knew I was going to die. But screw it, as long as I don't have to spend the rest of my life in a nickel cage, anything's fine with me.



The guards escorted me out of my cage straight to a wagon the following day. The sun hurt, but at least I got my first proper barrel of dwarven ale in years. I was so used to being sober, I'd almost started to feel human. Well, they introduced me to the colonists and I was baffled. The expedition was led by a planter, Cog. I asked her what the fuck she was going to plant on a glacier, and she just smiled at me and said "Magma."

"What do you mean?" I asked her, but she just continued smiling.  
"Fiery, hot. It'll burn the ice, yes."  
So I turned to one of the miners, hoping that at least one of them had half a brain.  
"Are we going to set up magma farming - just the seven of us?"  
"No no! Not at all!", he answered. "Some will haul stuff instead!"  
I swallowed hard. "Are you even sure there's magma there?"  
"Well, yes, of course! That is, well, there better be, otherwise we'd die and what's the fun in that?"

I just climbed on the wagon, grabbed the steel axe and fell asleep holding it tight.



Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Blurb** on **September 22, 2008, 03:20:32 pm**

After months of lurking, i registered just to say that i will follow this thread. Truly you have caught me in your net of egoism and idiocy. :]

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 22, 2008, 04:18:56 pm**

First spring by Mafol Cattenetost, Metalsmith

| Dwarf Fortress                           |     |                |     |
|--|-----|----------------|-----|
| Prepare for the Journey to Gushgashoslan |     |                |     |
| <Copper picks [21]>                      | 20  | 2 dog          | 16  |
| <Steel battle axe>                       | 300 | No puppy       | 16  |
| <Dwarven ale [61]>                       | 2   | No hunting dog | 31  |
| <Plump helmet spawn [21]>                | 1   | No war dog     | 31  |
| <horse meat [31]>                        | 2   | 2 cat          | 11  |
| <Plump helmet [21]>                      | 4   | No kitten      | 11  |
| <dog meat [41]>                          | 2   | No mule        | 101 |
| <turtle [101]>                           | 2   | No donkey      | 101 |
| <cat meat [51]>                          | 2   | No donkey foal | 101 |
| <Dwarven beer [61]>                      | 2   | No horse       | 101 |
| <Rock nuts [23]>                         | 1   | No horse foal  | 101 |
| <Dwarven rum [61]>                       | 2   | No cow         | 151 |
| <Dwarven wine [61]>                      | 2   | No cow calf    | 151 |
| <Nickel silver bars>                     | 15  |                |     |
| <Tower-cap logs [34]>                    | 3   |                |     |
| <dog leather [41]>                       | 5   |                |     |
| <cave spider silk rope>                  | 20  |                |     |

Tab: Dwarves

F: Name Fortress

e: Embark!

G: Name Group

+ -: Add

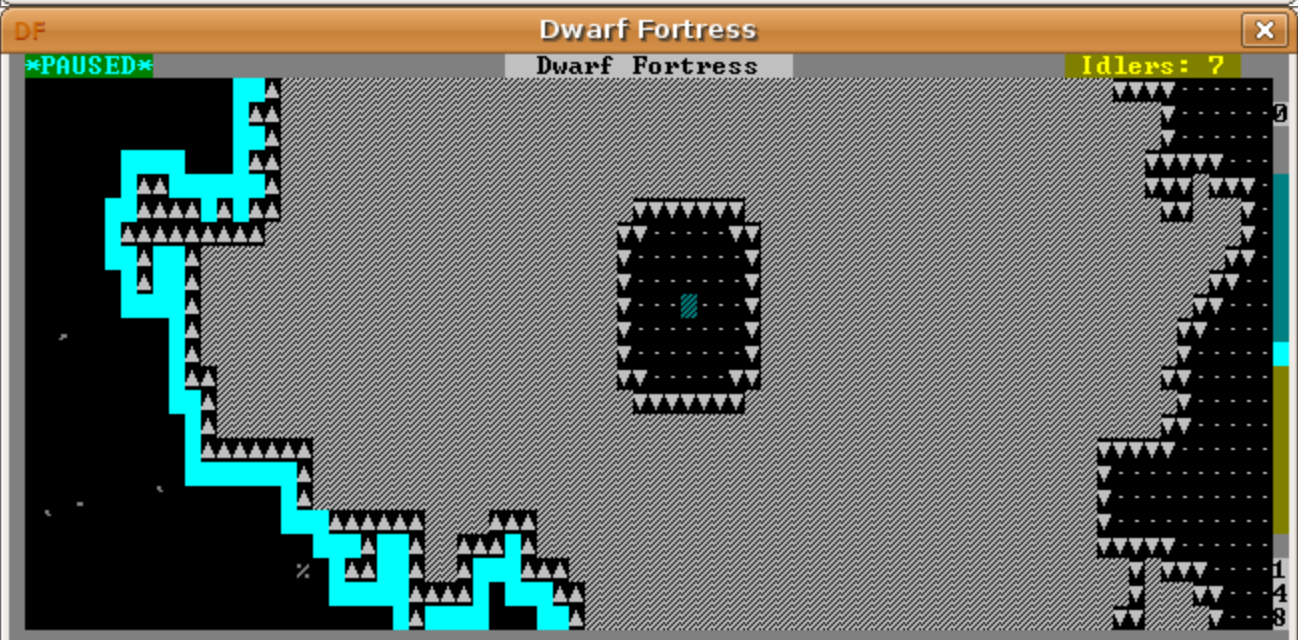
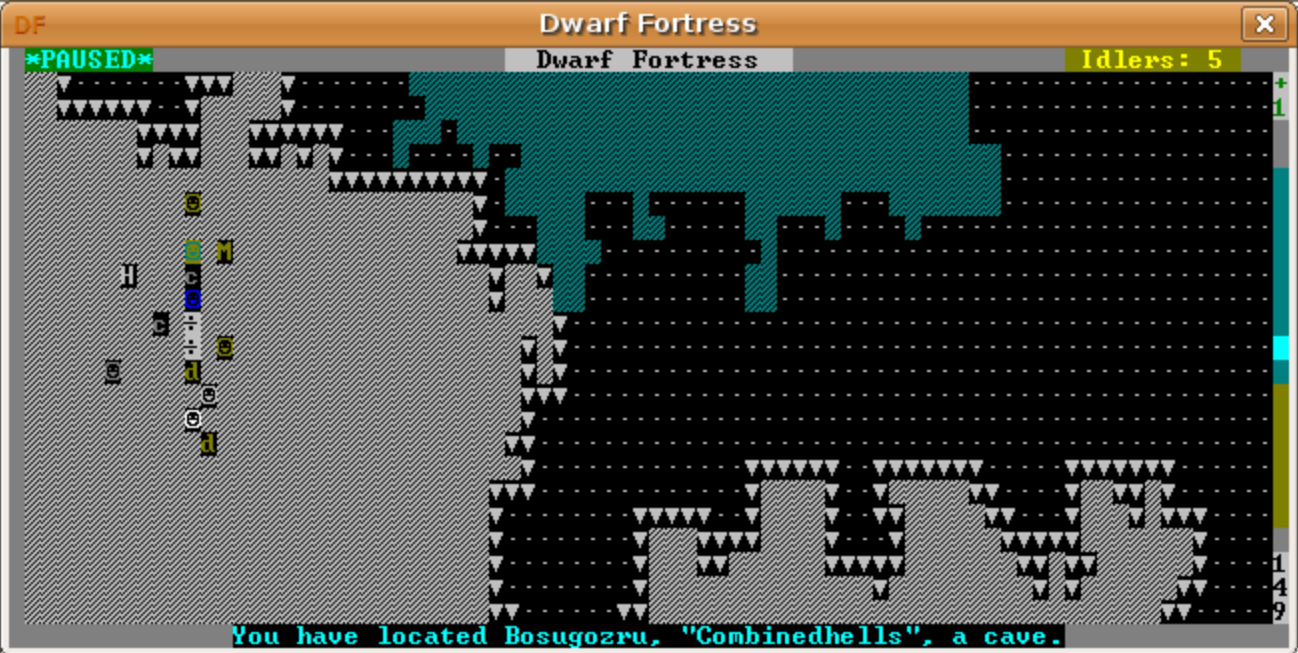
s: Save

n: New

Pts: 4

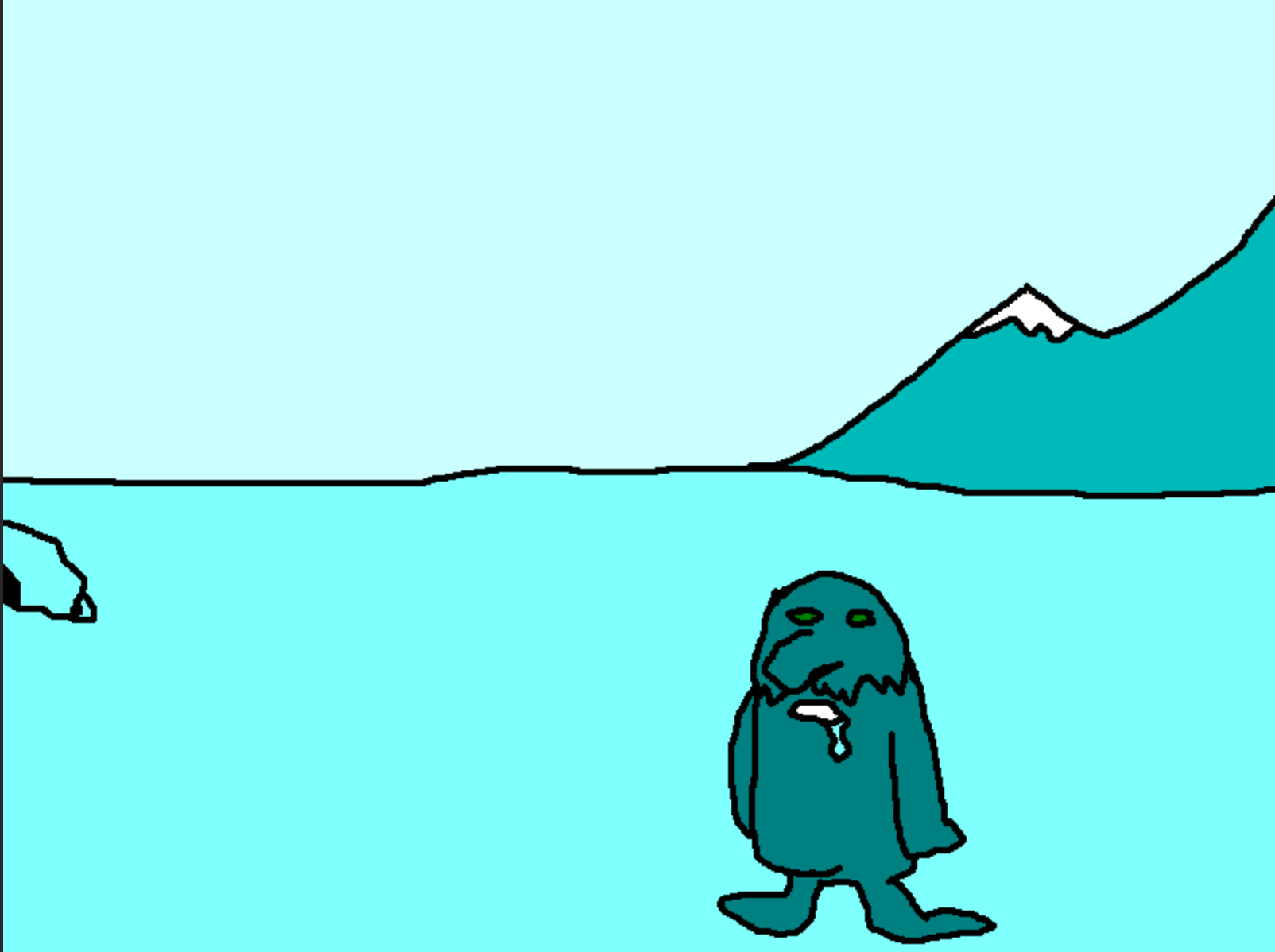
Well, it's bad, but not as bad as it could've been. Our wagon is loaded with booze and food, and we have some animals to keep us safe and warm. We met an elf on the way who claimed to know the area quite well, she said she often goes there for "adventures of spiritual exploration". She said we should be careful not to disturb the giant already living over there, but she was also rolling longland grass in paper cylinders while we spoke, so I'm not sure how much I trust her. I asked her if there was anything else living there, and she stared into the snow saying "Err, not exactly living, no..." Anyway, we've decided to name the place Catboldness to honor the courageous animals who have held us company and kept our spirits up. We told her to let the closest dwarven outpost know, if she should pass by.

1st Granite, year 51



Just when we spotted a cave, Cog told us to stop. This would be the place, right on the edge of the glacier. Turns out the crazy elf was right, there is indeed a giant in that cave. I told Cog we should get the fuck out of here, but she won't budge. Says she can smell the magma. Oh, and I see now what she meant when she said that nothing's living here.





There's ice everywhere. And where there's not ice, there's snow. I have no idea what Cog means, the only thing I can smell is my own frozen beard and the rotting of the living dead, but she's the leader. The miners, determined to live another day, started mining out a safe place for us, while the mason, Deduk, told us to forget what jobs we think we should be doing and start piling up the leftover ice from the miners.

DF

Dwarf Fortress

\*PAUSED\*

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 6

|                          |     |
|--------------------------|-----|
| Mine                     | (d) |
| Channel                  | (h) |
| Remove Up Stairs/Ramps   | (z) |
| Upward Stairway          | (u) |
| Downward Stairway        | (j) |
| Up/Down Stairway         | (i) |
| Upward Ramp              | (r) |
| Chop Down Trees          | (t) |
| Gather Plants            | (p) |
| Smooth Stone             | (s) |
| Engrave Stone            | (e) |
| Carve Fortifications     | (a) |
| Toggle Engravings        | (v) |
| Remove Designation       | (x) |
| Remove Construction      | (n) |
| Set Building/Item Proper | (b) |
| Set Traffic Areas        | (o) |

DF

Dwarf Fortress

\*PAUSED\*

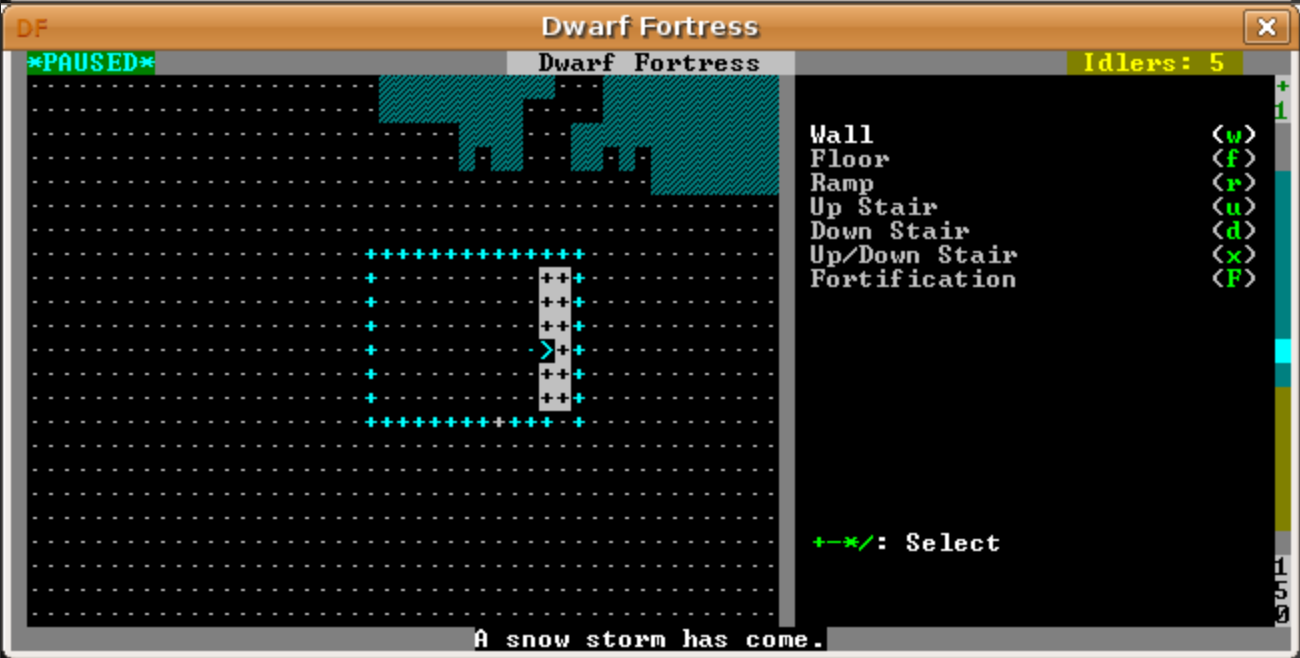
Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 6

|                          |     |
|--------------------------|-----|
| Mine                     | (d) |
| Channel                  | (h) |
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| Chop Down Trees          | (t) |
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| Set Traffic Areas        | (o) |

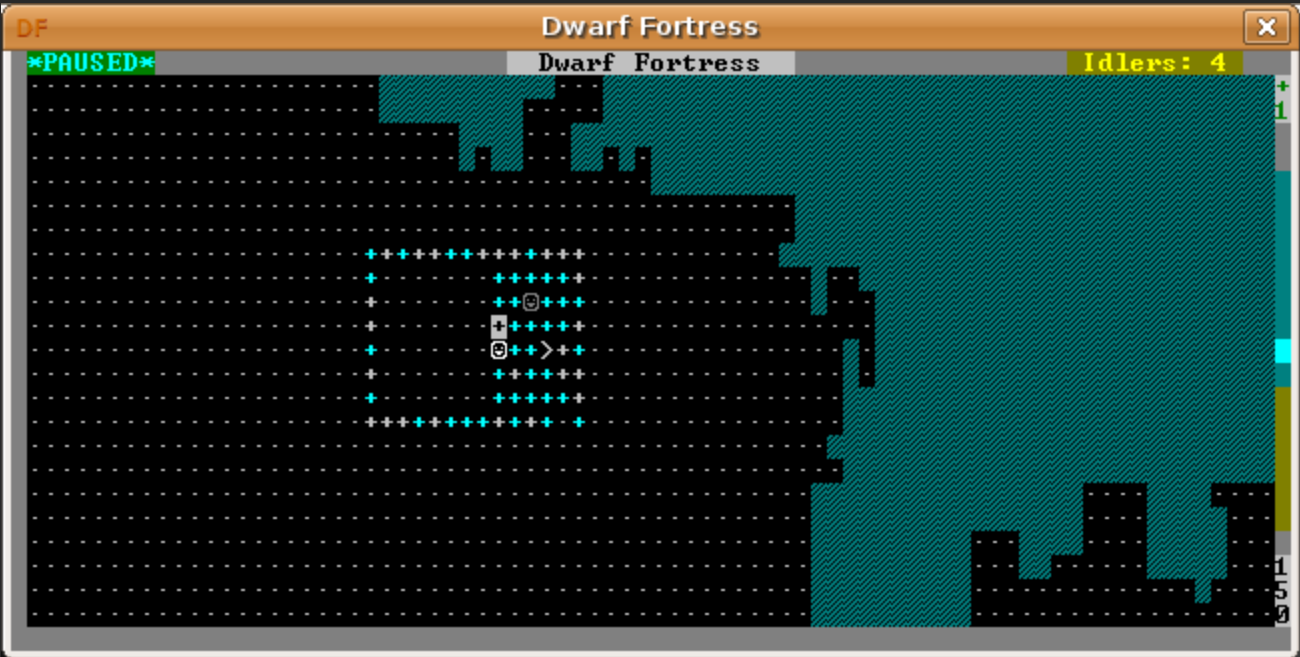


7th Granite

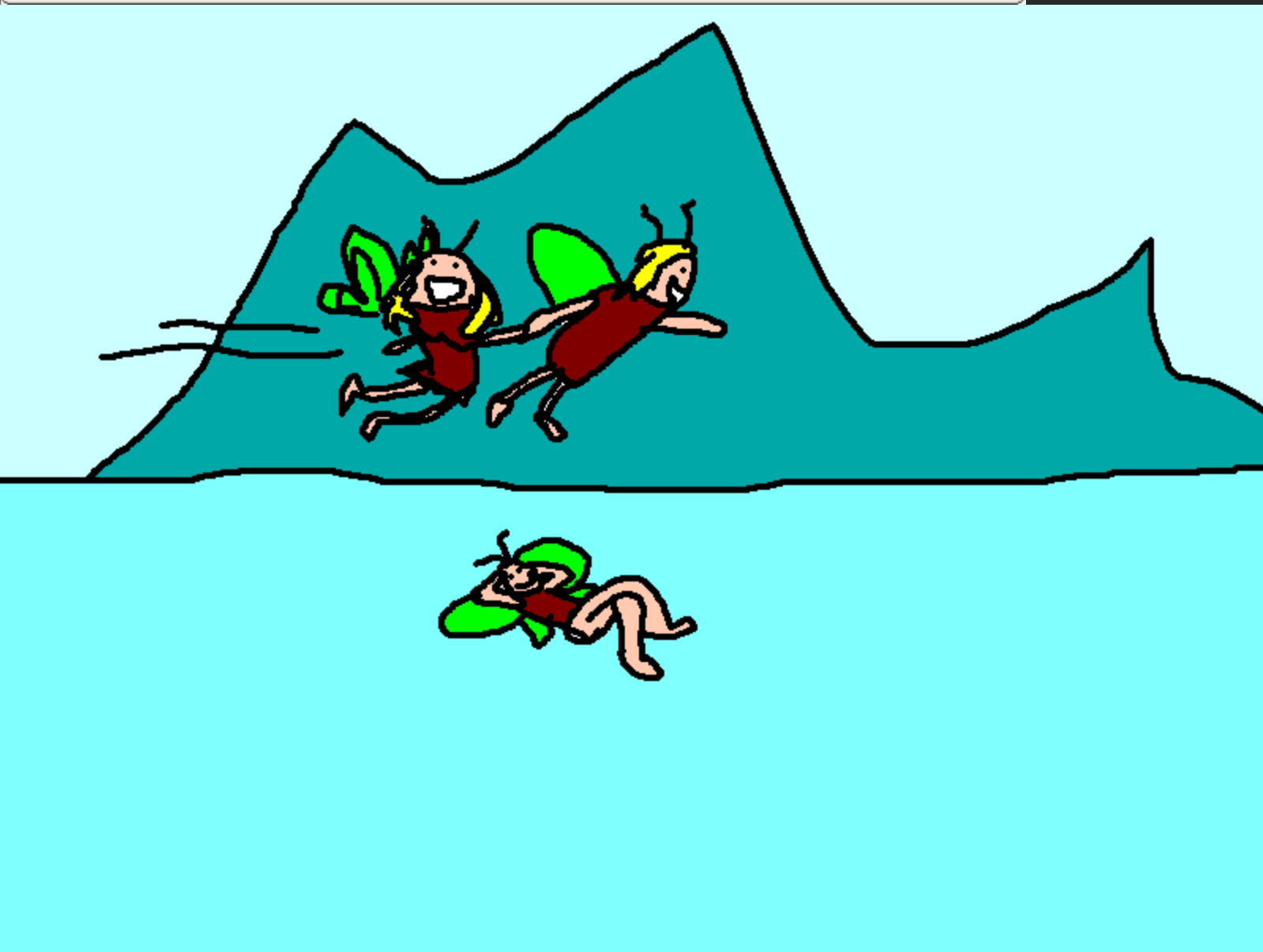


Just as we put the finishing touches on the wall between us and certain painful death, a snow storm hits us and Deduk tells us to start building a roof aswell if we really want to be safe. Now, there are about four thousand things I'd rather be doing than walking around in a snow storm on a thin stair made out of ice, putting more ice above fucking ice, but we have no anvil, no magma, no wood and nothing whatsoever to smelt if we could, so I guess I'll just get on with it.

12th Granite



The roof is about halfway done now, and even though I envy the miners down in their reasonably warm, comforting darkness, there are some nice sights up here.



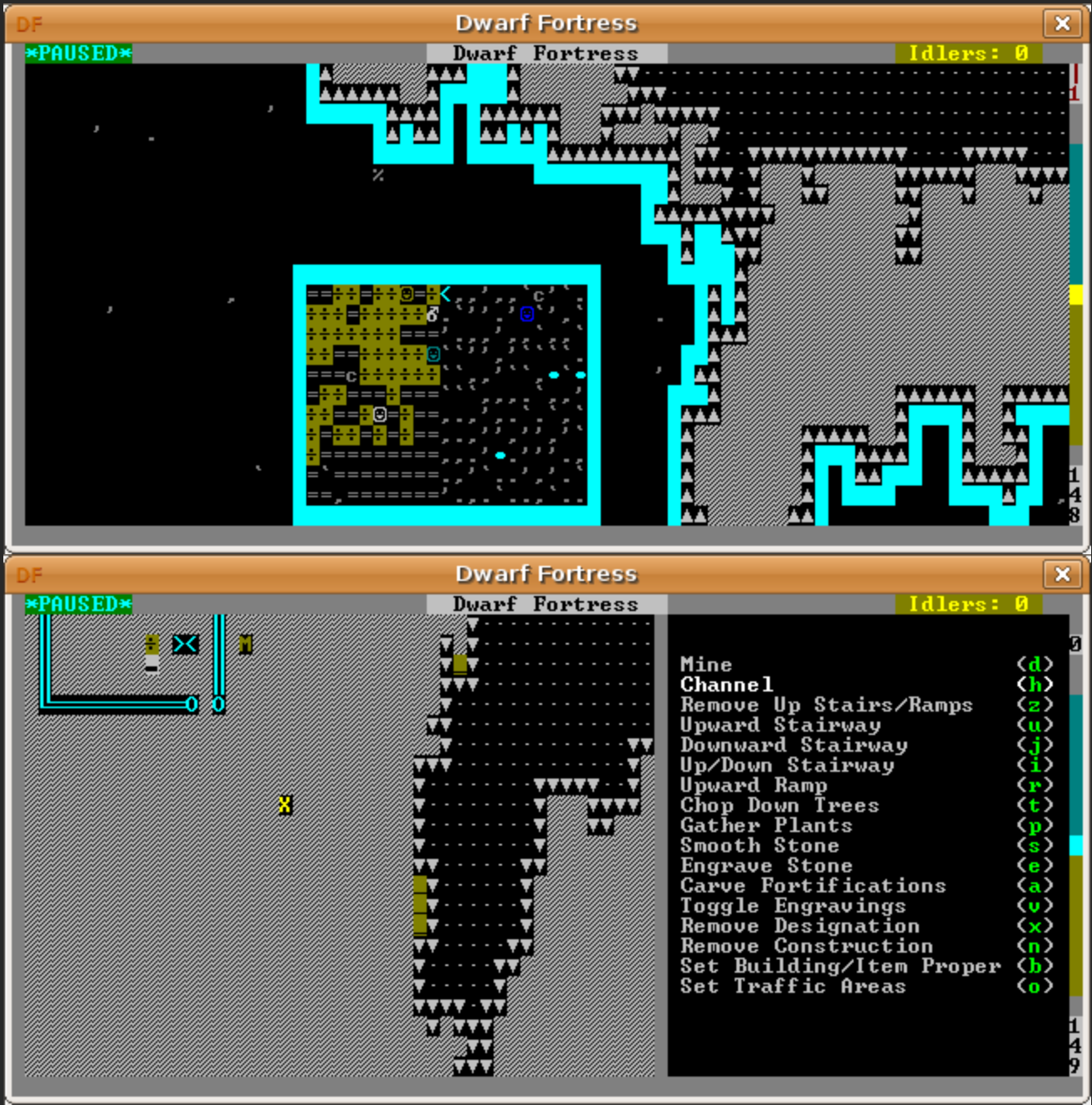
Just look at them! Awww... Hey, wait a minute...





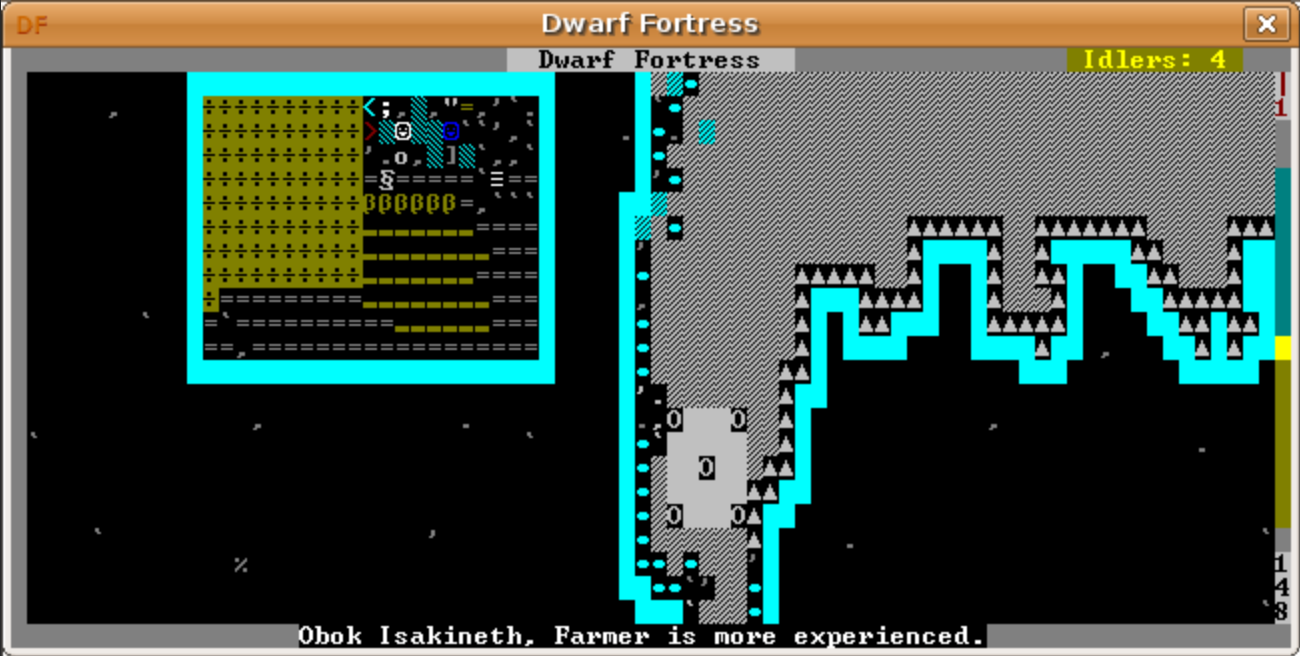
...

17th Granite



I'm starting to feel remotely safe now. The underground storage room is finished and most of the food is down there, we still have a lot of wood and other stuff to haul down but we can leave the surface soon. The miners are carving away slopes, with plans on creating a corridor into what will be the fort's only entry point, so that when the goblins come, we will at least irritate them before we die.

25th Granite



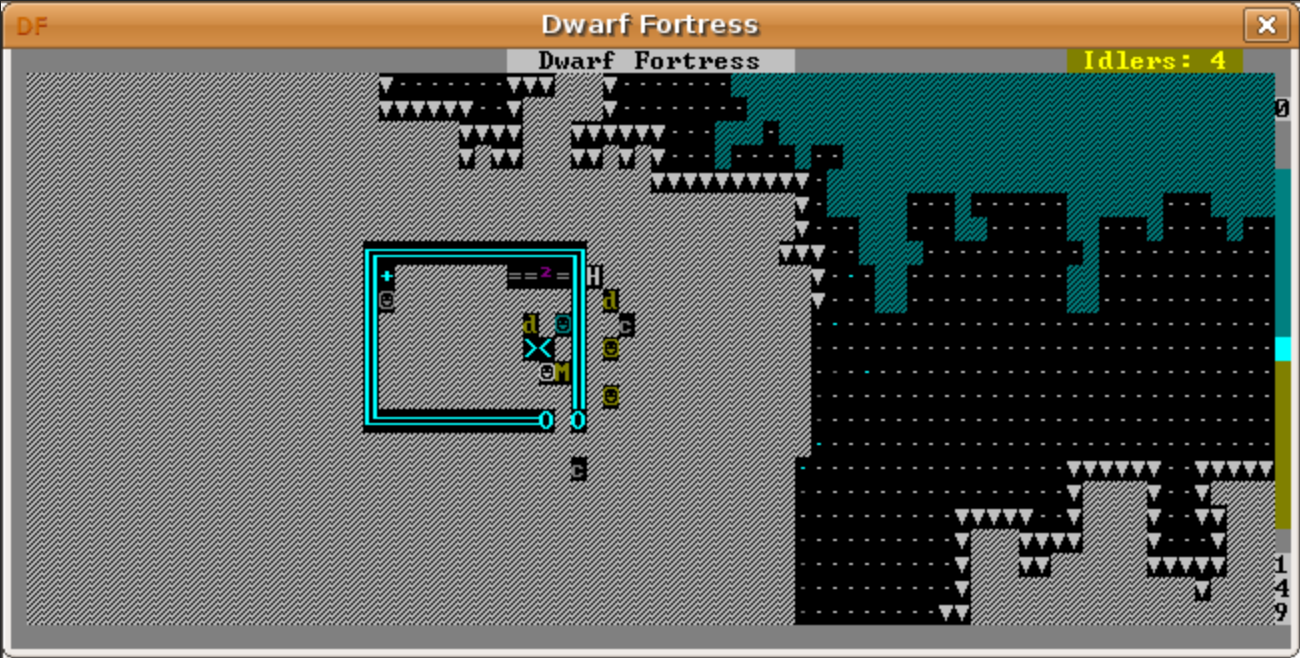
The miners have finished digging away slopes and hit stone below the storage room, so we've got some workshops going to get us tables and beds. It's gonna be a nice change, not sleeping on ice. Surrounded by ice. With workshops, roofs, floors and trade depots made out of.. ice. Cog tells me that since most building and hauling is done for now, she has another fun job for me. I'm supposed to smooth the floor in our aboveground shelter to make it look more comforting. Sure, I tell her, what tools will I be using?

And she just stares at me.

At my hands.

Oh no.

Oh fuck no.



Hello pain, my name is Mafol. We're gonna be friends.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Krash** on **September 22, 2008, 04:45:08 pm**

moar!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **userpay** on **September 22, 2008, 04:46:32 pm**

lol very nice, I like the smoothing part alot.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Eita** on **September 22, 2008, 05:34:29 pm**

Must have war zombie troll.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Dwarfaholic** on **September 23, 2008, 11:18:44 am**

I approve of this thread. Keep on!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Glacies** on **September 23, 2008, 12:48:52 pm**

I like the pictures, a lot. Even if they are made in paint, it's a neat gimick that nobody else has picked up on, and I suggest you continue with it. Also, I loved the line about the hands, smoothing thingy.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 23, 2008, 01:27:01 pm**

Quote from: Glacies on September 23, 2008, 12:48:52 pm  
I like the pictures, a lot. Even if they are made in paint, it's a neat gimick that nobody else has picked up on, and I suggest you continue with it. Also, I loved the line about the hands, smoothing thingy.

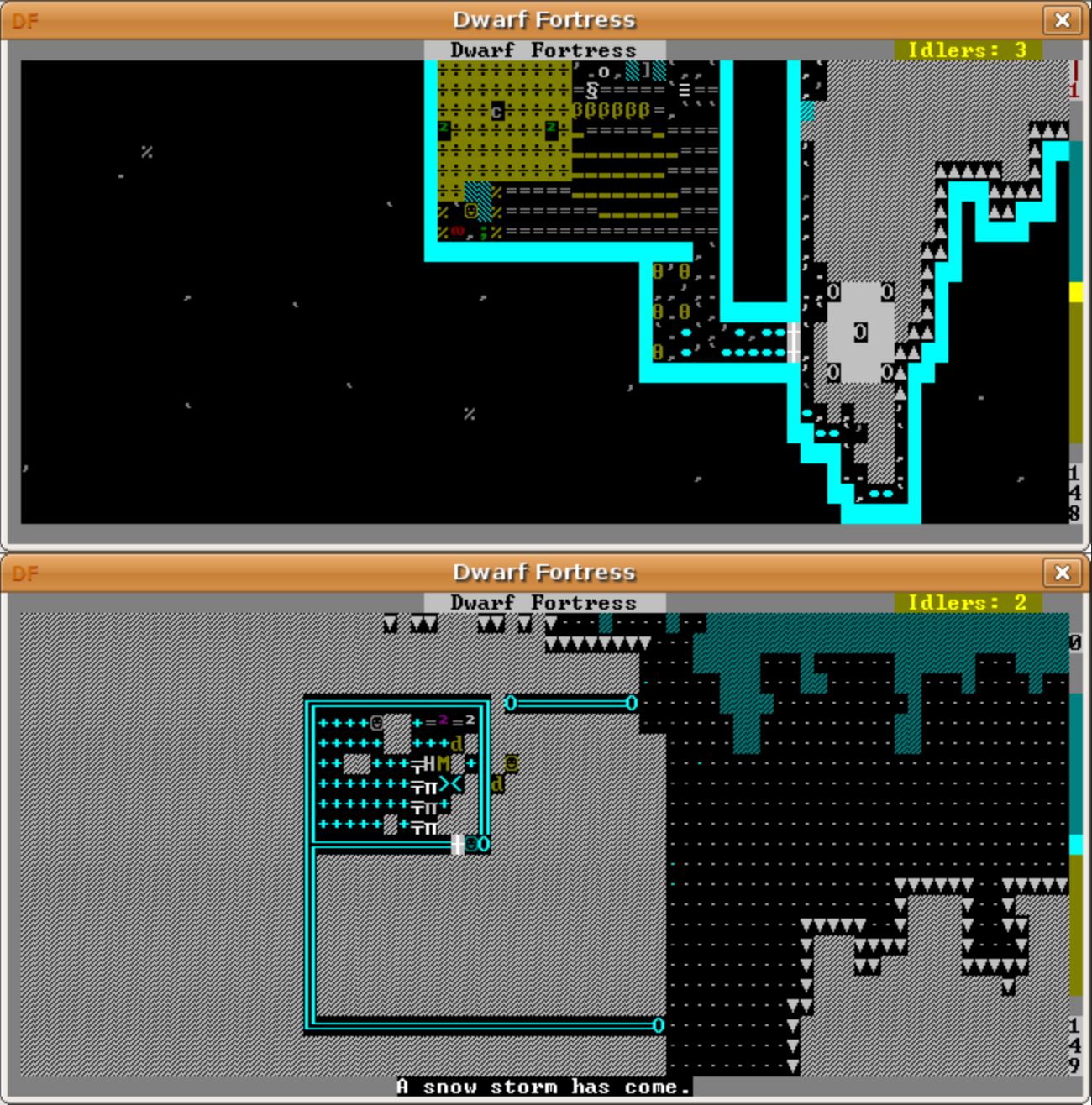
I like Heffa's pictures a lot too, and I think that they go well with the "graphics" of DF. Unfortunately the lazy bastard took a vacation from this update.

Edit: Pekkaman made some nice goat fanart, so I'm adding it!



First spring, continued by Kogan Betaneshtân, "woodcutter" (heh)

10th Slate



The miners finished the new entry to the place and the rest of us are working hard to secure the aboveground area. Except Mafol, of course, the poor bastard. He comes to the new bedroom to rest his bleeding hands sometimes, says he just doesn't want to talk about it. Meanwhile, Cog, reaching ever higher into the realm of insanity, told us that the roof-covered area would be our new dining room. I told her there was no way in hell I'd put tables up on the ice. She doesn't seem aware of the fact that ice *reflects* sunlight, making it so bright that even humans are fucking blinded. She told me to start doing what I'm told before she sends word for a hammerer. Convincing argument.

19th Slate



The miners are keeping busy, looking for minerals and that elusive magma. Meanwhile Obok's had a kitchen set up so that we can stop gnawing on frozen turtles. I was a bit worried, but when going to ask him he just screamed "NO, FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M *NOT* COOKING THE FUCKING BOOZE!!"

DFDwarf Fortress

| Ingredient Type    | Number | Permissions |
|--------------------|--------|-------------|
| dog meat           | 40?    | Cook ----   |
| cat meat           | 50?    | Cook ----   |
| horse meat         | 30?    | Cook ----   |
| turtle             | 100?   | Cook ----   |
| Plump helmet spawn | 20?    | Cook ----   |
| Rock nuts          | 20?    | Cook ----   |
| Plump helmet       | 20?    | Cook Brew   |
| Dwarven wine       | 60?    | Cook ----   |
| Dwarven ale        | 60?    | Cook ----   |
| Dwarven beer       | 60?    | Cook ----   |
| Dwarven rum        | 60?    | Cook ----   |

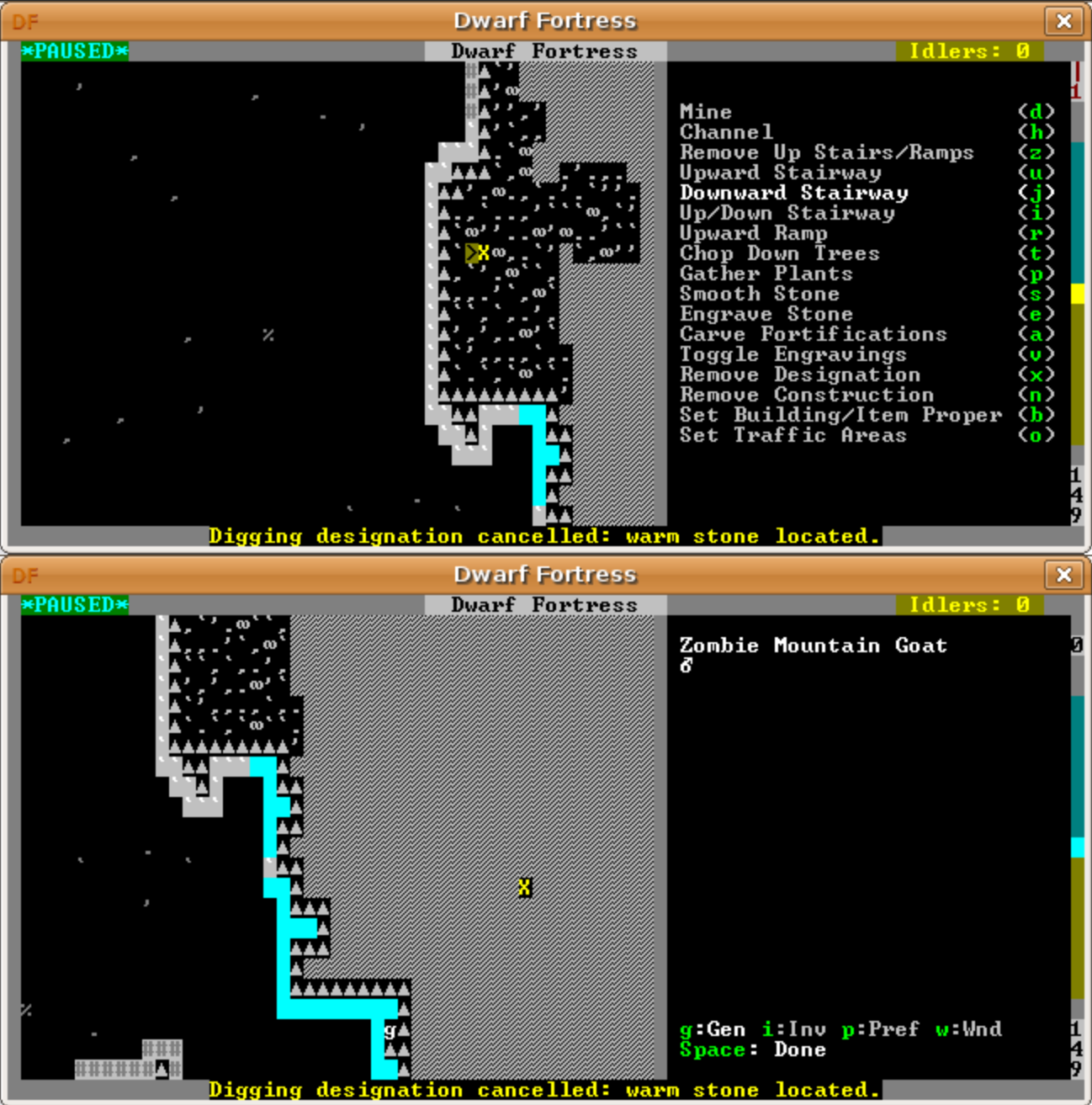
c: Toggle cook. b: Toggle brew.

Apparently this is nothing but an old prejudice, and he's quite sick of hearing it from everyone. I don't blame him, you don't walk up to me and say "Hey, nice axe, don't cut our legs off with it though!"

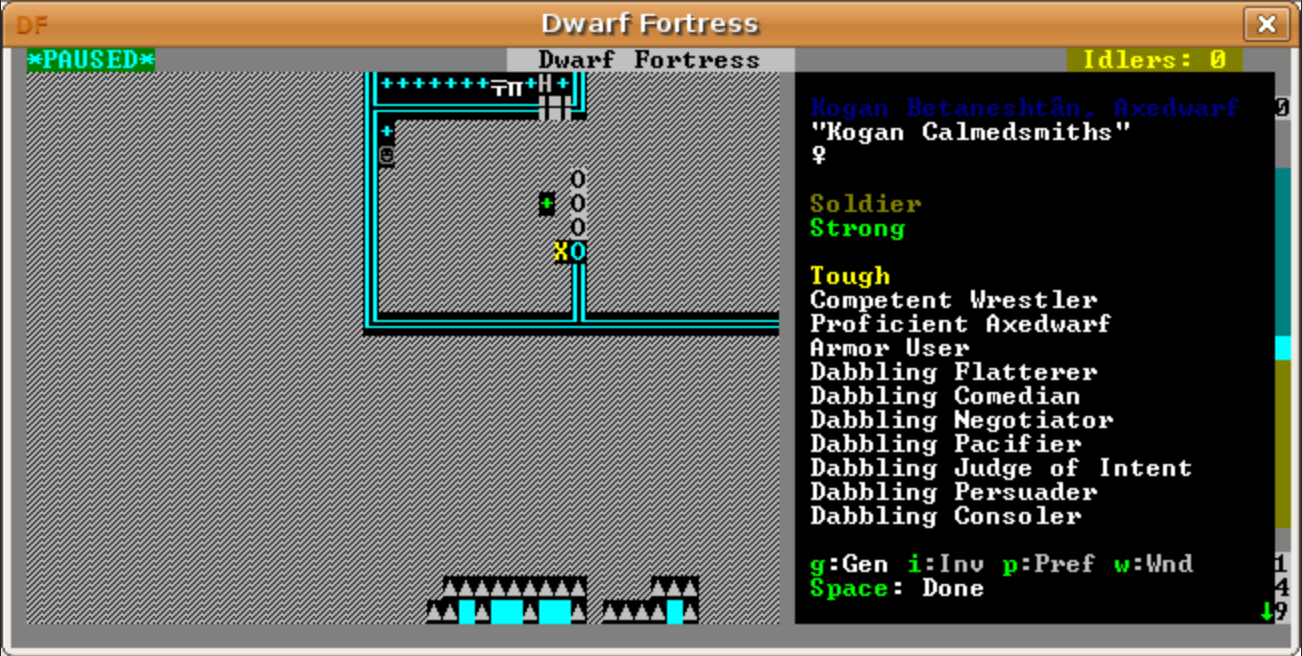
25th Slate



I'll be damned. Cog woke us all up this morning in an ecstatic frenzy, singing "Burn burn burn the elves, gently into roast, magmily magmily magmily bitch is fucking toast!" Apparently the miner Lolor struck a hot wall some hundred yards into the mountain. She's very optimistic about it, but there's a problem.



To plan the magma channels, the miners need to get in from above, and there are some cute goats there who might want to say hi, cuddle a bit and eat our guts while we're still screaming. So guess what?



Just send the friendly neighborhood ex-con to deal with it!

26th Slate



Crawling in the snow, their stench hit me before I can see them. I'm almost at the planned digging point when I see one in the corner of my eye. In an instant I'm up on my feet, gripping the freezing steel axe so hard my knuckles feel like they're about to burst. Staring into it's rotting, evil eyes, trying not to vomit from the cloud of miasma around it, I watch the beast charging at me and.. charging.. still charging.. waaait a minute.

Is this supposed to be scary? Ok, fair enough, they're the living dead, eaters of brains and whatnot. But honestly, it's not that frightening when it's charging at you at 10 fucking *feet* per hour. I could take a nap, do my hair, invent a pidgin language and *still* have time to plan how to cut it.

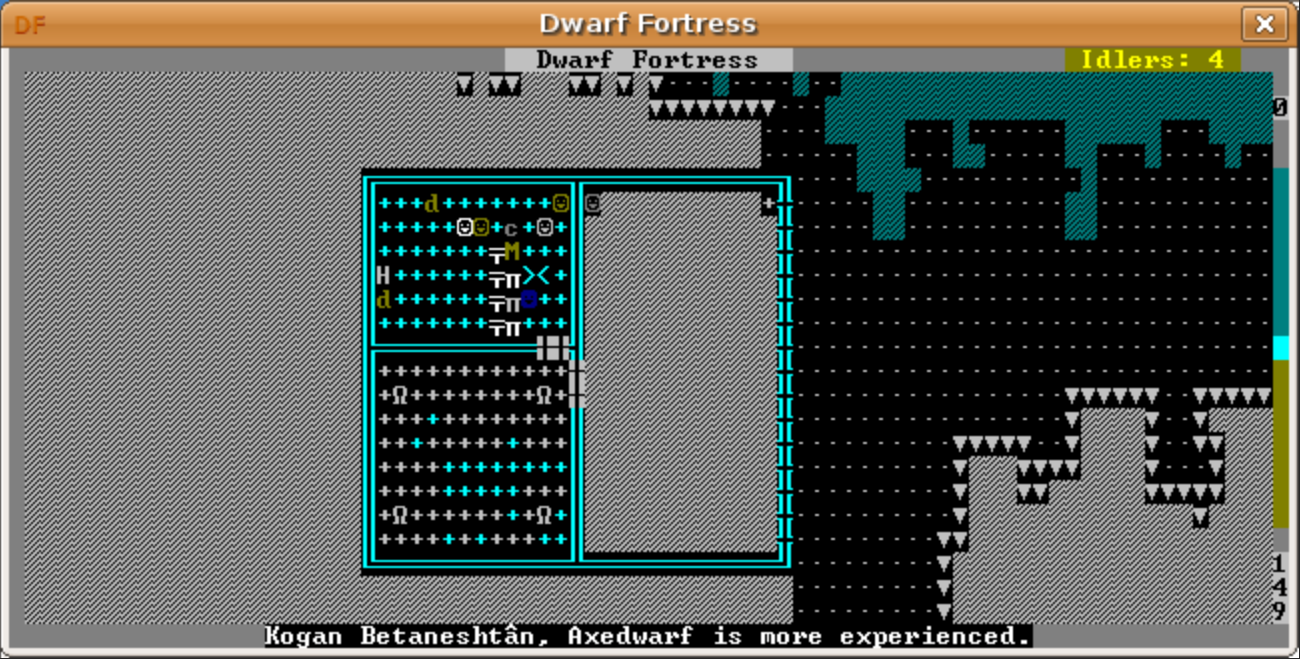


Rest in peace on the glacier, sucker. It'll probably outrun your friends anyway.

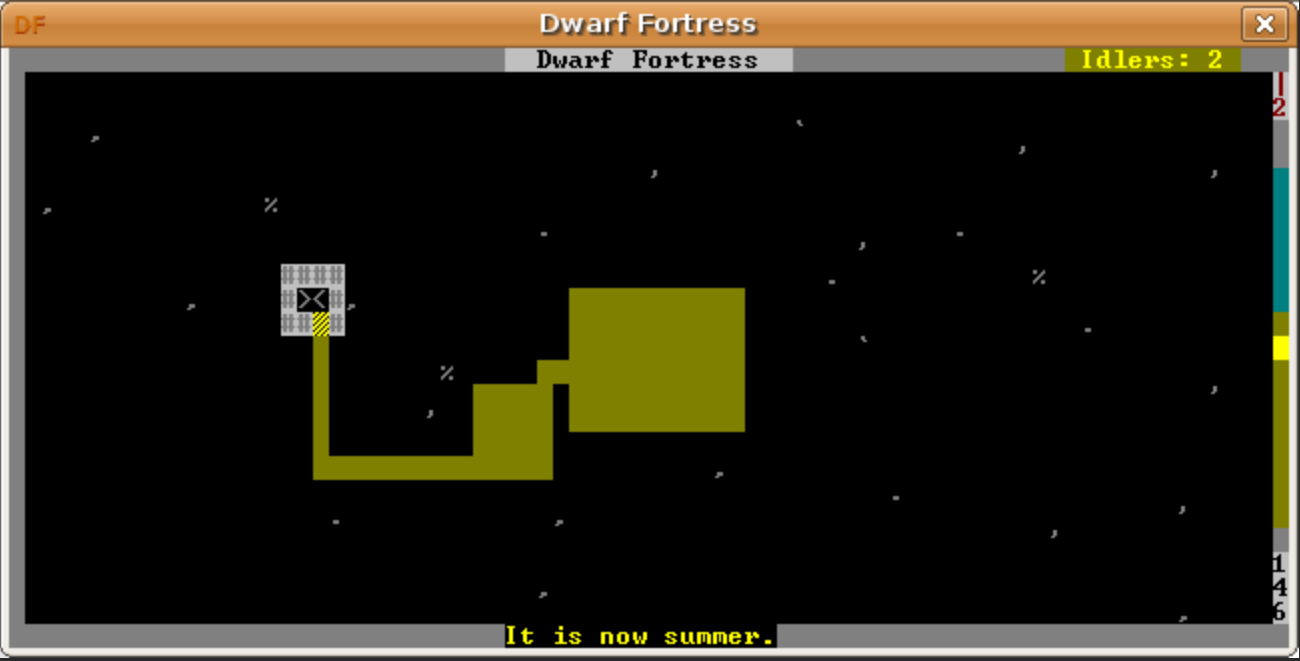
I'm updating this at breakneck speed, just because I'm enjoying myself. Magma engineering is the main ingredient of happiness, after all. Not much exciting has happened though, so I'll bring you straight up to autumn.

**End of spring and summer by Mafol Cattenetost, Metalsmith**

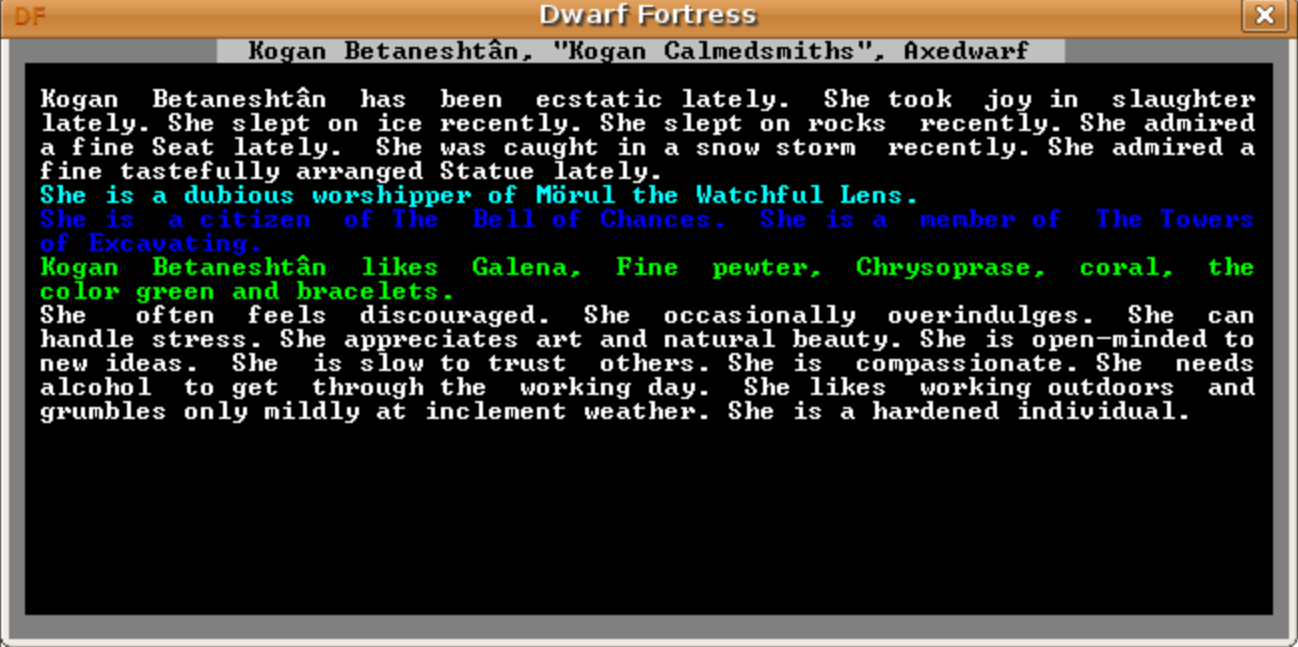
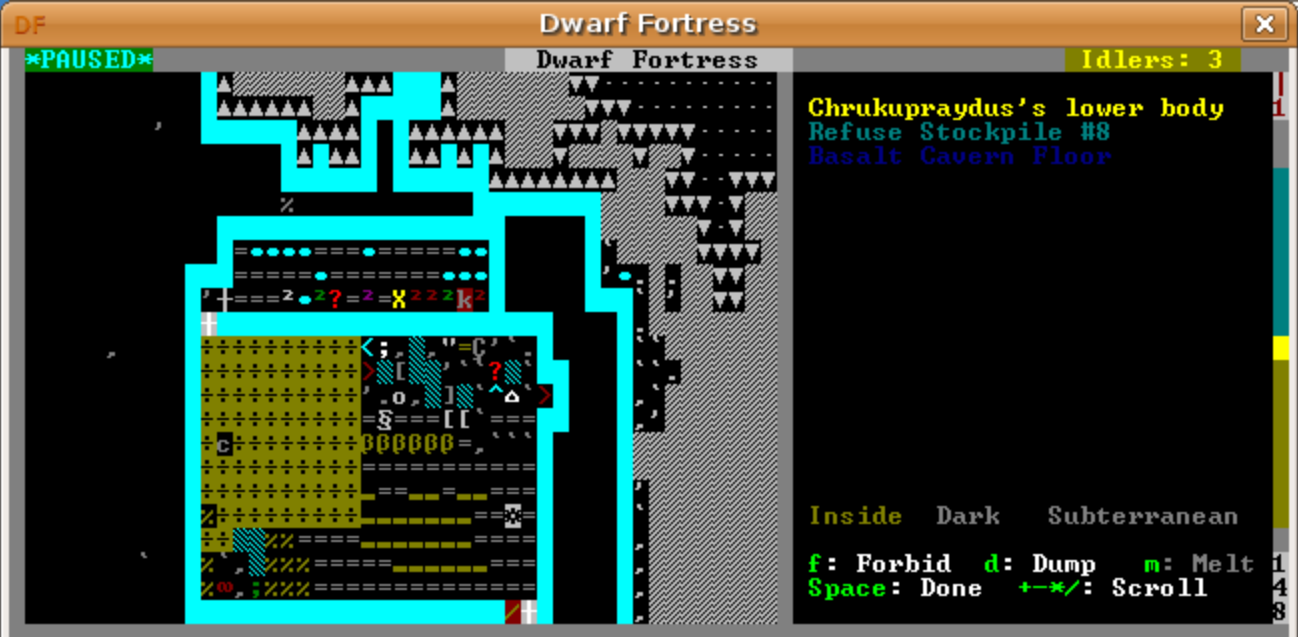
**1st Limestone**



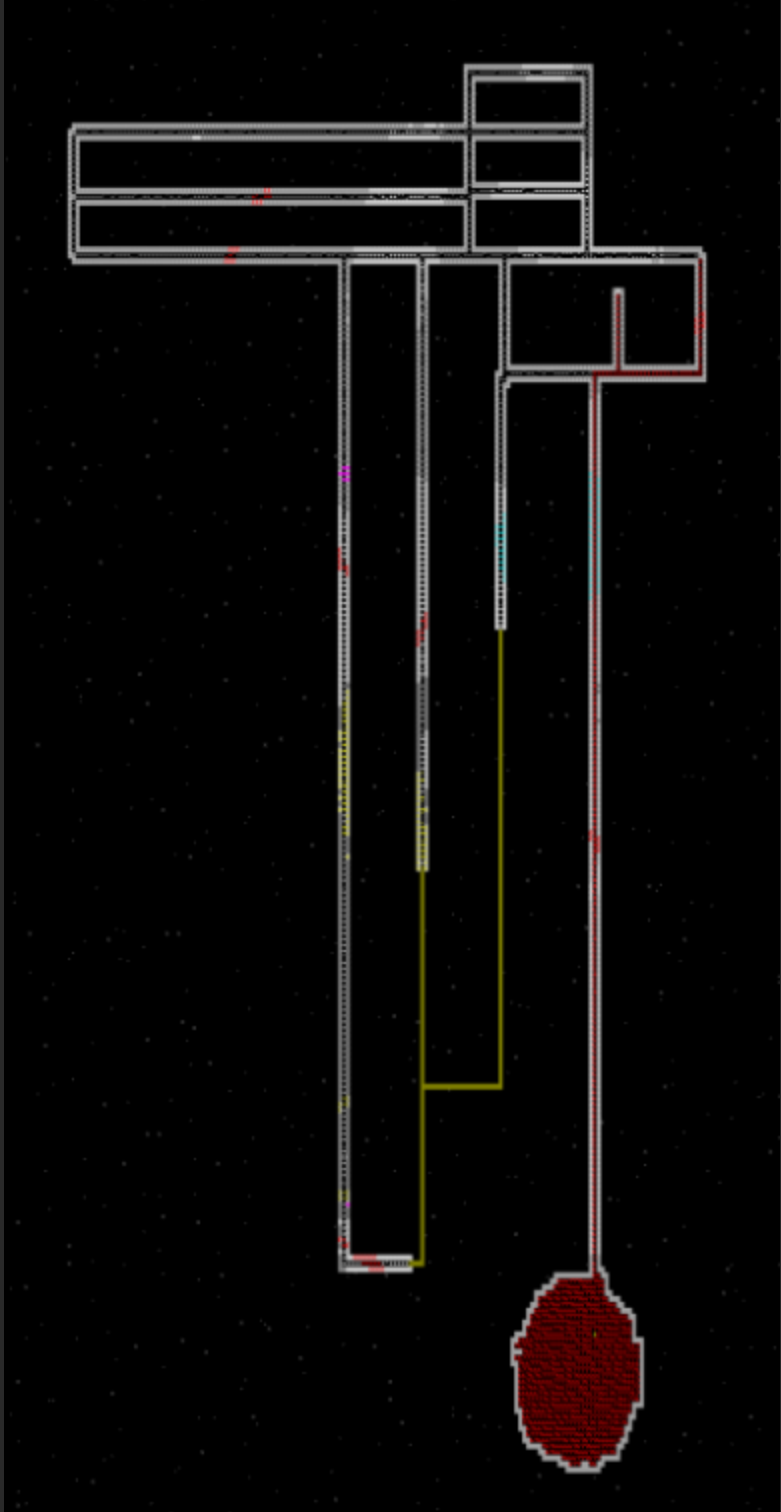
I've spent this entire summer crawling around on the ice floor, but finally my hands are beginning to get used to it. The skin is getting so thick that if I'm not careful when I scratch myself, I'm likely to hit bone. They tell me that the big magma project is almost finished though, so I'm just praying that the caravan will bring an anvil. As soon as I've got my magma forge, I'm not setting one foot up here again.



We were all worried when Lolor came back to tell us that we've got imps in the pipe. Thankfully, Cog, in a rare moment of sanity, brought some nickel silver bars. We had problems getting them from her tough, she went on and on about how she was going to use them for barbecueing, but finally let go when we told her that without them, there would be no magma. The look in her eyes... It'll be enough to scare the zombie imps off if they manage to break the bars. Lolor also made a plan for a magma room that should make it possible to get a farm running.



Kogan's been keeping busy this summer. She got a bit cocky after decapitating the two zombie goats, going on and on about syrup for some reason, but it seems she's got reason to be proud. A kobold and a zombie troll that got too close are now getting their final sleep in our new garbage room. I'm a bit worried about her though, it seems that every time she gets to chop a limb off, she lights up a bit more. I haven't forgotten that she was brought to us by guards..



The miners haven't really made any progress since finding the magma. All we've got so far is some galena, which is terribly effective if you're making weapons to kill fluffy wamblers or some such horror.



The workshops have been moved down below the storage room, and we've set up a small area for future farming. Below, the magma room is waiting to be filled so we can get some water out of this frozen hell. I asked Cog how we're supposed to find iron for a magma pump though, but she told me that she'd already given orders for a wooden pipe section and giant corkscrew to be built. I had to let this sink in for a few seconds before I could find the energy to answer her.

"So.. You're going to pump MAGMA. With a WOODEN PUMP."  
"Yes?"

"You.. See no problem with this?"  
"It's cool, I'm down with the magma. We're like this!" she told me and put her hands together.

Fine. As long as I'm not expected to go anywhere near that fucking pump, I guess we're just lucky if she gets close enough to actually hug her beloved magma.



Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **mainiac** on **September 23, 2008, 09:46:23 pm**

Bare hands ftw!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Zako** on **September 23, 2008, 10:09:01 pm**

Hehehe, I just love the pictures.  
  
Zombie goats...  
  
hehehehe

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Tibbles** on **September 23, 2008, 10:43:47 pm**

>Zombie Goats  
>Zombie Goasts

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **inaluct** on **September 23, 2008, 11:22:45 pm**

This is awesome.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Plank of Wood** on **September 24, 2008, 12:55:32 pm**

Quote from: Tibbles on September 23, 2008, 10:43:47 pm  
>Zombie Goats  
>Zombie Goasts

"And John Freeman felt sorry for them because they couldn't live here anymore because they were zombie goasts so he blew up the house and they were at peace"

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **ChJees** on **September 24, 2008, 01:36:34 pm**

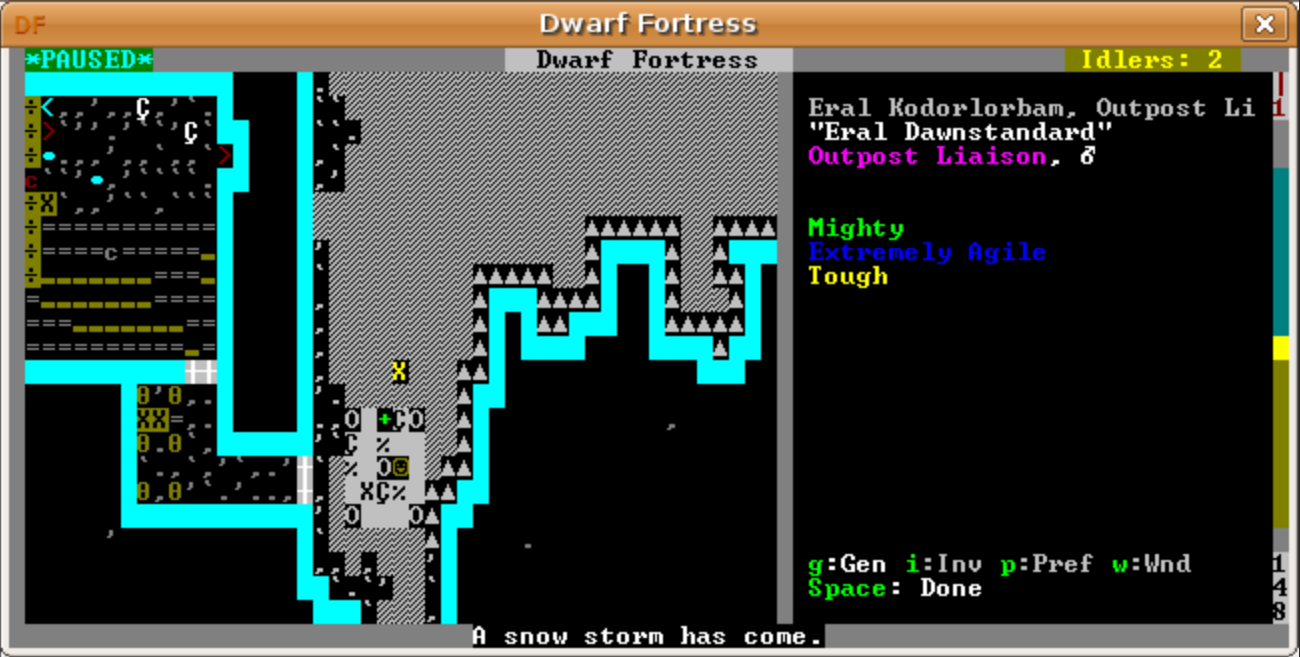
MS Paint + Dwarf Fortress = Awesome  
  
This thread is relevant to my interests...

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 24, 2008, 04:27:37 pm**

Disclaimer: At this point, everything is going too damn well. Now, I'm not that good a player, really. I don't have the patience nor the OCD required to build epic 40 year aboveground fortresses, and I'm clumsy enough to have about half of my dwarves killed needlessly. This is where I usually get them caught in ice and slaughtered by skeletal elephants but.. They all *live*. I have no idea how to make success funny, but bear with me until I start fucking everything up. It's only a matter of time.

First autumn, as told by Kogan Betaneshtân, axedwarf

3rd Limestone



The caravan we were promised came on time, thank Mörul. Eral from the mountainhome met with Cog in the trade depot as we were hauling out stuff to trade. He stared for a moment in shock until I realized that none of us had even noticed the snow storm. I guess you really *can* get used to anything.

"You're all *alive*?" he said incredulously. What a comforting message to get from the mountainhome.

10th Limestone



There's a lot to say about Cog, but at least she knows how to bargain. They wouldn't accept our offer of some rock mechanisms for rope, cloth, an anvil and all of their food, so she left them out in the depot to sulk. After a few days of sitting in the snow storm eating nothing but their own frozen lungfish, they were quite willing to give us anything whatsoever for 30 horse meat roasts. 30 pieces of food and some mechanisms for 50 portions of meat, some barrels of drink, an anvil and loads of other stuff seems like a fair deal to me. Mafol is absolutely overjoyed, by the way. As soon as we carried the anvil in, he jumped on it, hugging it, saying that he'd never let go.

11th Limestone



Today, in the meeting hall, I overheard Eral say how impressed he was with Kunroder, and that we could look forward to some reinforcements from the mountainhome very soon. I went up to him,

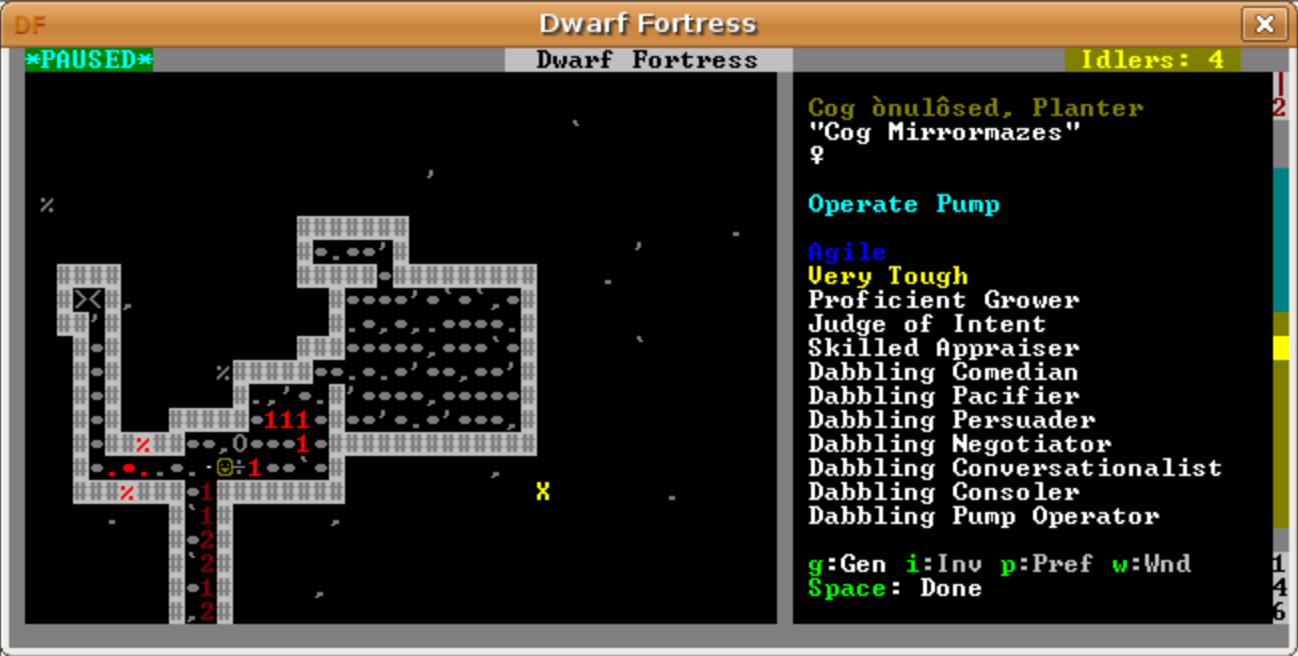
"Did you say KunRODER? CatBALDness?"  
"Why yes, we received word from a human that you had decided on that name!"

Apparently it's an easy mistake for a human to make, since there are only a few letters between bold and bald, and the elf hippie was probably too busy hugging a tree to go deliver it herself. So we're stuck with the worst fucking name I've ever heard. Well, I guess it suits the place.

Oh, Cog ordered wood. Only wood. Guess she's planning on building more magma pumps.

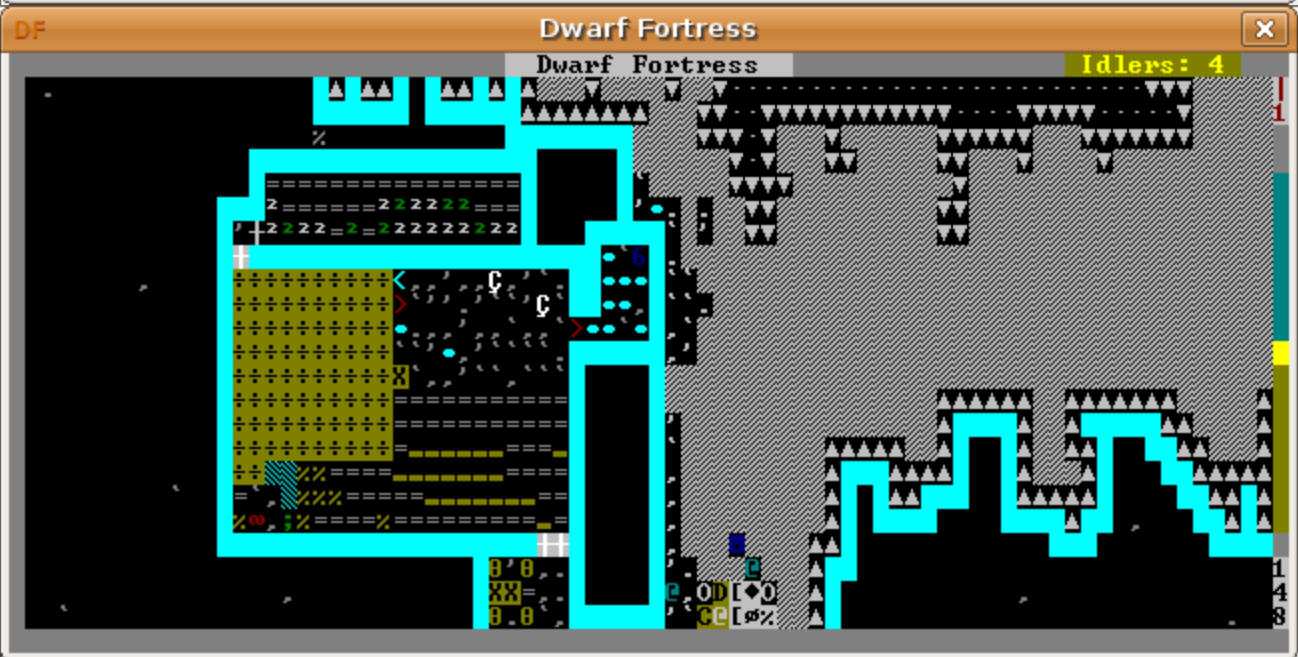
13th Limestone





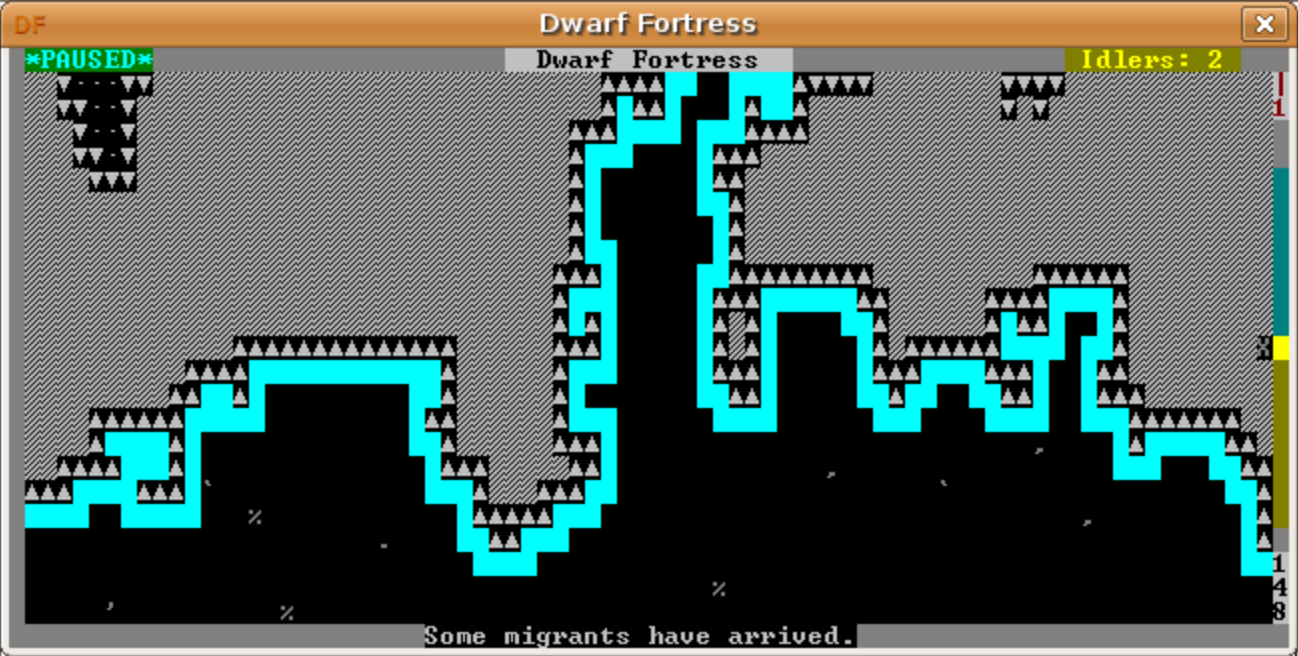
As soon as Eral left, Cog rushed down to the basement to try her new pump out. We all gathered above to see what we could salvage, and it wasn't long until we heard screams. But the real shock was that they were screams of joy. I had to go down and see it with my own eyes - it *worked*! The crazy bitch was *right*! I have no idea what to make of this - she's pumped about 50 gallons of lava, and the pump looks fine. There's a faint hope that this is all just a bad dream.

16th Limestone



Cog kept pumping for days until she finally collapsed, and since she hadn't turned into a crisp, we all agreed to take turns pumping until we've got a steady layer of magma. The good news is that with our last minute additions to the magma room's design, we have a small room filled with water that we can access from the first floor to build a well.

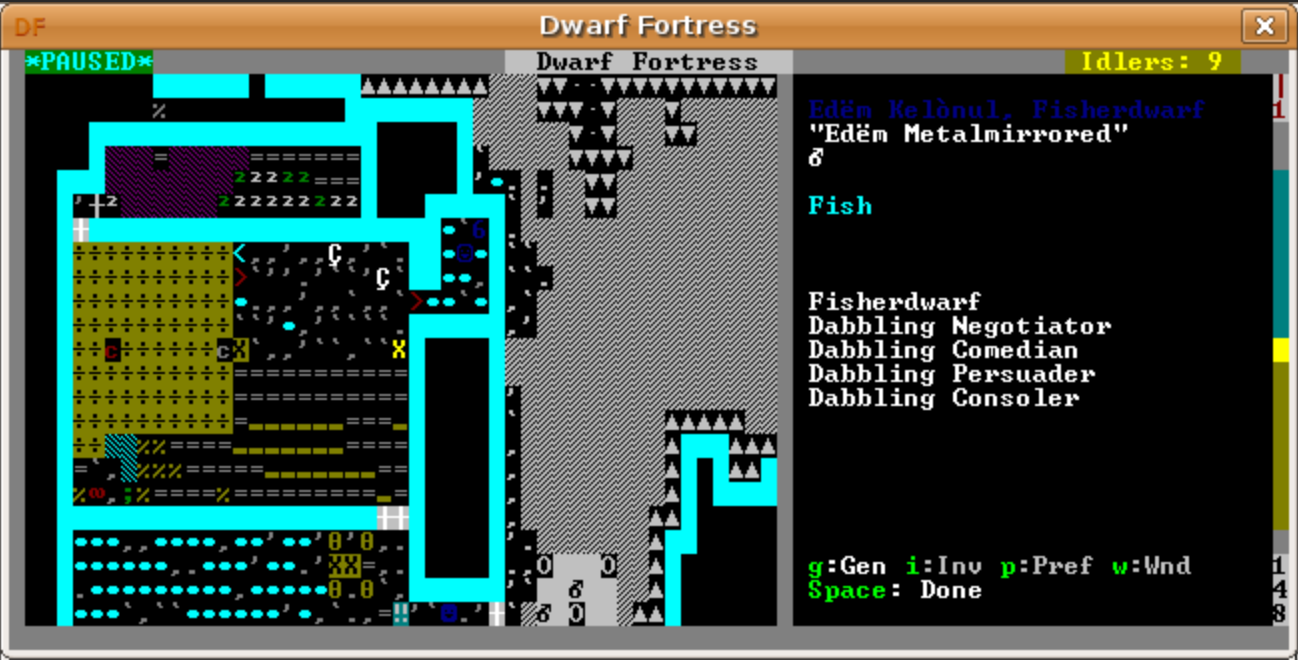
25th Limestone



We received our reinforcements today! And they're.. they're..

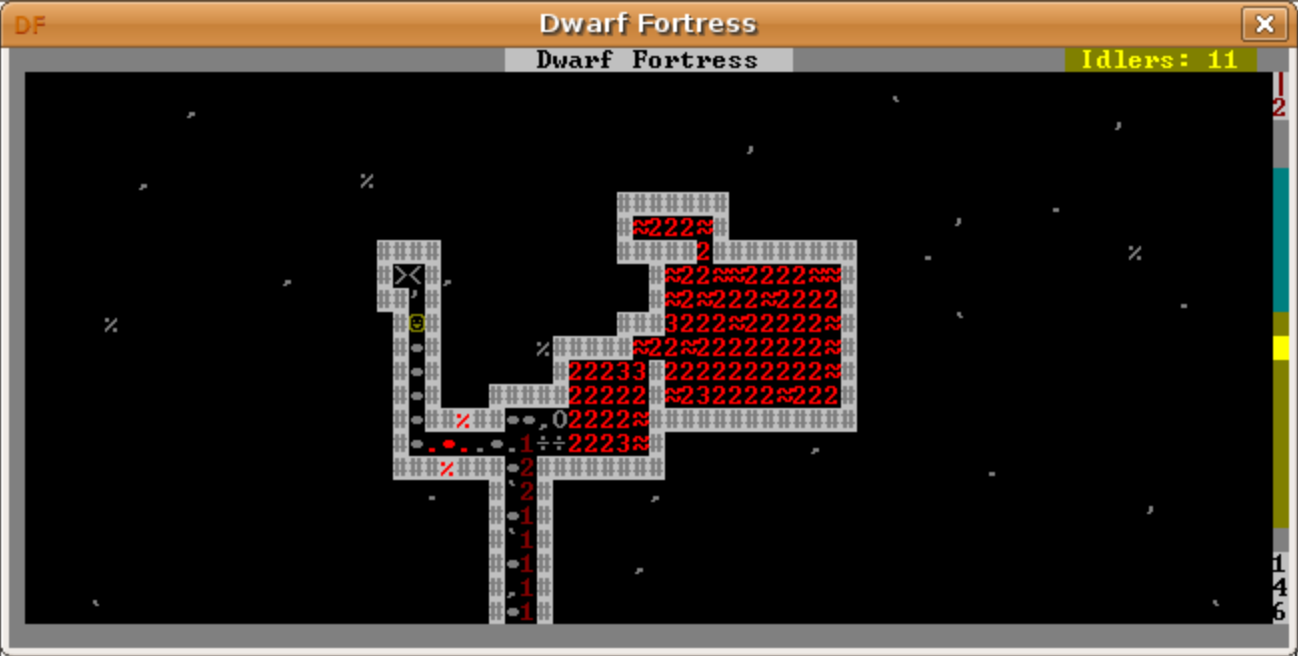


..absolutely useless. Why in the name of all that is dwarven would a fisherdwarf and a *herbalist* go to a **fucking glacier**? And what's the potash maker gonna do? THERE ARE NO FUCKING TREES. Oh, they're going on and on about how great it is for an outpost to diversify and get new talents and inputs, but that falls flat when not even the armorer has any kind of real skill. My guess is that they're all so useless that the only place they can survive is where there is no economy yet. I never thought I'd long for a tax collector.

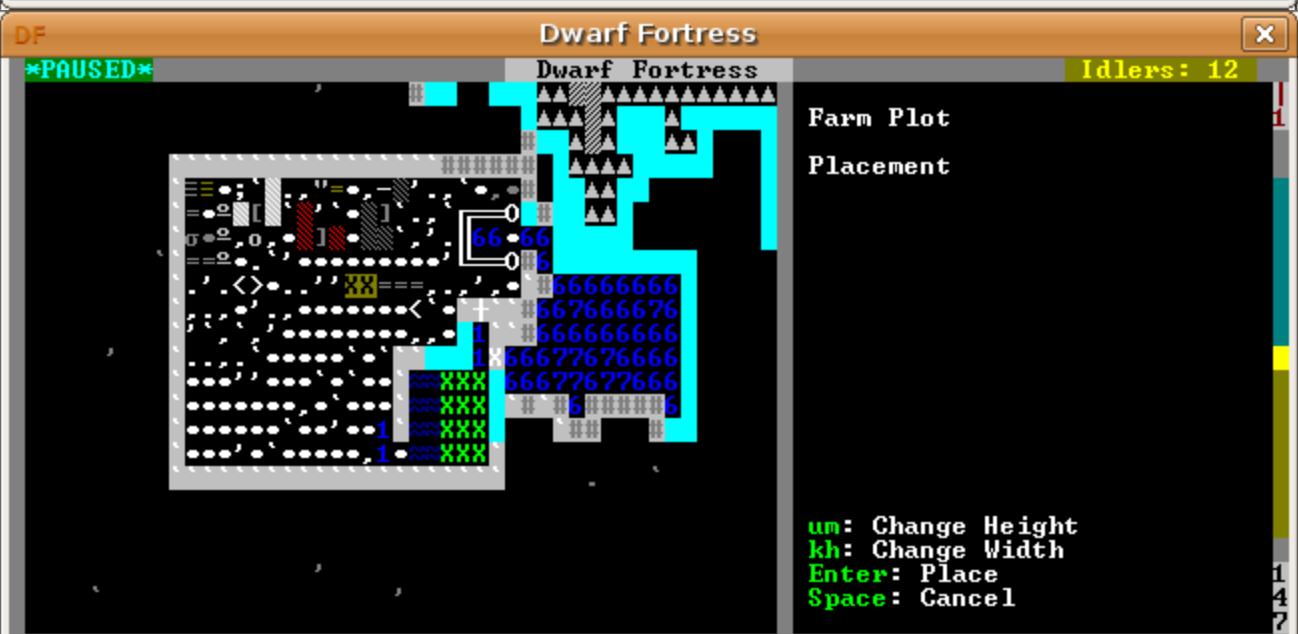
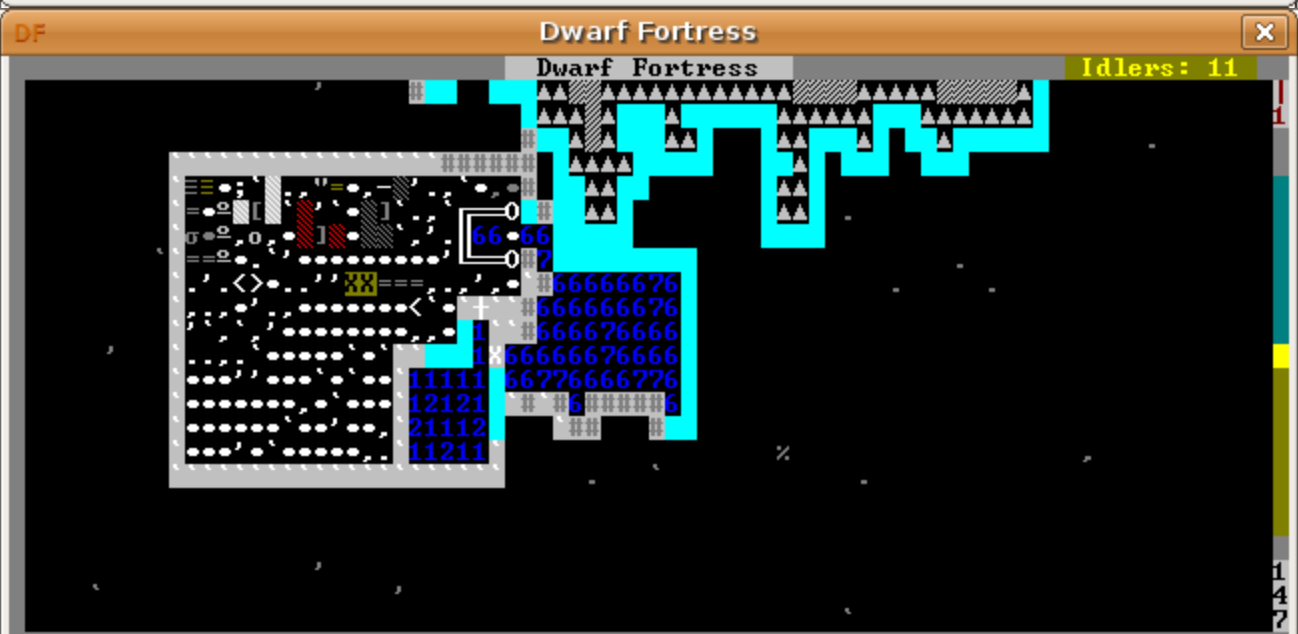
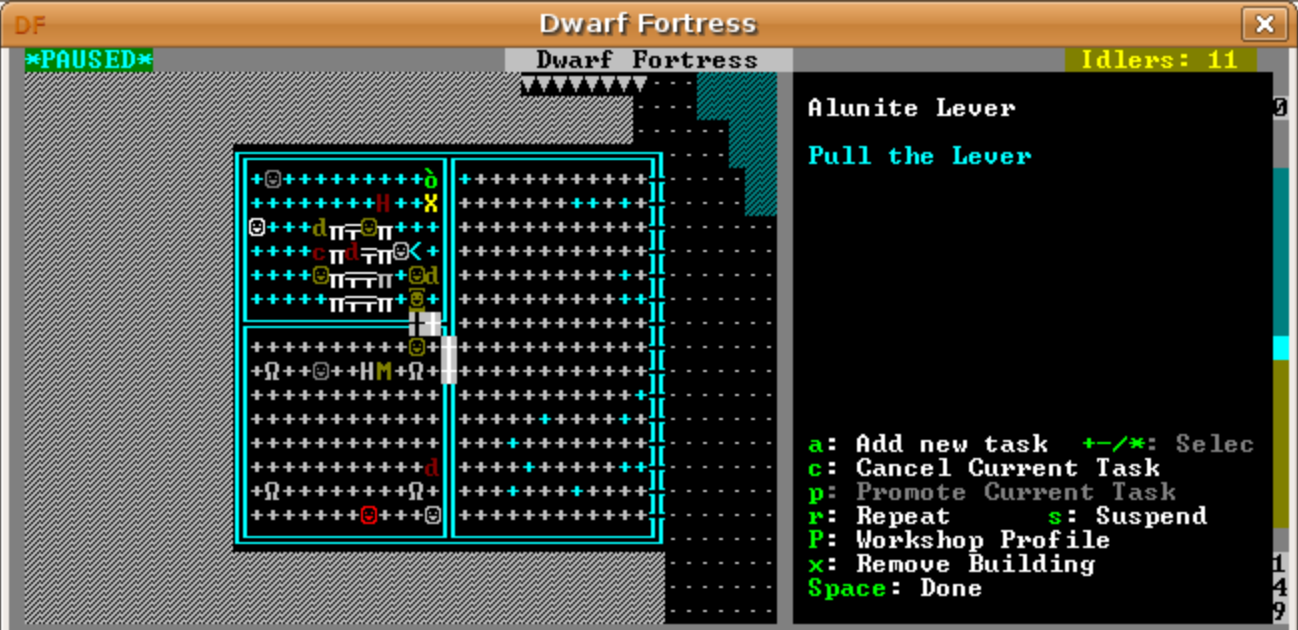


Edëm, the fisher, went to do his duty right away. Yeah, fish get real hungry when they've been frozen in ice since the beginning of time and only just were freed by magma. Smart move, dickhead.

### 10th Sandstone



We finally got enough magma that it won't just get too cool and disappear, so with no fear of sudden ice clogs, we've decided to open the floodgate to the farm room.



We had to tear down a wall to get rid of excess water, but we finally have soil. Lolor channeled the wall away from above, but surprisingly enough, the excess water did not freeze when leaving the magma-heated farm room. The miners think that since this is an extension of the mountain under the glacier, it's not quite cold enough for the water to freeze. Good to know for future projects.

13th Sandstone



Cog has two plots up and running now, a smaller one for plump helmets and a bigger one for sweet pods and quarry bushes. Lolor and Aban are working hard on a new storage room for furniture, since we have new eager hands to haul stuff. That seems to be their only skill, aswell... Cog has given orders for us to put all the excess stone on one single floor tile. I considered telling her that it defies all laws of physics, but considering the work she did with that magma pump, I'm giving her the benefit of the doubt.

### 17th Timber

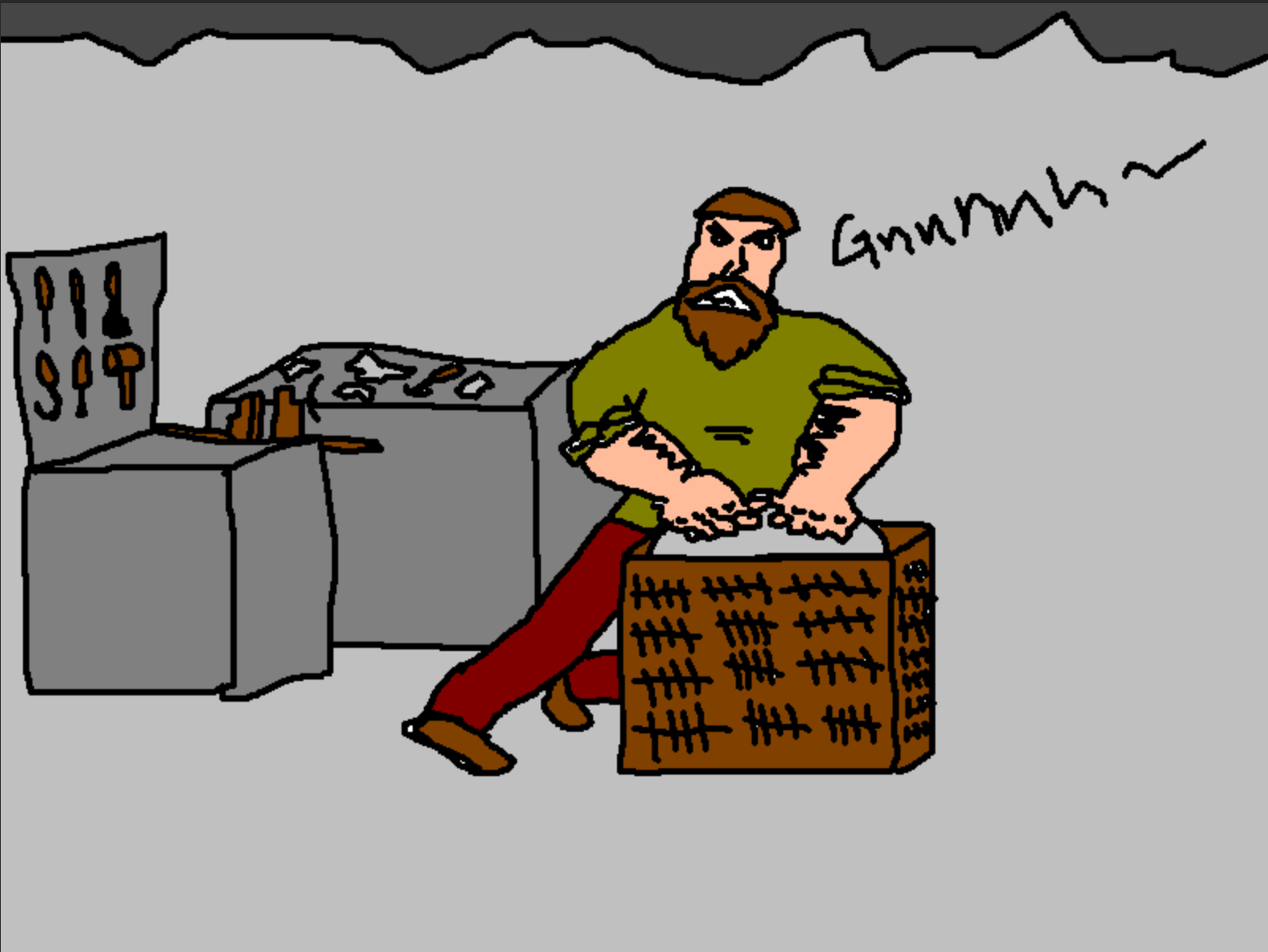
It's been a hectic month for all workers - of course, I've mostly passed the time "guarding" the place. I've finally mastered the art of sleeping standing, and as long as I stay in the doorway, no one seems to notice.



Another channel was dug for the smelter and forge Mafol keeps bitching about. Cog's pump technology murders braincells once again.



Stone and furniture has been moved, and Cog strikes again. I've heard from the immigrants that it actually *is* possible to pile an infinite amount of stone next to the mason's workshop if you just *want* it enough. I mostly cry myself to sleep nowadays. I don't want to live in a world where Cog is the genius.



Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **KaelGotDwarves** on **September 24, 2008, 05:27:30 pm**

Quote from: Tibbles on September 23, 2008, 10:43:47 pm

>Zombie Goats  
>Zombie Goasts

Just praise all the Gods in every heaven that it isn't "zombie goatse".

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 24, 2008, 08:03:02 pm**

**Winter of the first year and spring of the second year by Mafol Cattenetost, Metalsmith/Engraver**

**1st Moonstone**



The immigrants that haven't been carrying stone have been working on putting more roof above the statue garden. Even if it bothers me to no end that Cog seems dead set on building a castle of ice and placing all our art there, at least it won't be snowing in there.



The miners have finished carving out bedrooms for us, we should be able to get all the stone out by spring but wood for beds is scarce, so currently we're all sleeping upstairs, in the barracks. Cog told me that she wanted some engravings around her field, so I smoothed the walls up for her. I was amazed when I started engraving, for some reason all the painful work on the ice has somehow made me an artist. Huh. Who would've known? Just to get some small revenge on Cog, I decided to engrave a picture of a door next to the real door. It's soothing for the soul to see Cog repeatedly walking into it, kicking it and cursing.

24th Moonstone

DF

Dwarf Fortress

Outpost Kunroder, "Catbaldness"

24th Moonstone, 51, Early Winter

Animals

Kitchen

Stone

Stocks

Created Wealth: 31000\*?

Population: 13

Weapons: None

Armor and Garb: None

Furniture: 1470\*?

Other Objects: 13600\*?

Architecture: 14100\*?

Displayed: 1890\*?

Held/Worn: None

Imported Wealth: 31850\*

Exported Wealth: 3666\*

Food Stores: 500?

Meat 40?

Fish 10

Plant 40?

Seeds 100?

Drink 200?

Other 100?

Miners 2

Woodworkers None

Stoneworkers 1

Rangers None

Metalsmiths 2

Jewelers None

Craftsdwarves None

Nobles/Admins None

Peasants None

Children None

Fishery Workers 1

Farmers 5

Engineers 1

Trained Animals None

Other Animals 10

Axedwarves 1

Axe Lords None

Swordsdwarves None

Swordmasters None

Macedwarves None

Mace Lords None

Hammerdwarves None

Hammer Lords None

Speardwarves None

Spearmasters None

Marksdwarves None

Elite Mrksdwrvs None

Wrestlers None

Elite Wrestlers None

Recruits None

The barrels in the furniture storage are discomforting. No one's really sure exactly how much booze we have left, we're hoping that we'll get more reinforcements in the spring, so that we can force someone to keep track of this stuff. Right now we can't spare a single hand, there's too much to be done.

| Dwarf Fortress |  |  |  |  |   |  |  |  |  |
|----------------|--|--|--|--|---|--|--|--|--|
| *PAUSED*       |  |  |  |  | Dwarf Fortress                                    |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Idlers: 3   |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Magma Smelter                                     |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | alunite [B]                                       |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Lead bars   |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Silver bars                                       |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Lead bars   |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Lead bars   |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Silver bars                                       |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  |   |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | f: Forbid d: Dump m: Melt                         |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Enter: Uiew +-*/: Select                          |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | x: Remove Building h: Hide                        |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Space: Done                                       |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Mûthkat Ardesbomrek, Armorer is more experienced. |  |  |  |  |

The miners haven't been able to dig up any more ores except some cassiterite, Lolor is our only mechanic and Aban is more of a stone crafter and carpenter than a miner really, so they've been busy elsewhere. I told Mûthkat, the armorer who came here this autumn, to start smelting galena. She's pretty pissed off having to run around doing anything but making armor, but since I'm proficient in weaponmaking and armormaking, she doesn't really have any choice. I think she'll turn into a great furnace operator over time. Either that, or a great guard for the soldiers to test my weapons on. I should tell Lolor that we need a graveyard, by the way.

| Dwarf Fortress |  |  |  |  |   |  |  |  |  |
|----------------|--|--|--|--|---|--|--|--|--|
| *PAUSED*       |  |  |  |  | Dwarf Fortress                                    |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Idlers: 3   |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Magma Forge                                       |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Forge Silver war hammer                           |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Forge Silver spear                                |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  |   |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | a: Add new task +-*/: Selec                       |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | c: Cancel Current Task                            |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | p: Promote Current Task                           |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | r: Repeat s: Suspend                              |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | P: Workshop Profile                               |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | x: Remove Building                                |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Space: Done                                       |  |  |  |  |
|                |  |  |  |  | Mûthkat Ardesbomrek, Armorer is more experienced. |  |  |  |  |

She managed to squeeze out some silver from that galena though, so finally I can at least start making training weapons. The plan is to have Kogan train the milker Dastot in hammering and turn the herbalist Dumat into something resembling a speardwarf. They're not too happy about it, but as we like to remind them (while throwing turtle shells at them), they're virtually useless here. Kogan, however, is unnervingly pleased. We should *really* start working on that graveyard.

1st Granite, year 52

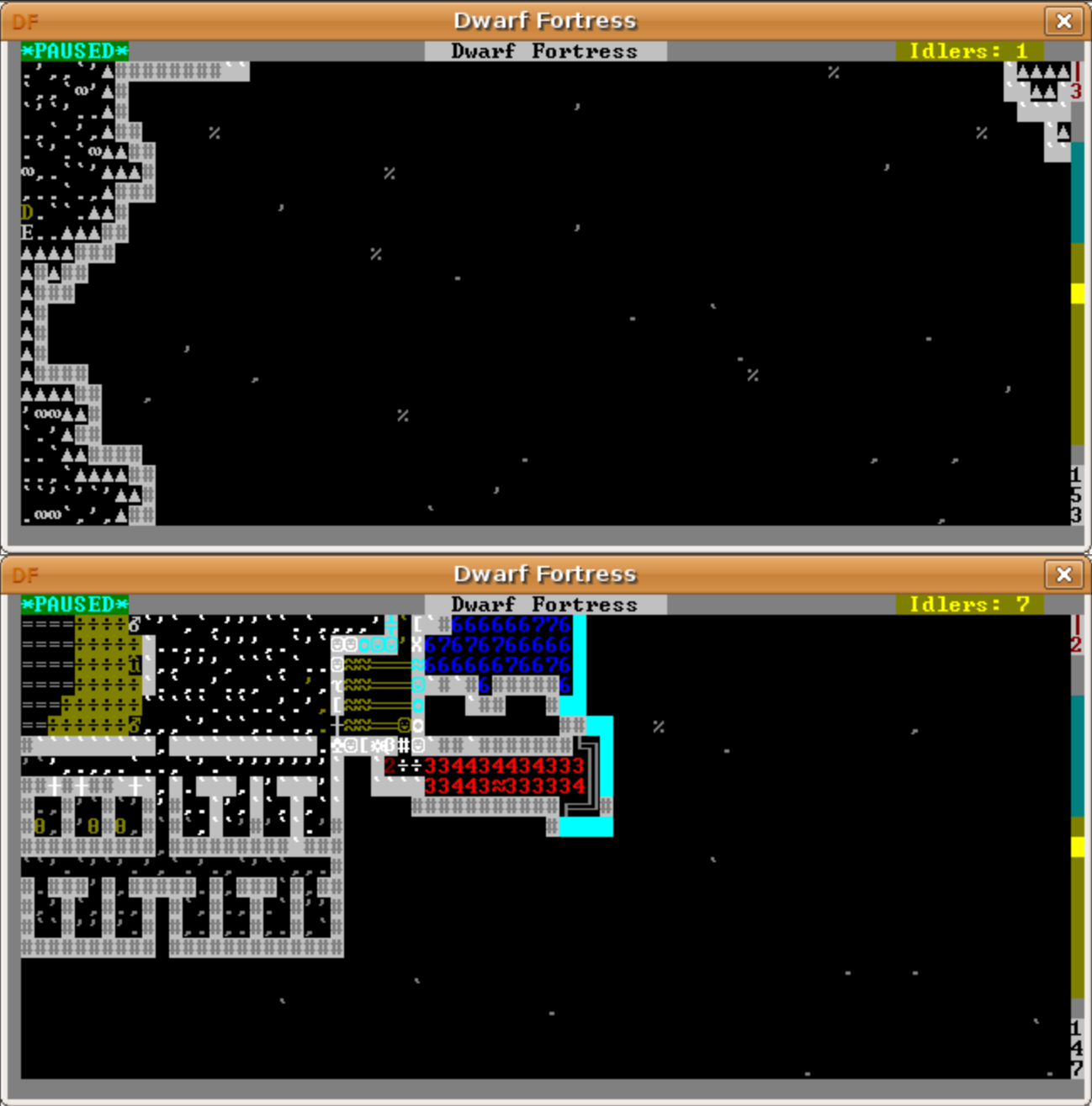


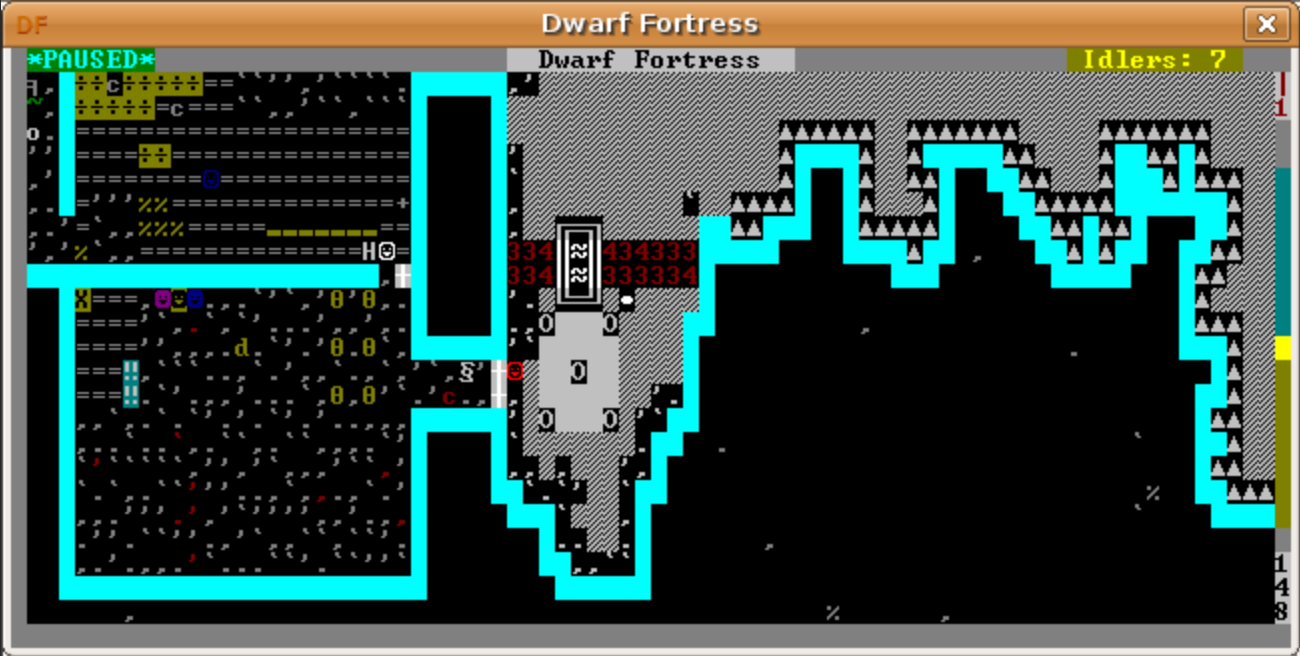
There's not much to say about Opal and Obsidian, we've all been hauling stone, empty barrels and ice for Cog's fucking castle. The masons have taken a break from the roof to put some reinforcements against the ice for our next big project, though.



Dastot and Dumat have started to get some skills too, believe it or not. Kogan claims that she could still cut them in two in her sleep, but at least it's something.

10th Granite



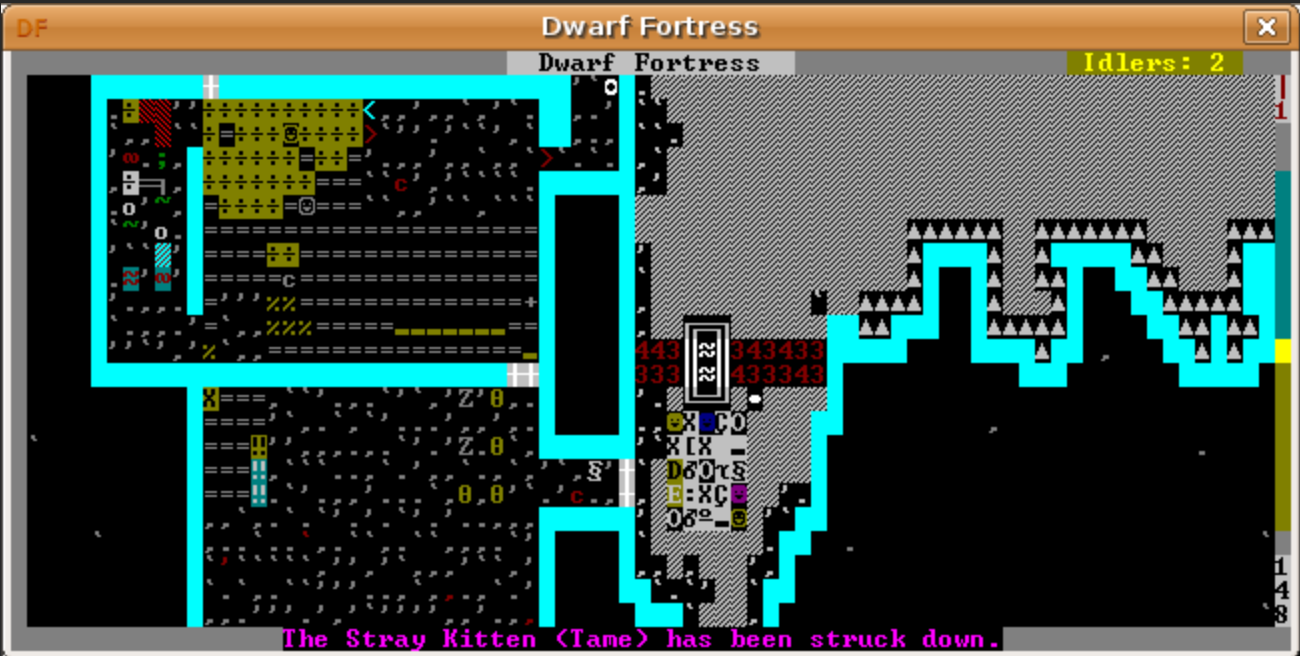


Some elven traders came just in time to witness our new project. We've pumped magma up all the way to the surface to create, as far as I know, the world's first glacial magma moat. Lolor's setting up a lever in the dining room for something Cog refers to as the "Rope reed cloth death", whatever that's supposed to mean.

20th Granite



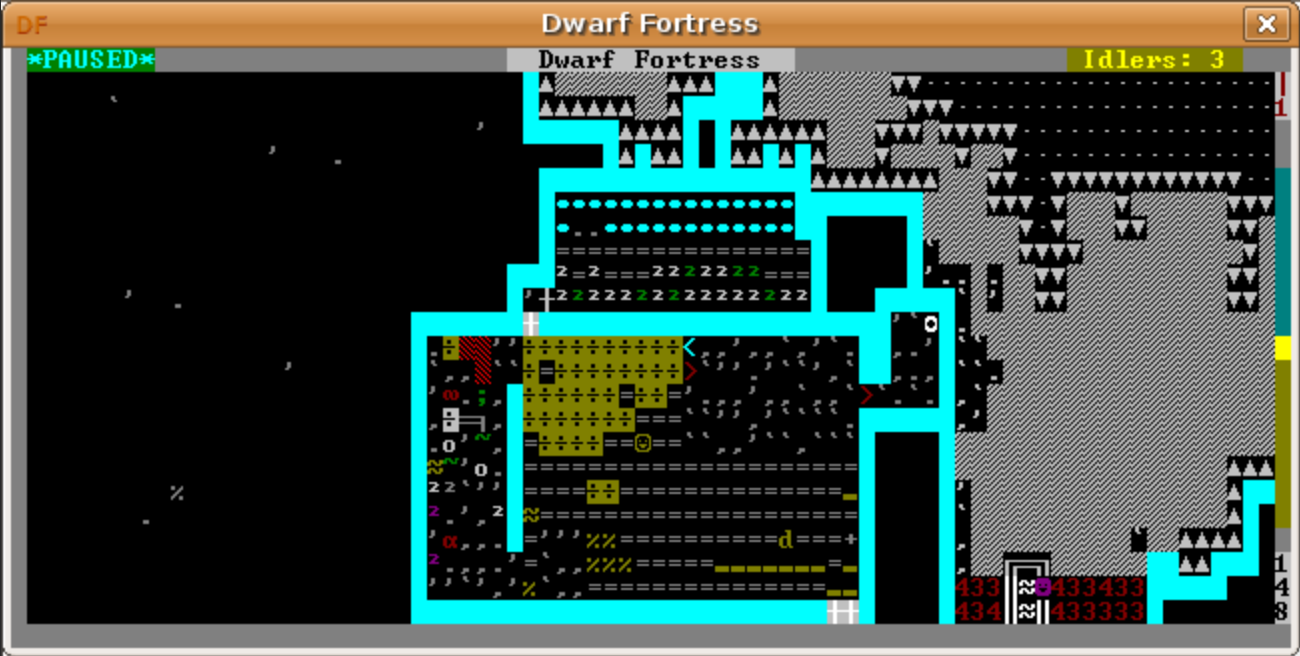
To everyone's surprise, the elves brought something useful. We got some wood and cloth from them for two mechanisms and the loincloth of the kobold Kogan cut in half. I *don't* want to know what they're planning on doing with it.. Strangely, Cog's in a really bad mood. Mutters about "too valuable to fry".



Meanwhile, some of the bedrooms have been finished. The place is starting to crawl with kittens though so we got one to guard the door, and since Mûthkat loves cats, we put her on butchery duty just to see how she would react.

21st Granite





Smart girl. Built the butchery out of ice just so she could come running when it melted, saying "I can't butcher anything now, can I?" She'll probably be slapped around a bit and put on butchery duty forever, but I'm starting to like her.

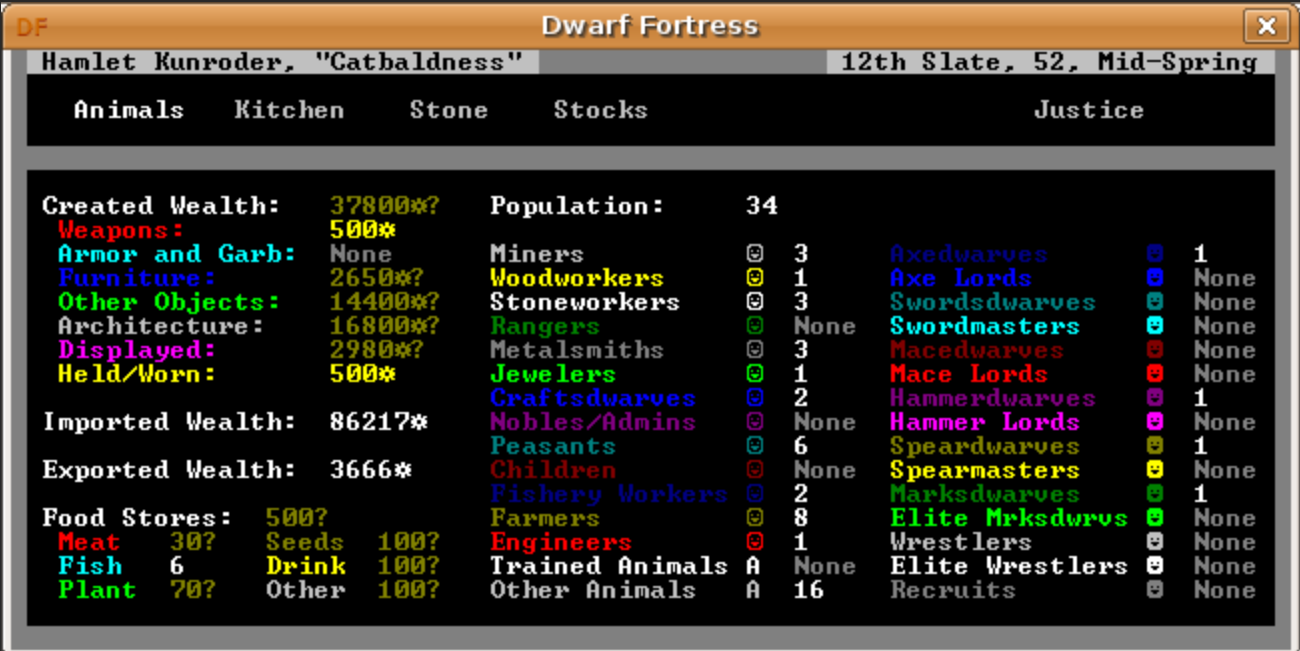
Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 25, 2008, 12:33:43 pm**

Spring of the second year by Mûthkat Ardesbomrek, former armorer, current butchery bitch

12th Slate



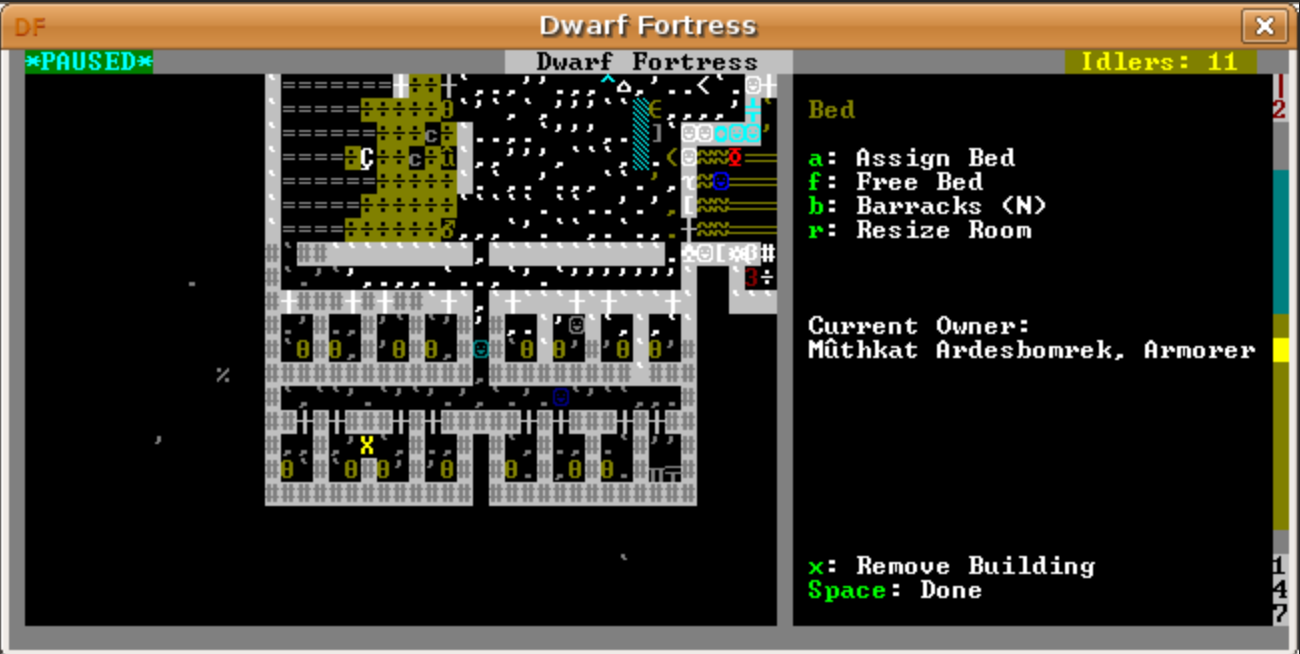
I was overjoyed to hear that more immigrants are on their way! The original seven here are quite the tight group, except for Cog who lives in her own world of magma and sweet pods, so it's been kind of hard to be one of the newcomers. But finally we get a new pack of scapegoats to either form new, strong bonds with, or throw enough shit on to make up for what we received. The latter sounds much more constructive.



We're up to 34 dwarves now, not bad for a mining colony. Unfortunately, the mountainhome seems to use Catbaldness as a dwarven garbage room. Six of the immigrants have gone through their entire lives without learning one single useful skill.. They can't even lie properly. But damn if they can't drink. I'm glad we have a farm going. At least they sent us a hunter. Not that he'll be of much use here where the wildlife starts rotting at birth, but he brought his own steel bolts so he was immediately incorporated in our defense.

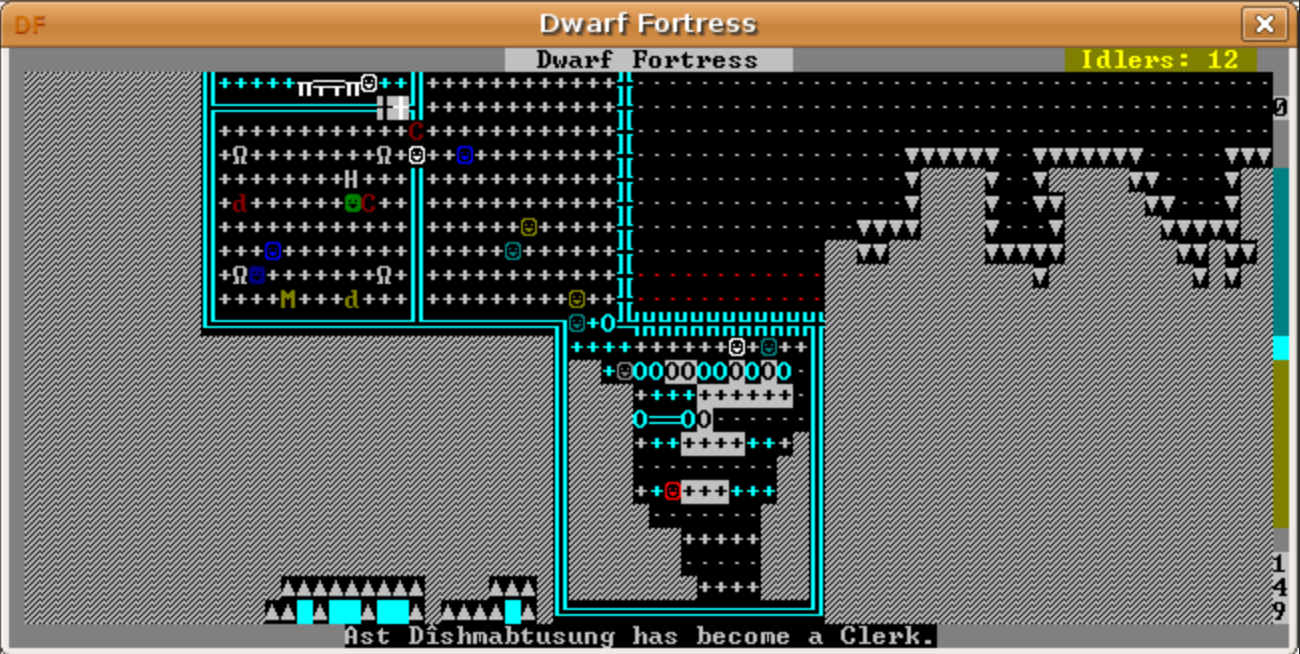
And the really good news is that two butchers came here, so I'm finally relieved from butchery duty. Thank every God in the book.

21st Slate



I finally have my own room! Considering this new wave of skill-relieved beer-to-piss-machines, I'm starting to feel slightly appreciated here. One of the peasants was put to work counting our stocks, while another was told to start extracting syrup out of the first yield of sweet pods.

2nd Felsite



DF

Hamlet Kunroder, "Catbaldness"2nd Felsite, 52, Late Spring

AnimalsKitchenStoneStocksJustice

Created Wealth: 41410\*?Population: 34

Weapons: 500\*Miners 3Axe Lordsdwarves 1

Armor and Garb: NoneWoodworkers 1Axe Lordsdwarves 1

Furniture: 2975\*Stoneworkers 3Swordsdwarves 1

Other Objects: 15560\*?Rangers 0Swordmasters 0

Architecture: 18250\*?Metal Smiths 3Macedwarves 0

Displayed: 3632\*Mace Lords 0

Held/Worn: 500\*Jewelry 1Mace Lords 0

Imported Wealth: 86090\*Craftsdwarves 2Hammerdwarves 1

Exported Wealth: 3846\*Nobles/Admins 1Hammer Lords 0

Food Stores: 450?Peasants 5Speardwarves 1

Meat 27Seeds 120?Children 0Spear Masters 0

Fish 6Drink 99Fishery Workers 2Marksdwarves 1

Plant 78Other 120?Farmers 8Elite Marksdwarves 0

Trained Animals 0Wrestlers 0

Other Animals 16Elite Wrestlers 0

Recruits 0

DF

Dwarf Fortress

\*PAUSED\*

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 7

Obok Isakineth, Farmer  
"Obok Spattercity"

Brew Drink  
Very Strong

Tough  
Proficient Brewer  
Proficient Cook  
Dabbling Persuader  
Dabbling Negotiator  
Dabbling Consoler  
Dabbling Judge of Intent  
Dabbling Conversationalist  
Dabbling Intimidator  
Dabbling Comedian  
Dabbling Pacifier

g:Gen i:Inv p:Pref w:Wnd  
Space: Done

Ast tells us we're almost certainly under 100 drinks now. Fuck. Obok started squeezing out wine from the plump helmets we've been harvesting all winter, so we may be able to salvage this frozen pit. Cog has been keeping everyone busy with expanding her horrific vision of a frozen castle, but at least the defensive situation looks better now. What has me really worried though is the state of our proud defenders.

DF

Dwarf Fortress

\*PAUSED\*

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 12

Dumat itebgusil, Speardwarf  
"Dumat Postcopper"

upper body Unconscious  
lower body  
head  
right upper arm  
left upper arm  
right lower arm  
left lower arm  
right hand  
left hand  
right upper leg  
left upper leg  
right lower leg  
left lower leg  
right foot Thirsty  
left foot

g:Gen i:Inv p:Pref w:Wnd  
Space: Done

Goden Roderrigöth, Potash Maker is more experienced.

DF

Dwarf Fortress

\*PAUSED\*

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 12

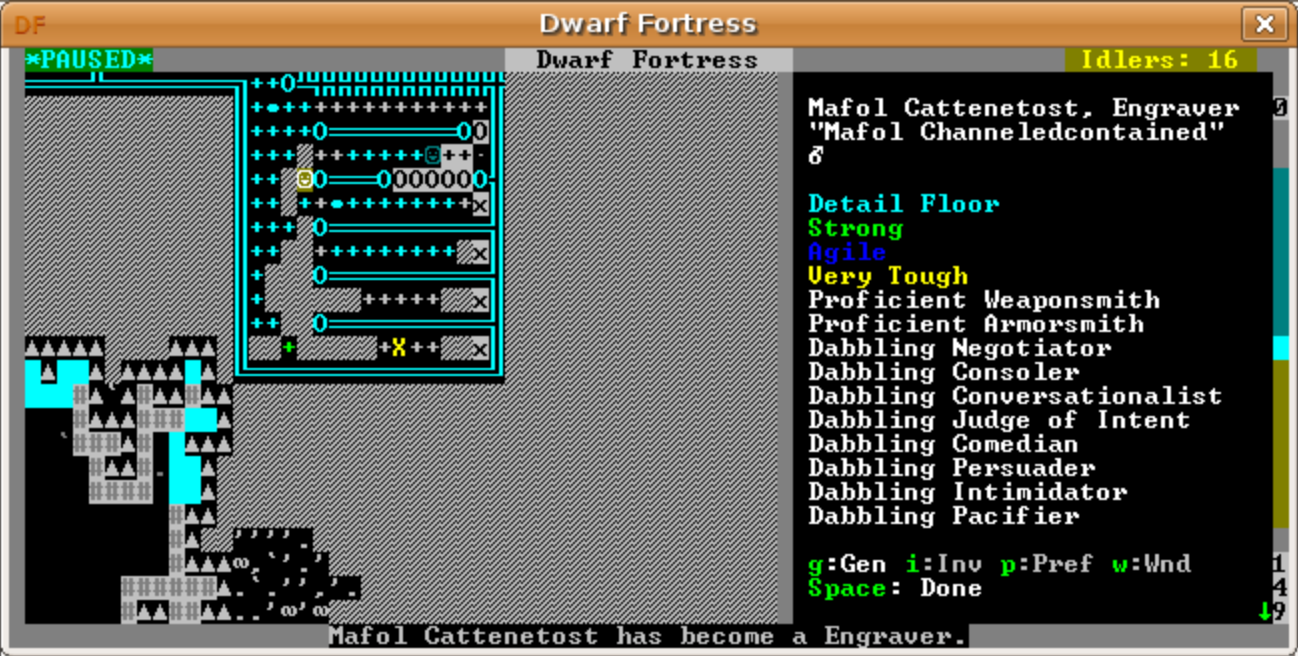
Dastot Cerolemal, Hammerdwar  
"Dastot Lenssense"

lower body Unconscious  
head  
right upper arm  
left upper arm  
right lower arm  
left lower arm  
right hand  
left hand  
right upper leg  
left upper leg  
right lower leg  
left lower leg  
right foot  
left foot  
brain

g:Gen i:Inv p:Pref w:Wnd  
Space: Done v: Next

Goden Roderrigöth, Potash Maker is more experienced.

Apparently Kogan does not have a lot of patience. I guess it would be easier if they would just be given some armor, but they'd rather cut off their legs than let me touch an anvil, and Mafol's crawling around on all fours, smoothing ice in what will be the new archery room. Admittedly, it looks pretty good when he's done, but on the other hand, Dumat would look a whole lot better if her ribs were straight.



Mafol is now so good with smoothing ice, he's not even considered a metalsmith anymore. Meanwhile, the forge is starting to grow moss and Cog's bright solution is to have the immigrant bowyer make crossbows instead...



Some hastily thrown together silver bolts, quivers and crossbows made out of fucking guppy bones are supposed to keep us alive. Since Dastot has become slightly too, er, special to wield a hammer since the blow to the head, she was the first to receive one of them. She seems happy enough.

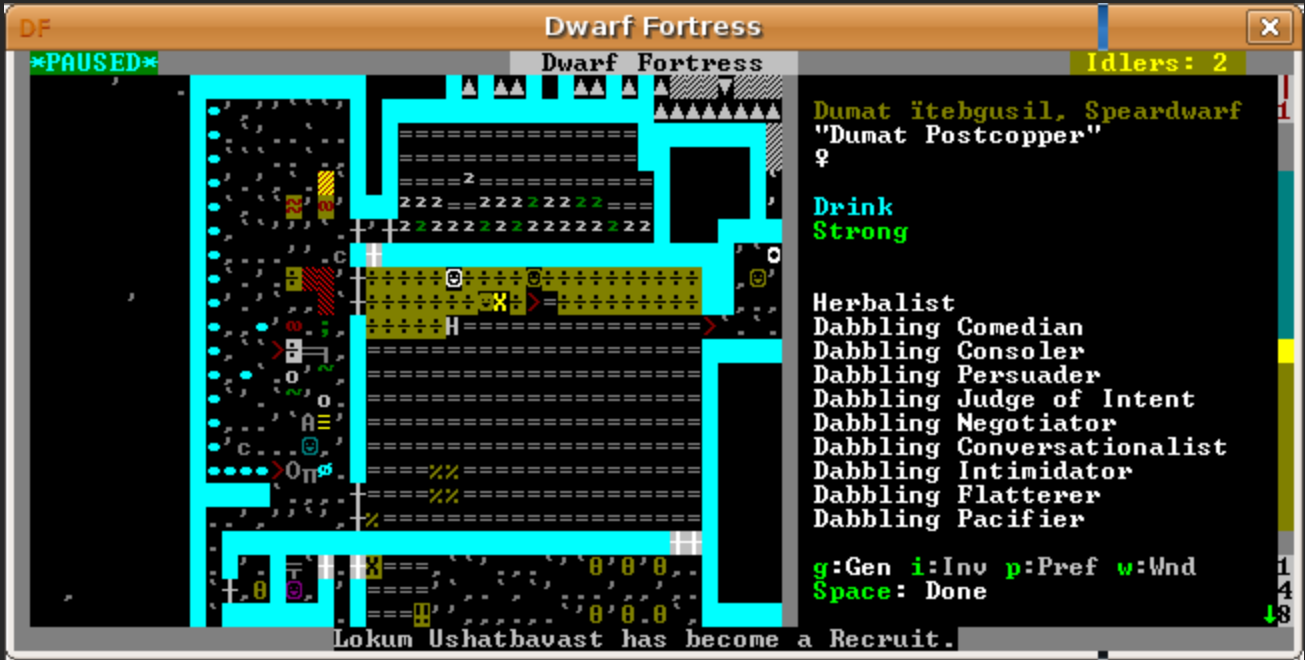


Eh. Survival is for pussies anyway.

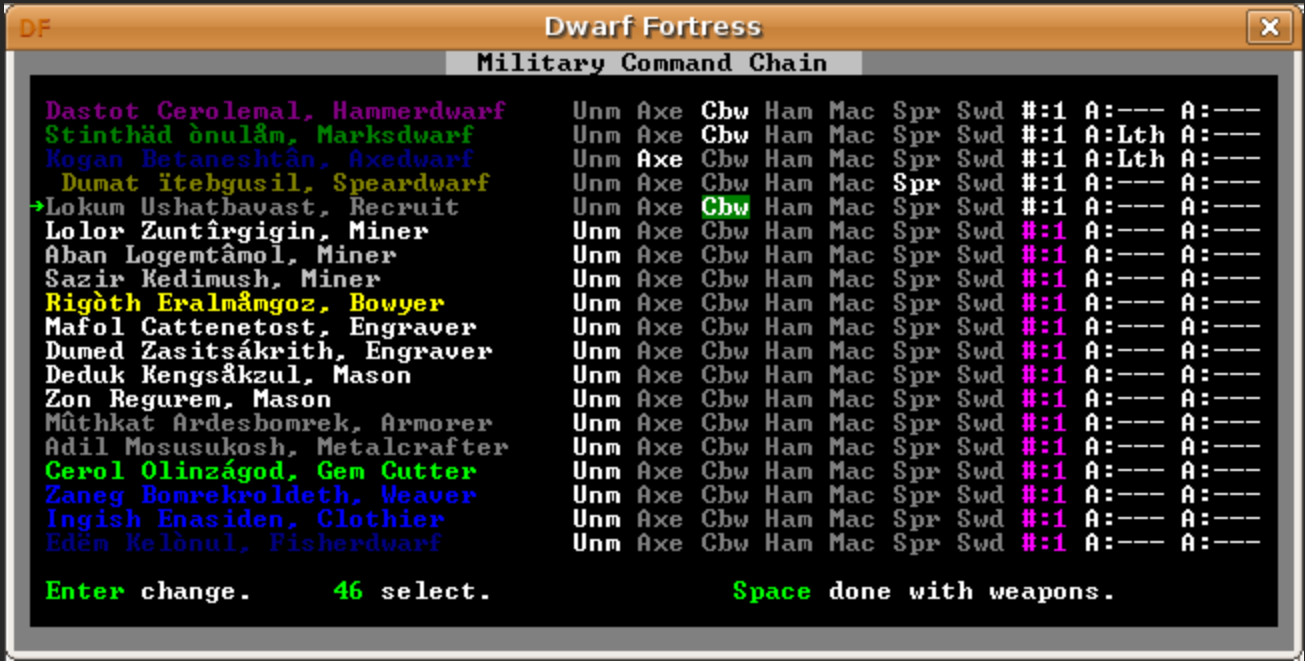
Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vafrudner** on **September 26, 2008, 07:21:51 am**

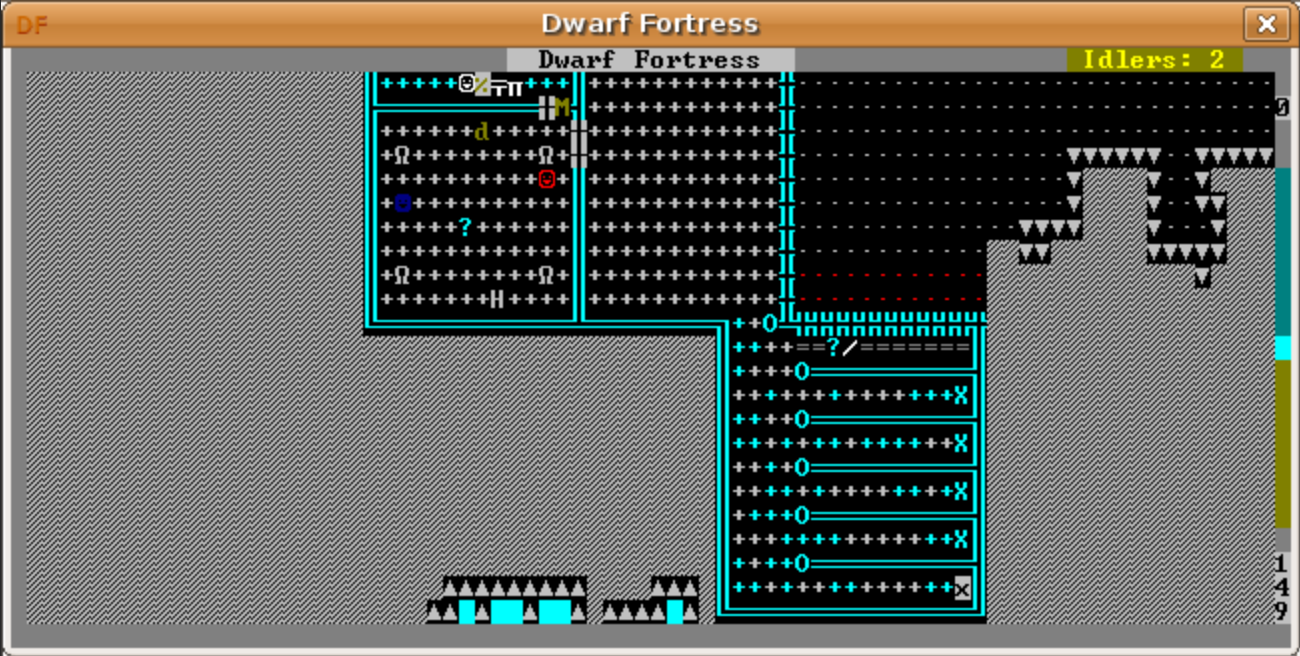
Early summer by Dumat İtebgusil, Speardwarf

3rd Hematite



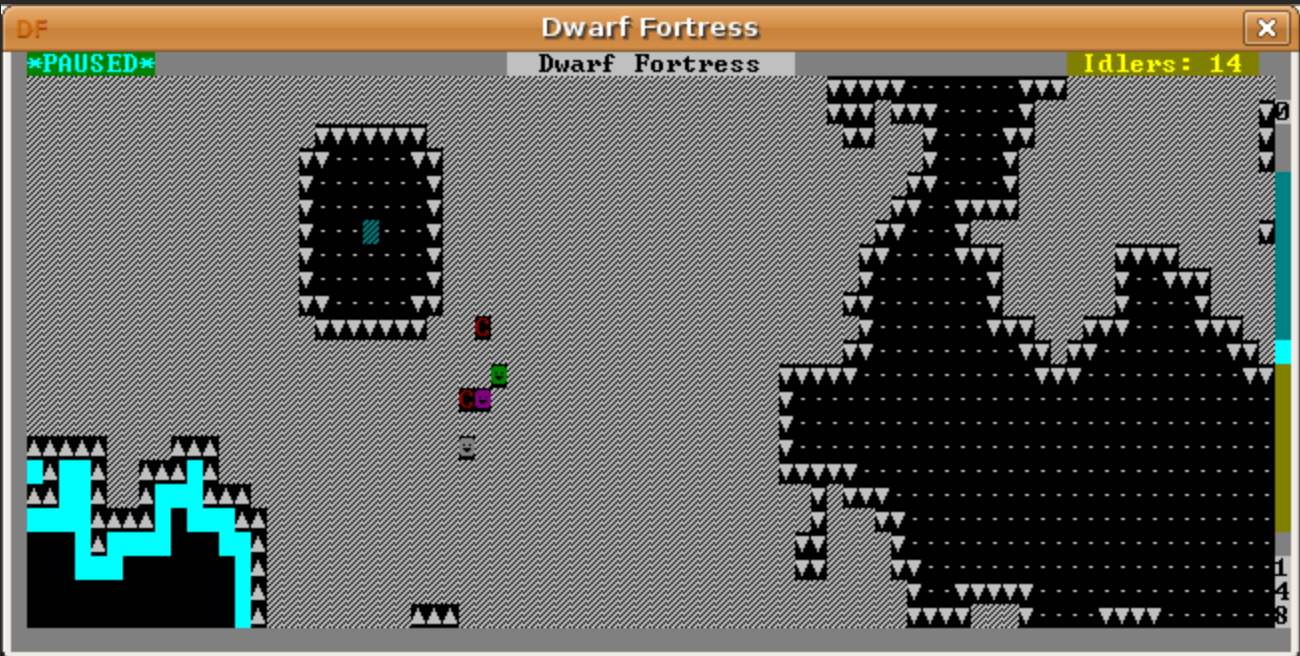
I've finally healed up and I've been drinking for three days straight now. I have a lot of catching up to do. It feels so good to be out of that bed.





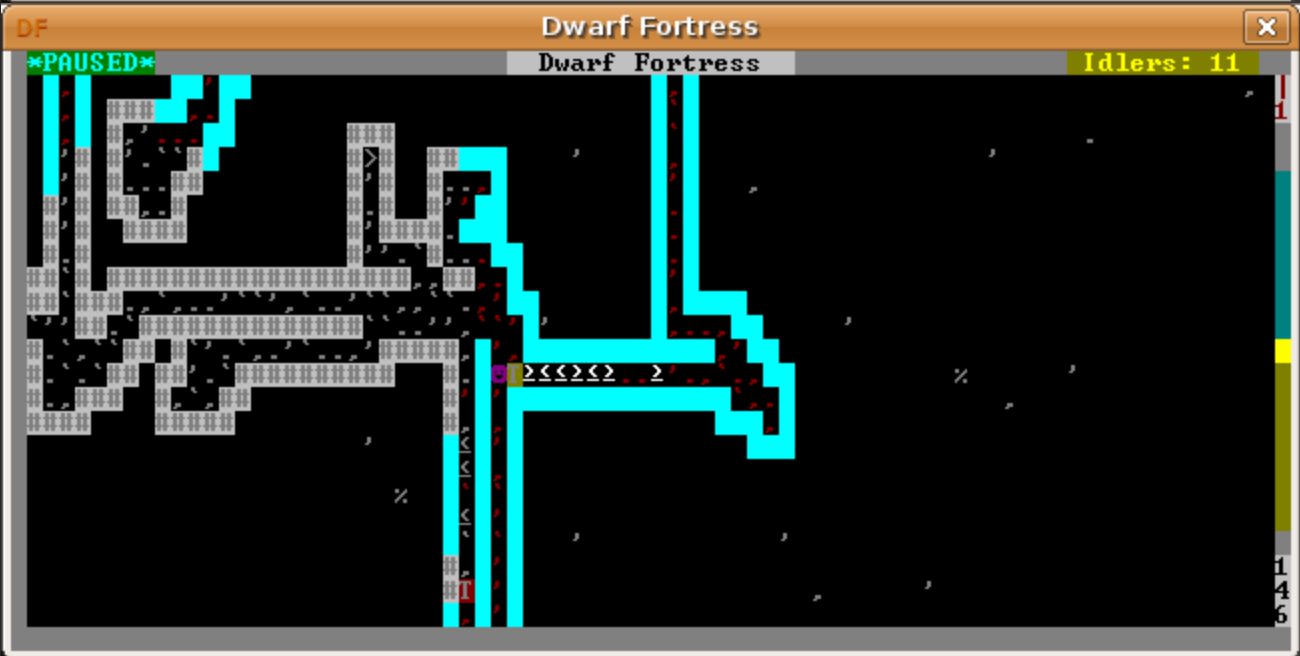
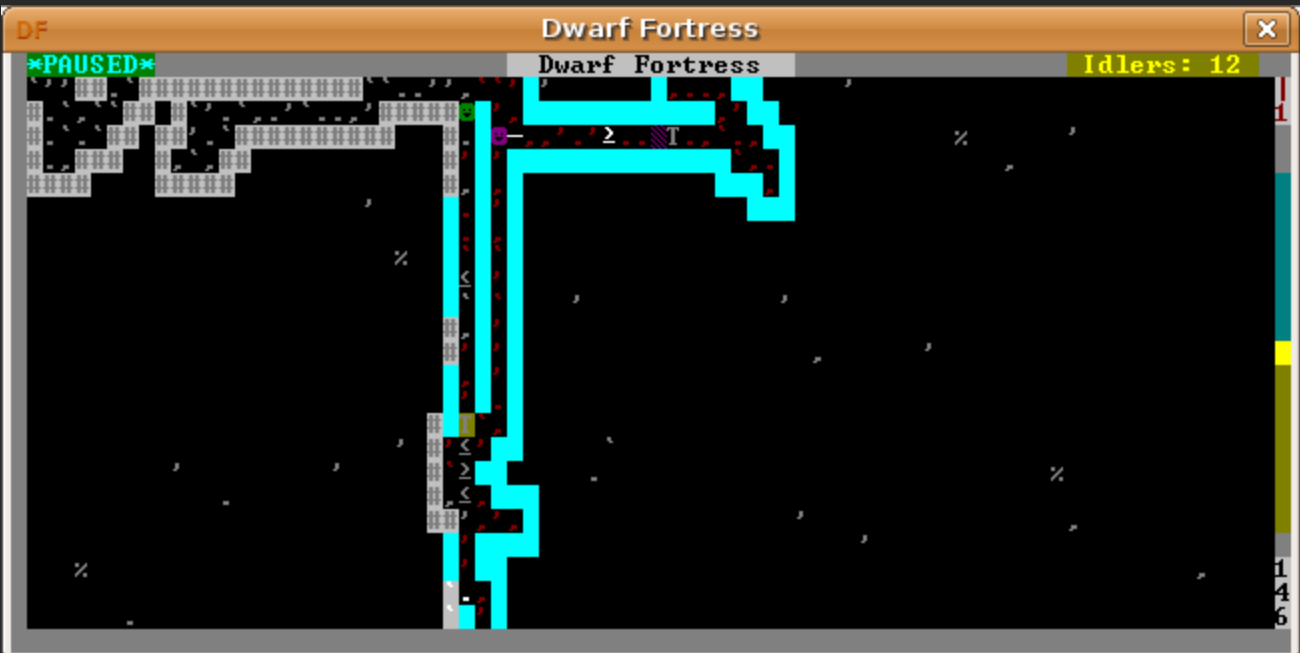
I'm told that one of the peasants has been given a guppy crossbow while I was resting, and the aboveground archery range is almost finished. The problem is that we have no wood to waste on training bolts, and bone enough for maybe 50 bolts. All we have is a surplus of silver bolts that are just as ineffective but the crossbowdwarves still refuse to use them for training. I'm gonna go see if Cog has some solution to this.

7th Hematite



Me and my big mouth. Apparently, since they refuse to use the silver bolts on the range, we all have to go down and train *in the cave*. Fortunately, Kogan had the perfect excuse to get out of this alive. Just as we came to the cave opening, Kogan let everybody know that she was starting to feel slightly sober and everybody agreed that I should escort her home for a drink immediately.

8th Hematite



Not too long after we left, Stinthäd and Lokum came back. They told us that they too started to feel a bit sober as soon as they got down into the cave, nudging us a bit.

"But what about Dastot?" I asked them  
"...oh shit. We forgot."



10th Hematite

We all went down into the cave, prepared to at least get our revenge and give Dastot a proper burial. And I was utterly speechless when I saw what had happened.

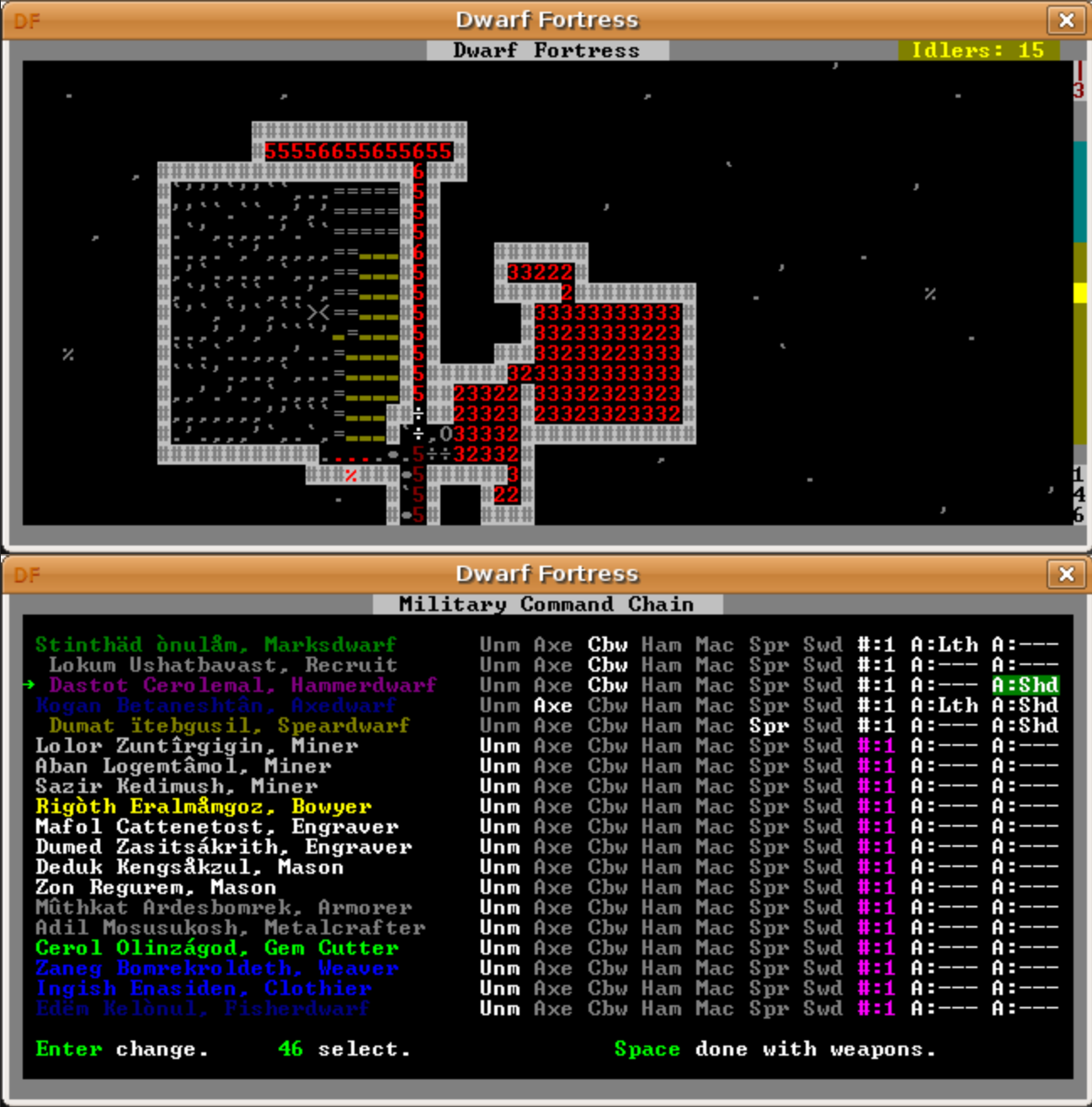


The giant didn't even care. He's just sitting on his fat ass in the bottom of the cave. And Dastot, without any crossbow training at all, *killed an entire floor of zombie trolls - with silver bolts!* When we came down there, she was still beating one into a bloody, rotten pulp with the blunt side of her fishbone crossbow. It turns out that our biggest hero is a brain-damaged milker. Not bad.

15th Hematite







Suddenly we've got plenty of wood, a good supply of booze and even iron shields! Kogan and I claimed one each on the argument that "We're worth more than you, want to fight about it?" and as it turns out, no one wanted to. Dastot got one too, but seems slightly disturbed by having to use two hands at the same time. She'll be fine.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **webadict** on **September 26, 2008, 03:22:15 pm**

I like this story. It gives me happy thoughts. More will come when things go bad.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Dr. Dorf** on **September 26, 2008, 03:45:10 pm**

You sir, are awesome.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Eita** on **September 26, 2008, 07:52:57 pm**

Wait for it... Wait for it...

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Spoggerific** on **September 26, 2008, 08:09:19 pm**

I think the drawings put this one at a notch above the rest. Well done, sir or madame. A+, would read again.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Zako** on **September 26, 2008, 08:47:34 pm**

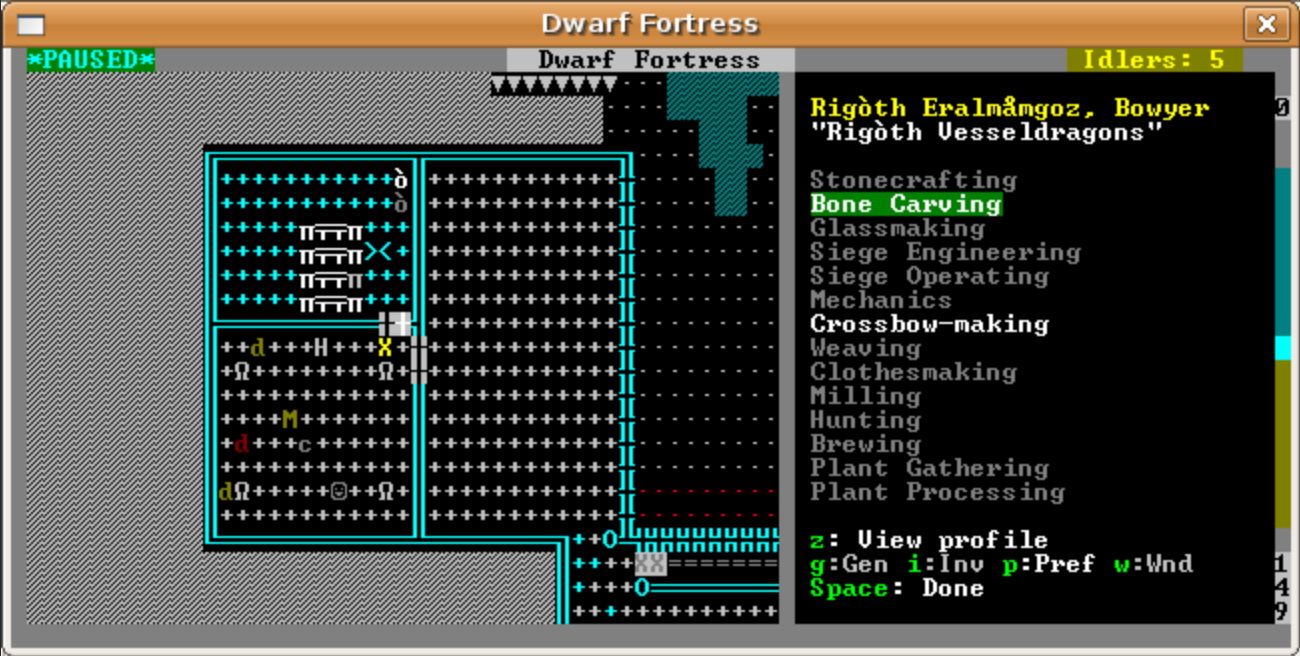
I almost soiled myself laughing at the pictures and when they realise they left the brain-damaged idiot behind to fight.

Good stuff!

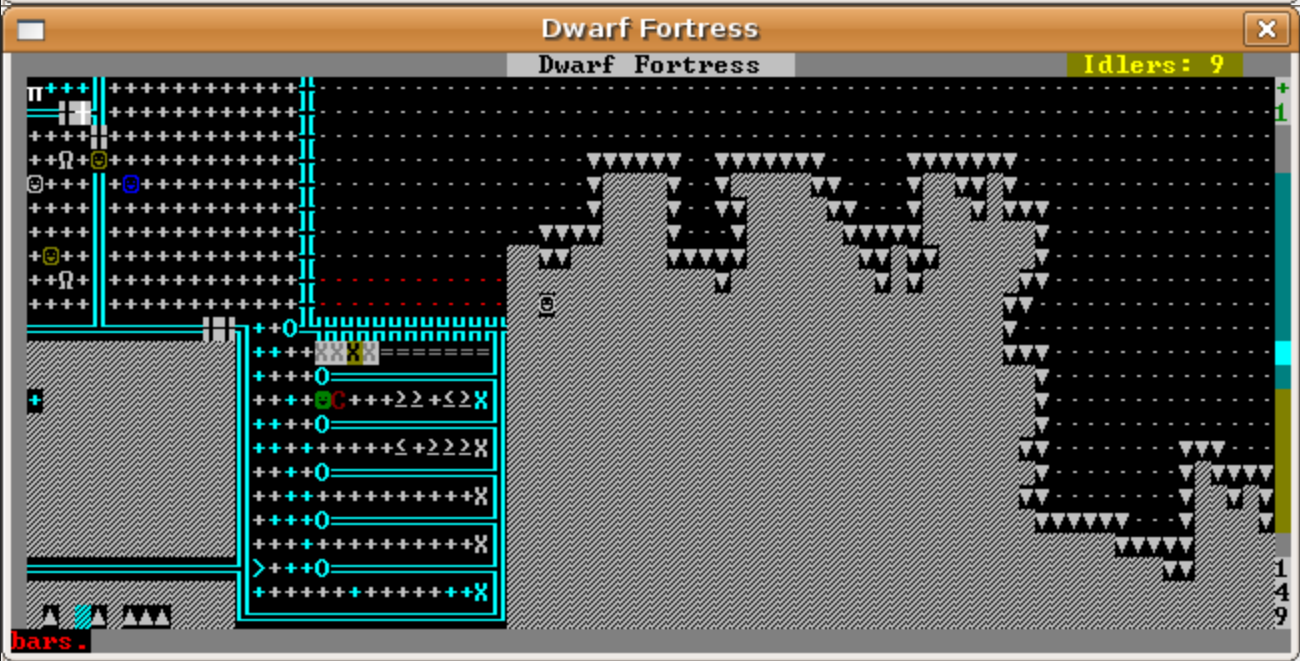
Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 27, 2008, 12:24:33 pm**

Thanks for the comments everyone! Heffa decided to take a break again, so I had to make my own art for this episode. I'm truly sorry and can only extend my apologies to anyone affected.

**Mid- and late summer according to Rigòth Eralmångoz, Bowyer**



Autumn is just around the corner and I've been working hard all summer. I've heard what can happen to bowyers at other fortresses, there are always rumors of magma and drawbridges. A lot of dwarves consider my profession elfish, and I'm sick and tired of being tossed into moats, wells and refuse stockpiles. Why can't we all just come together and love each other like brothers and sisters? Thankfully, our wise leader Cog has taken a liking to me and put me in charge of not only crossbow-making but also leather- and bonecrafting.



I noticed early on how well troll bones can be used for bolts, so our marksdwarves finally have something to practice with. Everyone seems thankful! Nowadays, when they throw me in the refuse stockpile, they don't even lock the door! This is the best home I've ever had.

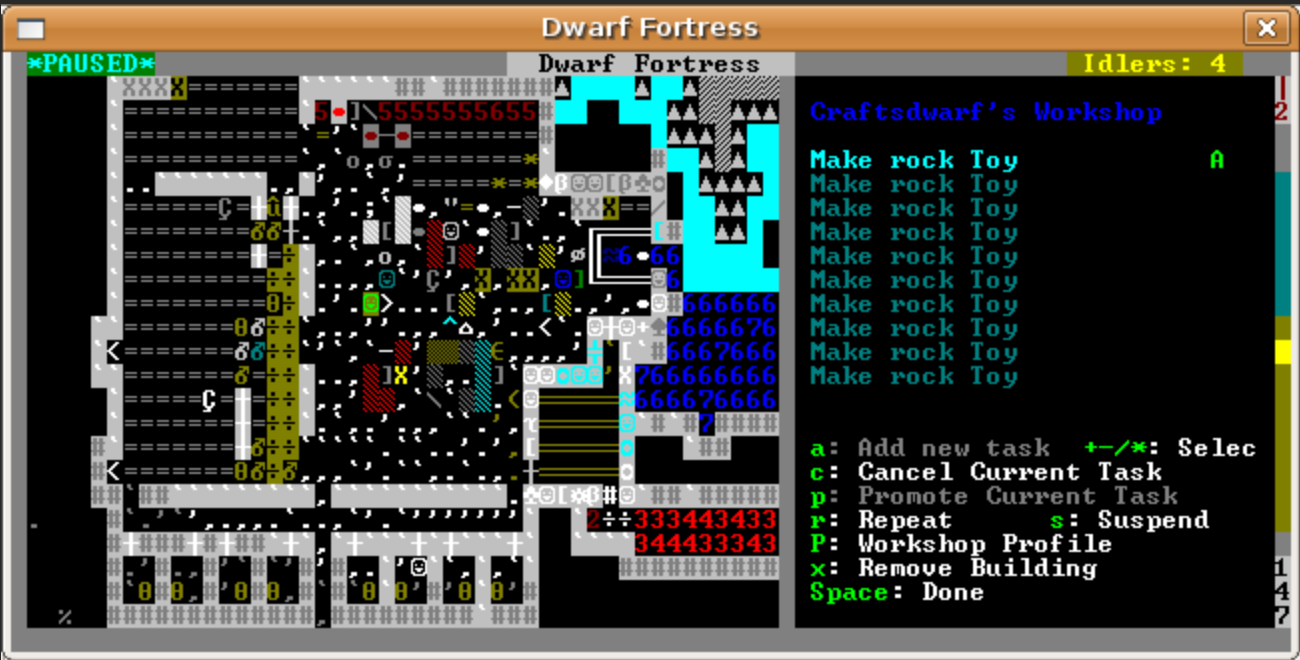




Earlier this summer, Shorast, driven almost to the point of madness by the lack of trees, told us all to fuck off and stick our dwarven society up a body part that I'm too delicate to repeat here. He grabbed some alunite and some of the very few metal ores we've found and promptly kicked me out of the craftsdwarf's workshop, throwing away the shell I was working on.

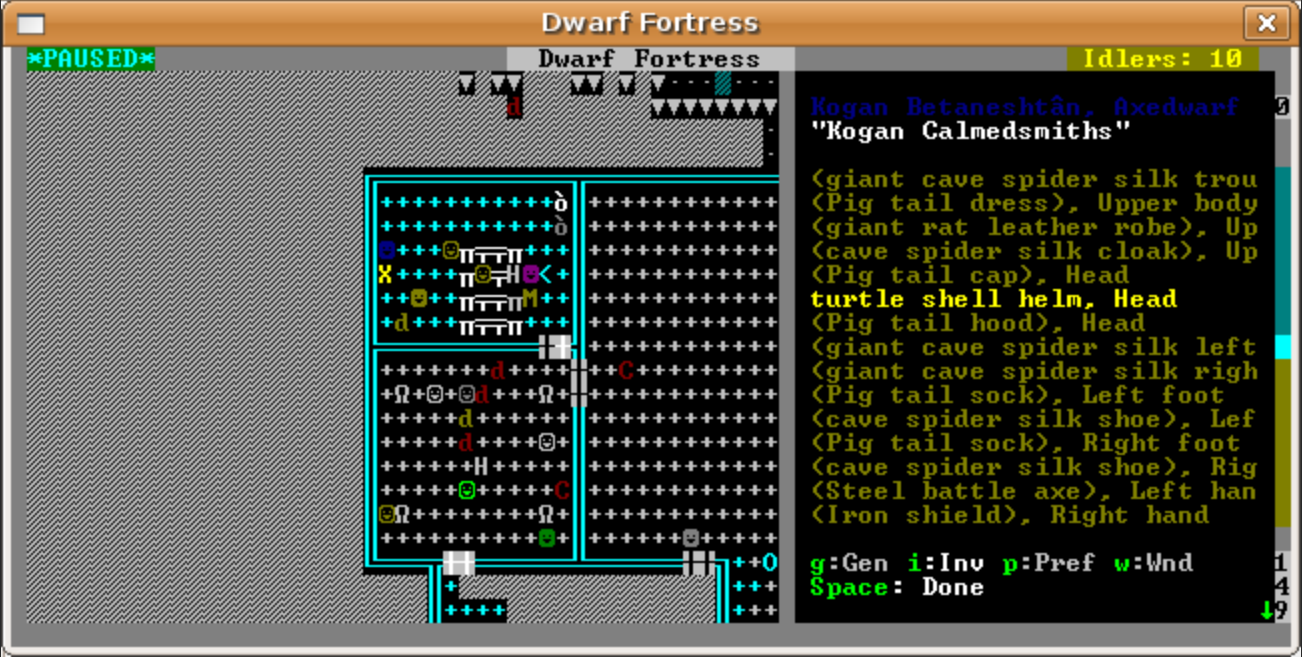


To our big surprise, he came out a few days later, not the depressed nervous wreck we knew, but an undwarvenly tough stonecrafter with quite the party-dropping amulet indeed in his hand. Needless to say, he got his own workshop and was put to work pouring out beautiul trade goods.





Meanwhile, since our miners *still* haven't found any ores except for galena and cassiterite, I've been told to make some temporary armor for our soldiers. I collected what I could find upstairs and made a set of bone armor for Kogan.



Isn't she pretty?



I like it. I hope you keep updating this for a while; I think this thread has a lot of potential. I wonder what it will be that will finally send you down into the spiral of losing... hm.

Oh, also, I enjoyed the title.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 27, 2008, 02:49:12 pm**

Quote from: Spoggerific on September 27, 2008, 02:34:36 pm

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Oh, also, I enjoyed the title.

Probably when the wooden pumps fall apart :D

Or at this rate, I'll die from lack of iron. I've never failed so completely in finding hematite. I chose a gigantic embarking area because I know how hard it can be to find quality ores in igneous extrusive layers, but seriously, it's been two years soon and I haven't even found copper!

Thanks for the comments anyway, it's a thin line trying to write like this without it becoming just rude and pointless, but I'll keep updating until I run out of steam.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **webadict** on **September 27, 2008, 09:01:26 pm**

Quote from: Vaftrudner on September 27, 2008, 02:49:12 pm

Quote from: Spoggerific on September 27, 2008, 02:34:36 pm

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Thanks for the comments anyway, it's a thin line trying to write like this without it becoming just rude and pointless, but I'll keep updating until I run out of steam.

Please do. Your thread is very interesting and I really enjoy your pictures.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Swiftfreddy** on **September 28, 2008, 07:23:58 am**

Great story :D

I couldn't stop myself doing a quick (fan) drawing of what I originally imagined Kogan, in armour, guarding the fort. (Before I realised the truth).  
Here it is and I hope you like:



Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 28, 2008, 11:08:33 am**

Quote from: Swiftfreddy on September 28, 2008, 07:23:58 am

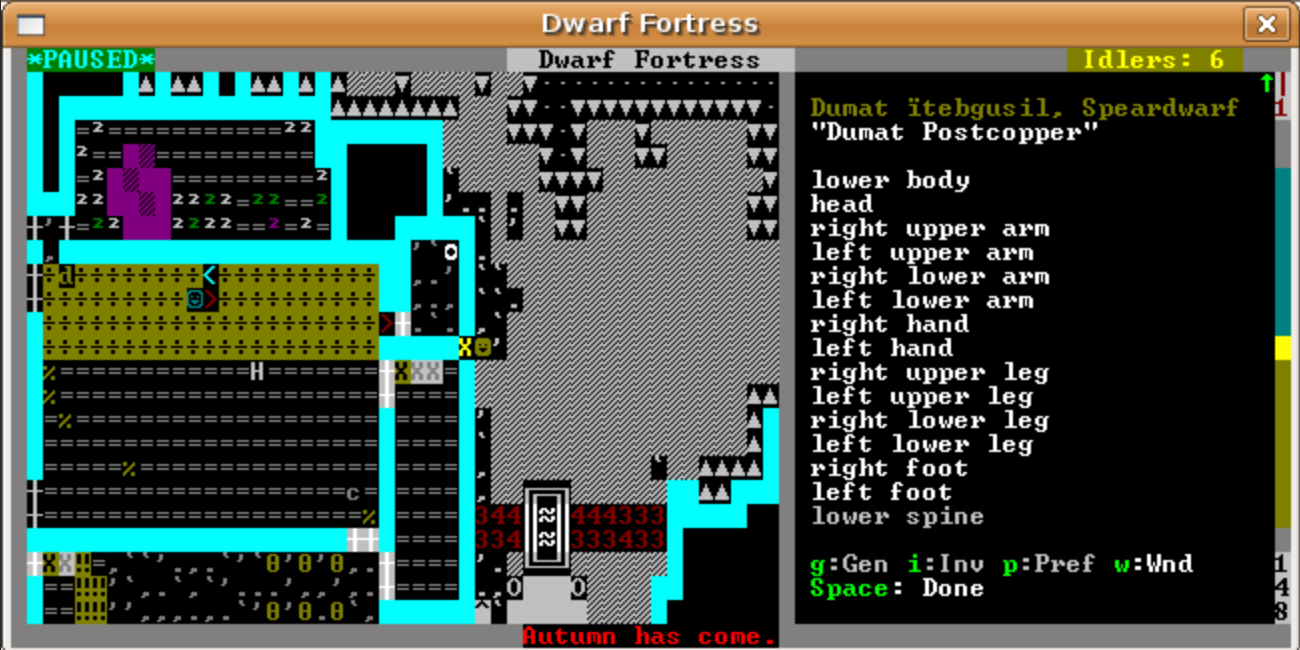
Great story :D

I couldn't stop myself doing a quick (fan) drawing of what I originally imagined Kogan, in armour, guarding the fort. (Before I realised the truth).  
Here it is and I hope you like:

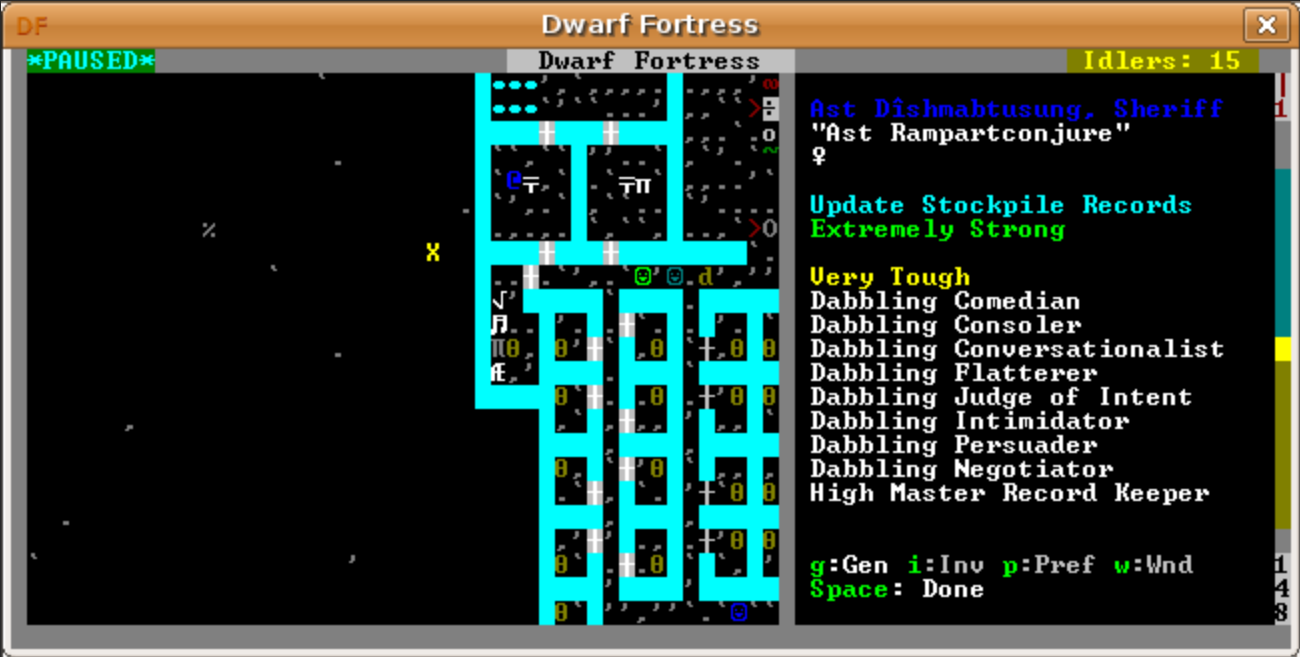
Oh yeah, nice pic. Damn it I wish the soldiers of Catbaldness looked like that :D Well, putting your life in the hands of a turtle shell can never be wrong, right? Oh, on the subject:

**Autumn as told by Logem Luslemudib, peasant**

**1st Limestone**

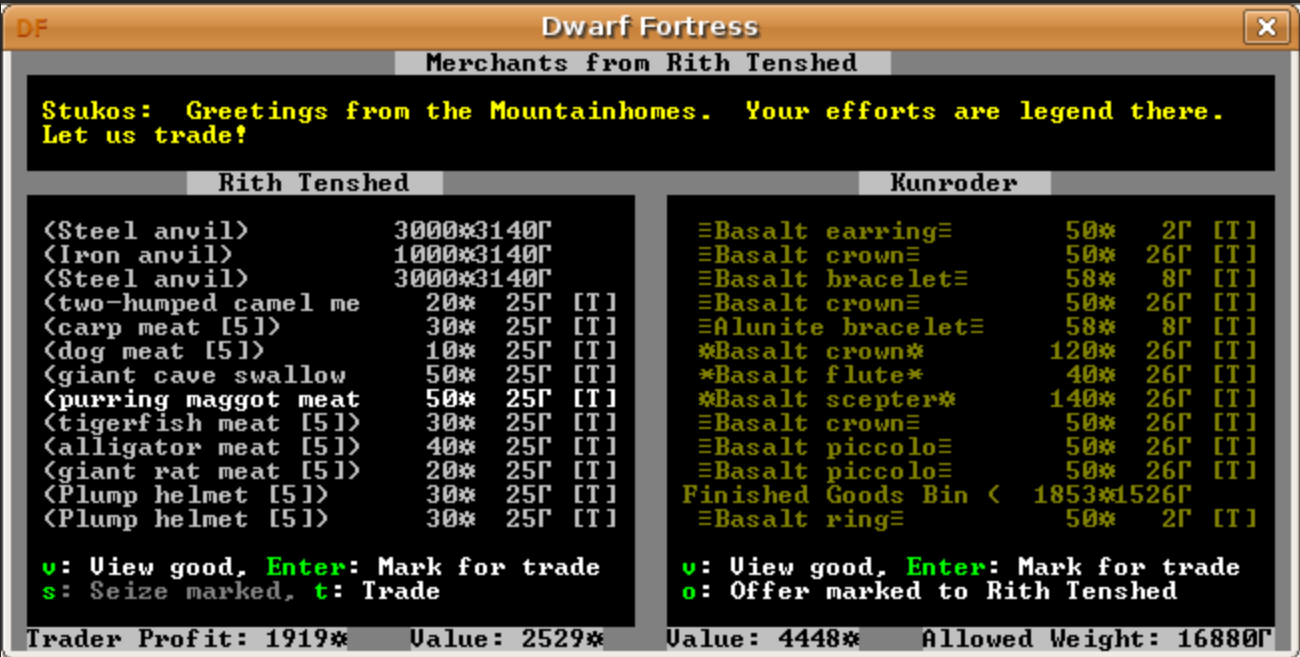


Kogan gathered me, Nomal and Medtob today. She told us that Dumat had hurt her back so bad, she couldn't spar anymore, and she needed some new recruits to hone her skills on. Since we only have wooden shields, she wanted three of us since at least one of us should be in fighting shape in a year. We all laughed at that, but she seemed a bit too happy. Fuck, I wish she would stop smiling like that...

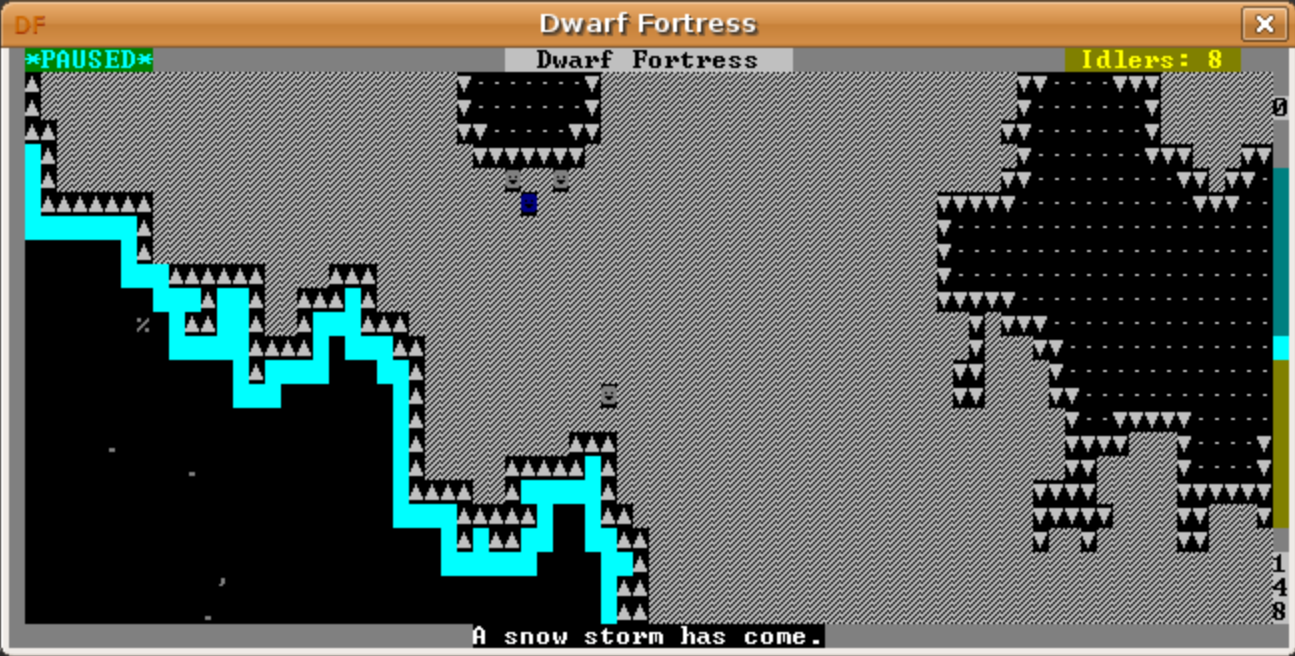


Ast was promoted to sheriff and received a nice suite of rooms. Not that she cares. She was just anxious to get back to her lists. At least it feels promising to have the extended hand of the bloody nobility refuse to leave her office.

10th Limestone







Today was the big day. Kogan wanted to test our skills by having us go down and face the giant in the cave. I'm starting to learn to stay as far away as I can every time she seems excited and happy, because nothing good can come from it. I had no chance to get away from this particular excursion though.

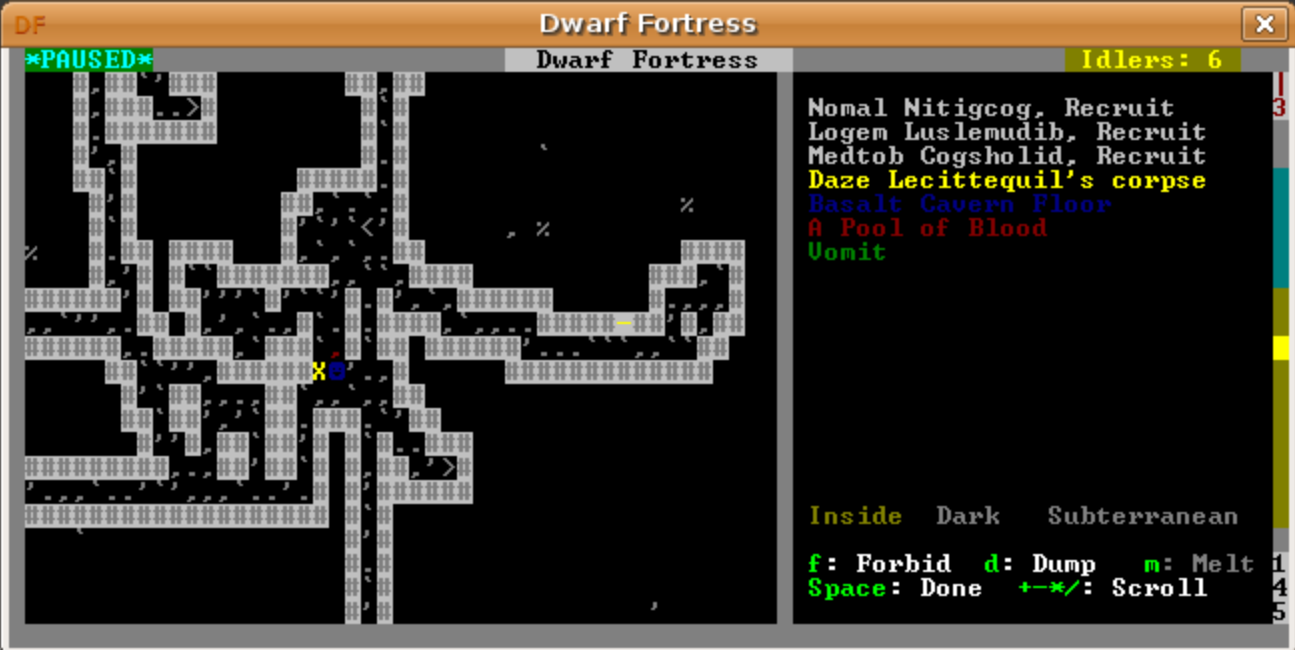


Kogan went charging ahead into the cave and us recruits scrambled along, too scared to do anything else. When I came down to the bottom floor I just froze. There she was, standing on top of the vomiting and bleeding giant, screaming nonsense and hacking away at its lower body.



I didn't know what the fuck I was doing but I charged ahead and the next thing I knew, it was lying dead on the floor and Kogan was shaking me, screaming "IT WAS MINE! MINE, DAMN IT!", at which point I realized that I'd nearly cut it in half.





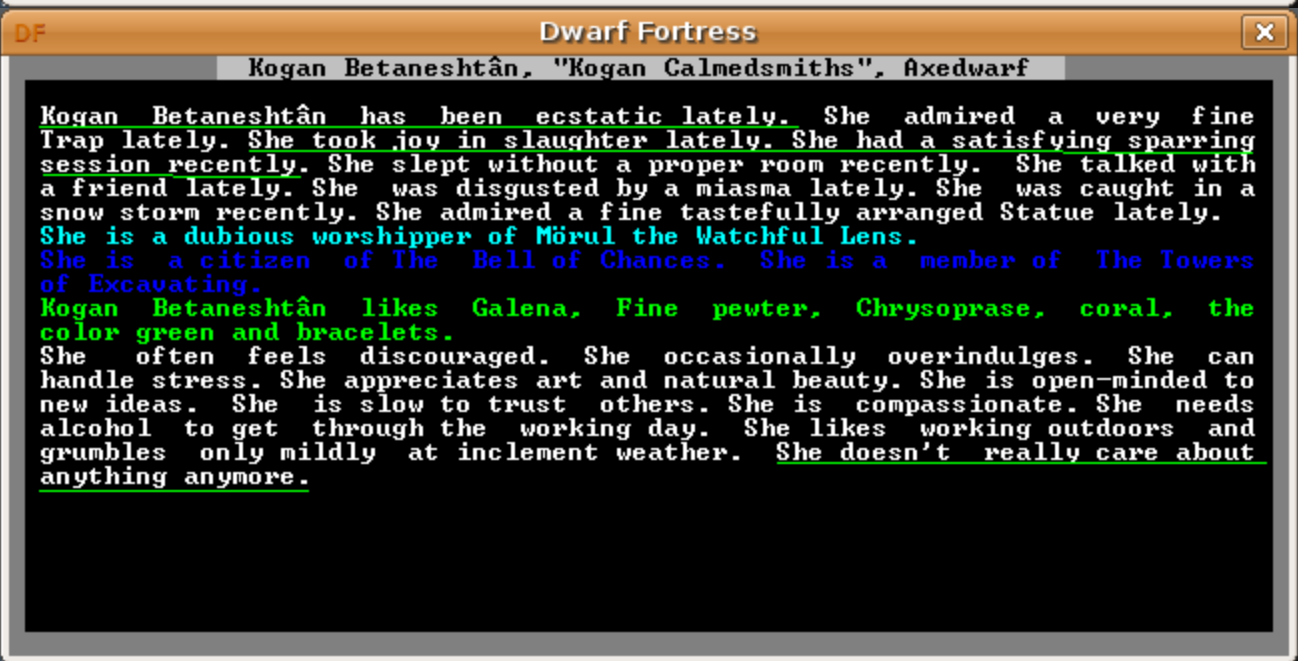
I was still trying to figure out what had happened when Kogan rushed to the upper floor, furious, doing what she does best.



25th Limestone



I was greeted like a hero when I came back, and was told that I was now officially a swordsdwarf. Cog tried giving me a bucket of magma as a thank you, but ended up just standing at the moat looking sad as the bucket burned. Medtob nudged Kogan a bit, asking if she didn't feel lucky she had a hero like me by her side.



Mental note: Never. Make. Kogan. Mad.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Spoggerific** on **September 28, 2008, 11:21:48 am**

I like the layout you have for your fortress. It's compact, and... cozy. Yes. Cozy.

Do you think you could upload a save for me to toy around with? I've never embarked on a glacier before, and I'd like to be able to mess around with ice, magma, etc. without having to build up a fortress.

Also... is combinedhells the name of the cave? I saw that Kogan had a kill of a zombie troll in a place with that name, but I've never seen a dwarf with a kill from somewhere besides my fortress.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Blurb** on **September 28, 2008, 11:34:33 am**

Whaddy mean HIS pictures. They're MY PICTURES! MY! THE GLORY SHOULD GO TO ME! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Aheh. Yes, I happen to be a lazy bastard, and two pics/update is like some sort of industrial revolution when it comes to me, so don't get dissappointed once there is a picture lacking here or there.

//Heffa

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vafrudner** on **September 28, 2008, 11:35:45 am**

Quote from: Spoggerific on September 28, 2008, 11:21:48 am

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Do you think you could upload a save for me to toy around with? I've never embarked on a glacier before, and I'd like to be able to mess around with ice, magma, etc. without having to build up a fortress.

Also... is combinedhells the name of the cave? I saw that Kogan had a kill of a zombie troll in a place with that name, but I've never seen a dwarf with a kill from somewhere besides my fortress.

Sure thing, I don't know where I could upload the save though, but if you have a gmail address or something else that accepts 10+ MiB-files, PM me with it. Oh, and please let me know if you can unpack .7z-files, they have the best compression as far as I know so I prefer

them.

Yeah, Combinedhells is the cave. It's a seperate site from the surrounding land, it surprised me a bit too, but since it's the home of the Giant, I guess it's logical.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Spoggerific** on **September 28, 2008, 11:40:25 am**

<http://dffd.wimbli.com/index.php> is the de facto site where all of the DF saves/mods/what-have-you are uploaded. You could check that out. <http://rapidshare.com> is another upload site you could use. If neither of those work, my email is

Majoras\_NO\_SPAM\_Mask618(at)gmail.com

Remove the \_NO\_SPAM\_ and change the (at) to the proper symbol.

Thanks for taking the trouble to do so. Also, yeah, I can unpack .7z. I can unpack just about anything; I run Linux (<http://xkcd.com/272/>). If I can't unpack it, it's just a sudo yum install away.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Lord Dullard** on **September 28, 2008, 11:54:33 am**

This whole thread is a thing of goodness.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 28, 2008, 11:55:10 am**

Quote from: Spoggerific on September 28, 2008, 11:40:25 am

<http://dffd.wimbli.com/index.php> is the de facto site where all of the DF saves/mods/what-have-you are uploaded. You could check that out. <http://rapidshare.com> is another upload site you could use. If neither of those work, my email is

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Thanks for taking the trouble to do so. Also, yeah, I can unpack .7z. I can unpack just about anything; I run Linux. If I can't unpack it, it's just a sudo yum install away.

I registered at the file depot, as far as I know, only the region5 folder is needed right? Well, here you go:

<http://dffd.wimbli.com/file.php?id=574>

Have fun!

Edit: I should add, I'm running under .40c because of the cat bug.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 28, 2008, 12:24:11 pm**

The state of Catbaldness at the end of year 2,  
report by Cog Ònulôsed, magma connoisseur

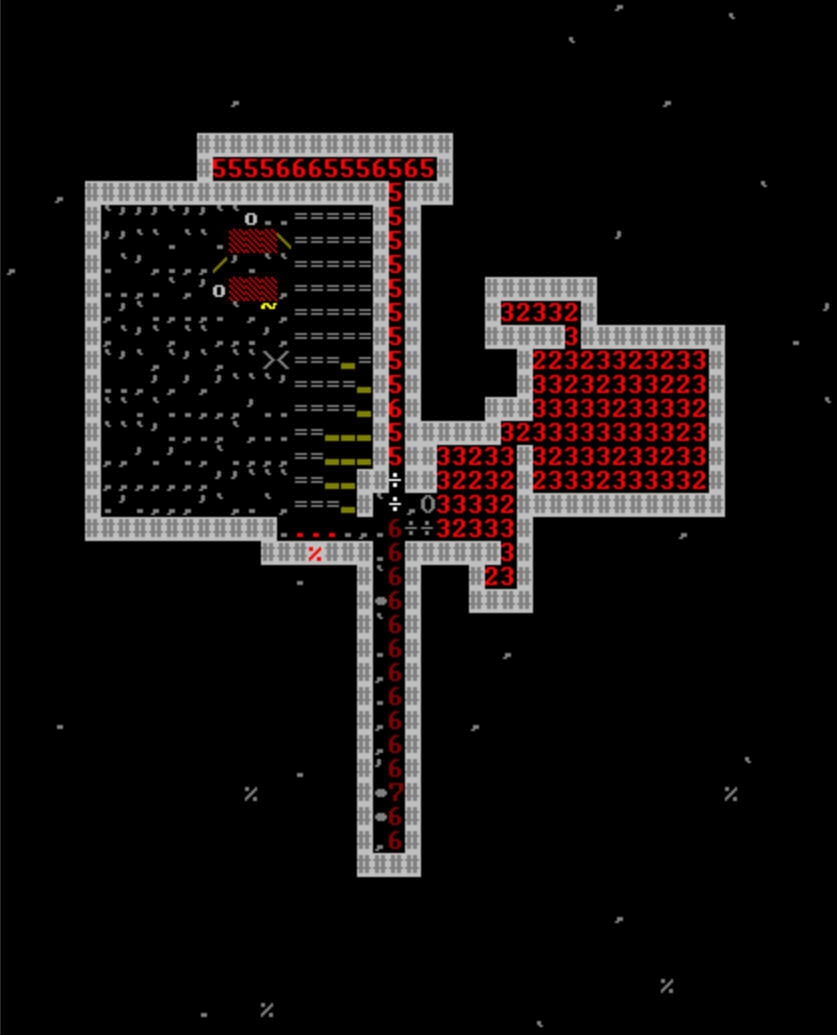
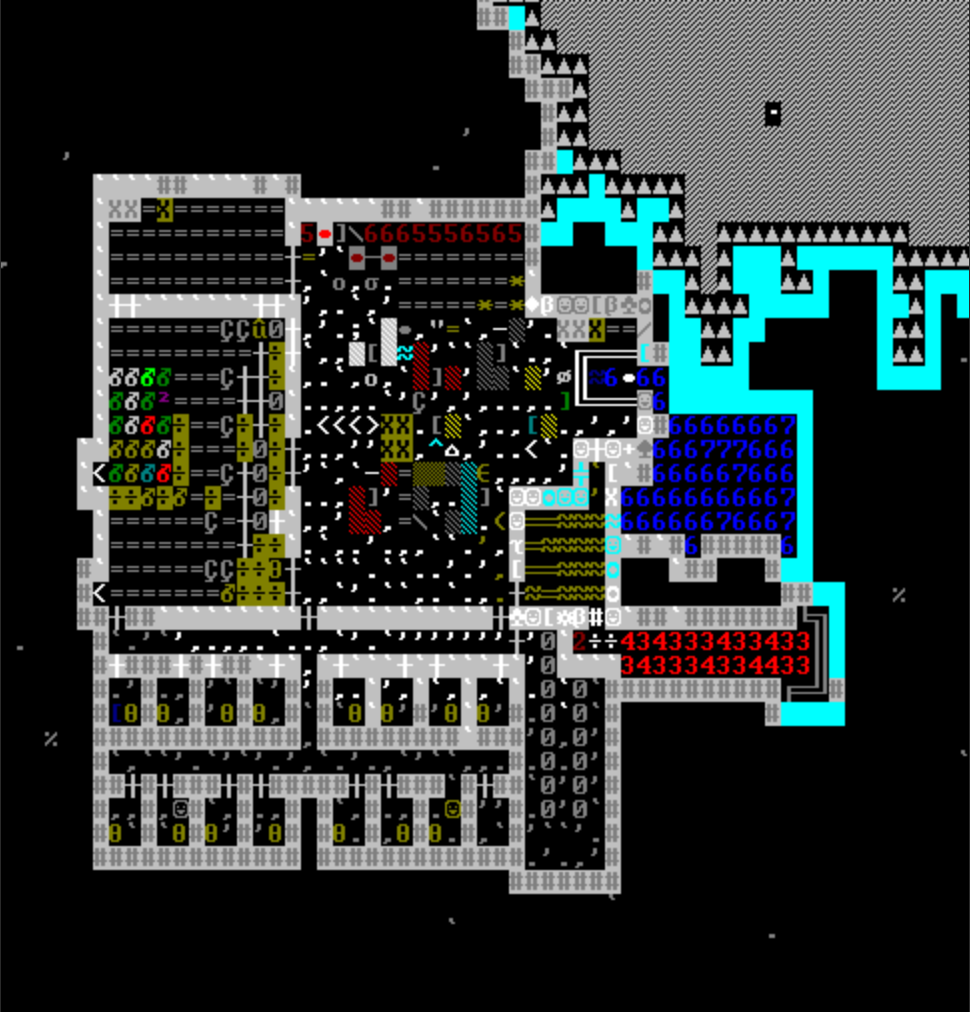




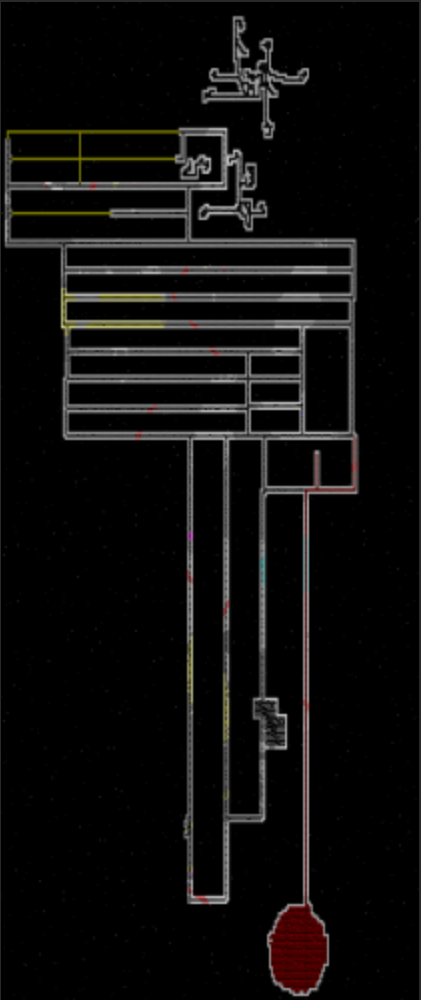
Ice and magma! Love and devotion! Death and glory! **Ice and magma!**

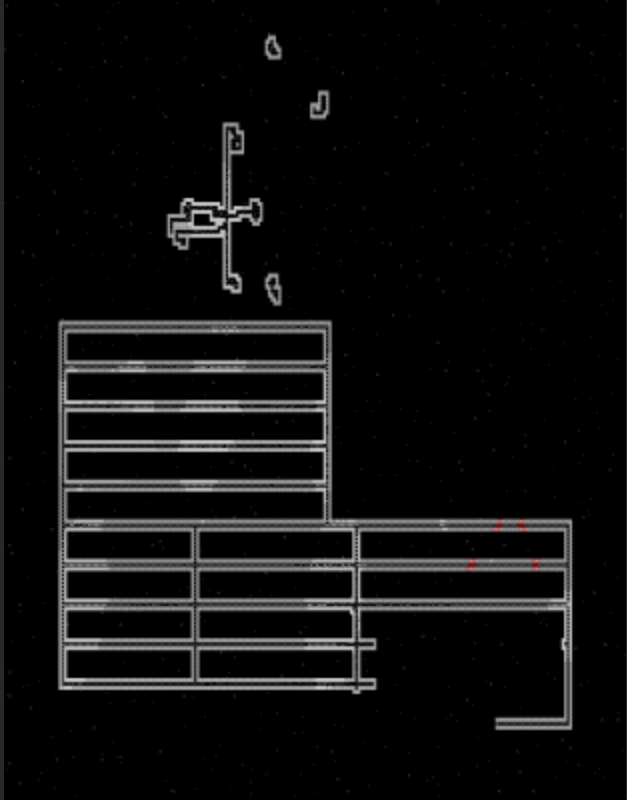
Shorast agreed to learn how to use the catapult. Firing at the glacier now, might be a traitor.

New prison looks better than my rooms though. Will have to investigate and bring hurt.



Love to see my little working bees, buzzin' 'n' buzzin'. Graveyard's nice enough, too bad no one wants to live there. Will have to talk to Kogan.





Miners work hard but bring back nothing but silver, lead and silver. Kogan must know.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **September 30, 2008, 11:44:21 pm**

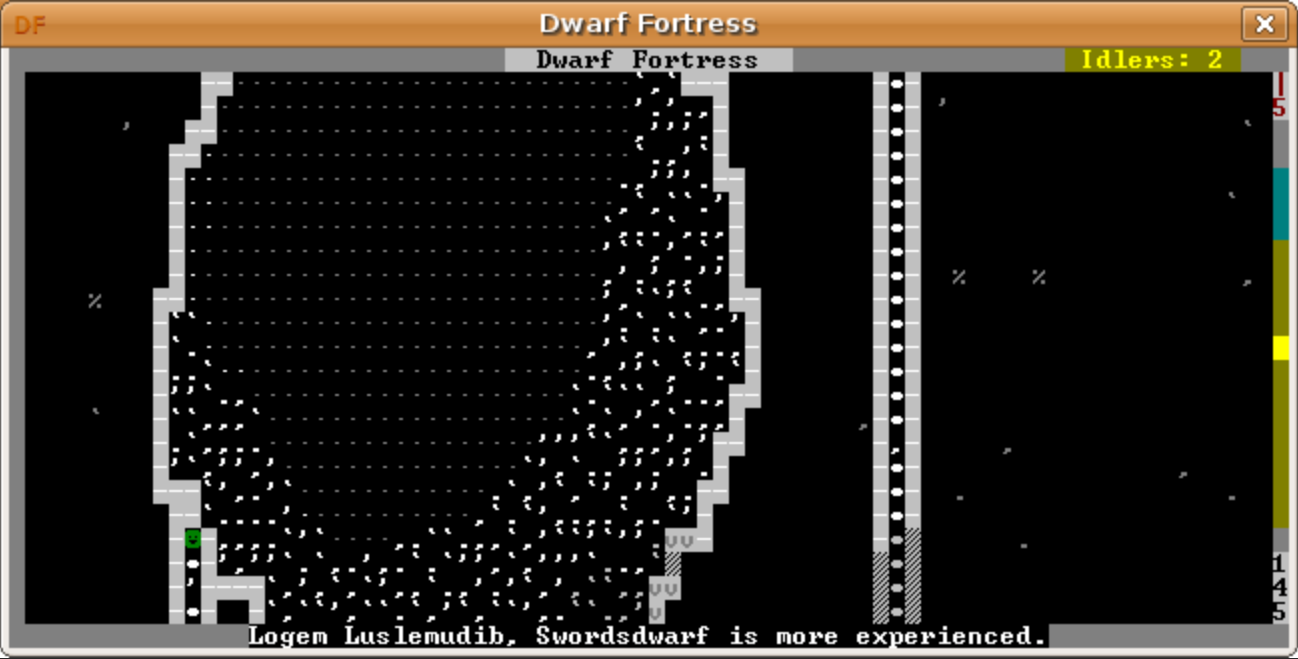
**?th of ?, as told by a Zombie Giant Cave Swallow**

Oh, what a lovely day! Waking up to hear the naked mole dogs running through scales, warming up for the performance later this week, seeing the cave swallowmen performing their free-flowing miasmic somersaults in perfect rhythm, it's the way life should always be.

Talking to the troll, he tells me that he's getting closer to a breakthrough. He's working on a calendar based not on the will of the deities, but on tectonic movements. There's some very complicated trigonometry involved that I simply can't begin to grasp, and he needs time to do his calculations. I hope that it won't interfere with the concert. He's written some rather interesting pieces that expand out of scales, moving into atonality, which reveals itself as a perfect expression of the zombie condition. The dogs will be devastated if he won't be able to practice with them.



This is unbelievable! The swallowmen told me that they heard sounds from the *outside*, and it seems like something is coming through the walls of the world! This is so exciting, I never doubted for a minute that there were more intelligent civilizations out there!



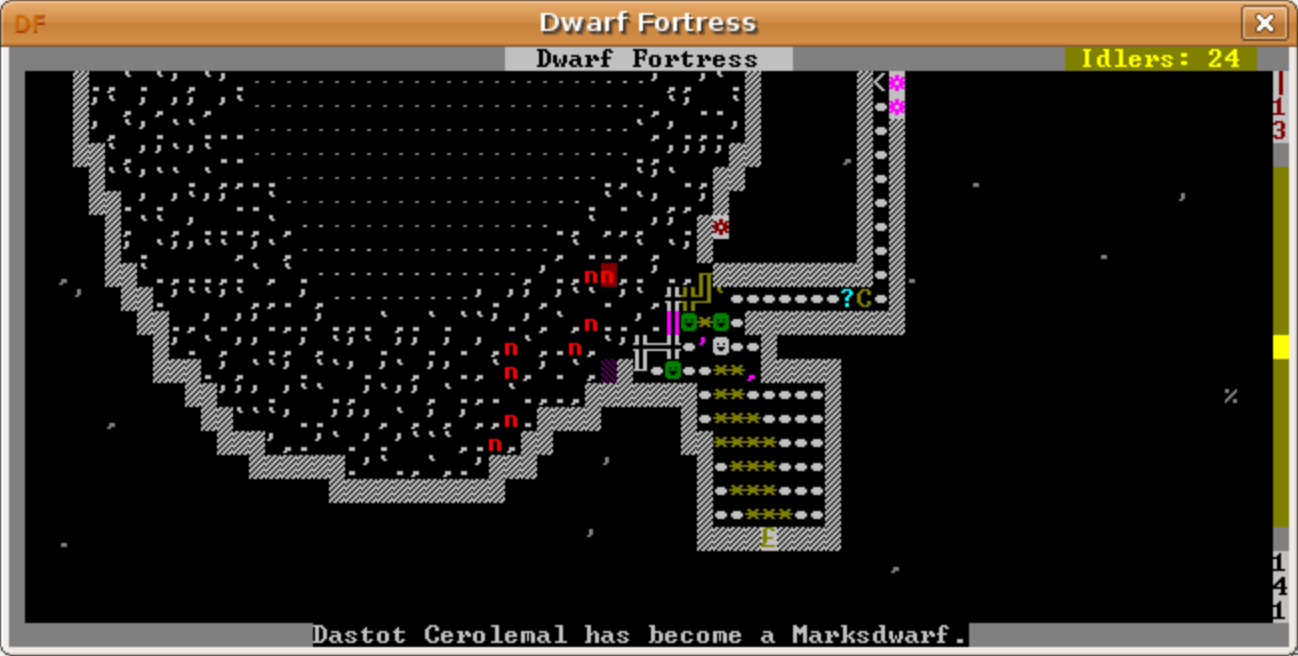
One of the aliens is approaching the breach! It is so exciting, I marvel at the thought of what grand ideas they may have developed, and if we can only find a means of communicating, there are no words for the benefits we may...



WHAT IS GOING ON? THE ALIEN IS FIRING PROJECTILES! WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS? WHY???



One of the swallowmen is falling down with one of his wings completely mangled, I can't believe this, this must be a nightmare, they.. Oh no, they're expanding the breaches!



NO! PLEASE! NOT THE CHILDREN!!



Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **inaluct** on **September 30, 2008, 11:55:51 pm**

POOOOR QUEEEEE!?

This is brilliant.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Muno syoan** on **October 01, 2008, 01:58:29 pm**

AHAHAHAHAHAAAAAA

Ahem. This is absolutely hilarious, keep it up!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **kurisukun** on **October 01, 2008, 02:08:28 pm**

I demand MOAR!!!

Great stuff. ^\_~

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Boksi** on **October 01, 2008, 02:17:53 pm**

A perfect expression of how dwarves treat everything as seen by someone else.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **October 01, 2008, 10:04:55 pm**

POOOOR QUEEEEE!?

Best image ever.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 01, 2008, 10:14:37 pm**

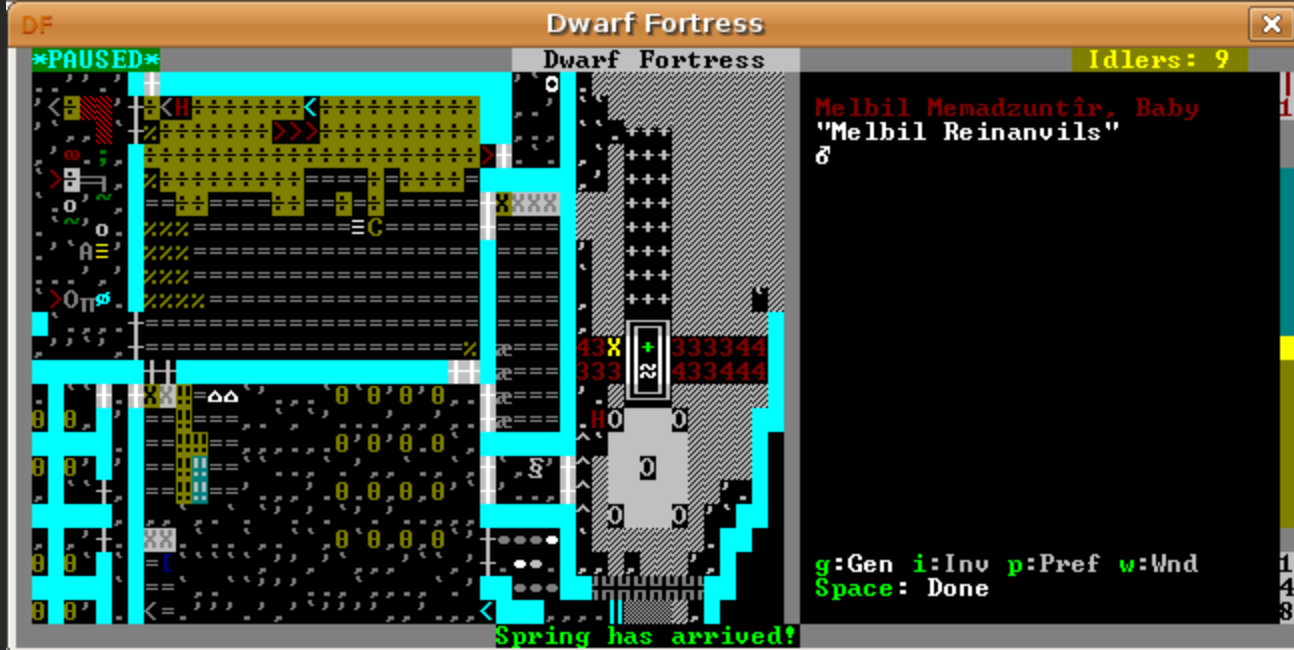
Once again, Heffa decided that education, sleeping patterns and women are more important than making pictures for me, so it falls upon me to try to please your eyes. You can all rest assured that I did in no way whatsoever succeed.

**Spring of the third year, as told by Deduk Kengs  kzul, mason and architect**

**1st Granite**

Since we're completely covered in silver, Cog gave orders that a silver road is to be built across the glacier. This all sounds perfectly insane to me, but at least it's better than making my 167th door.





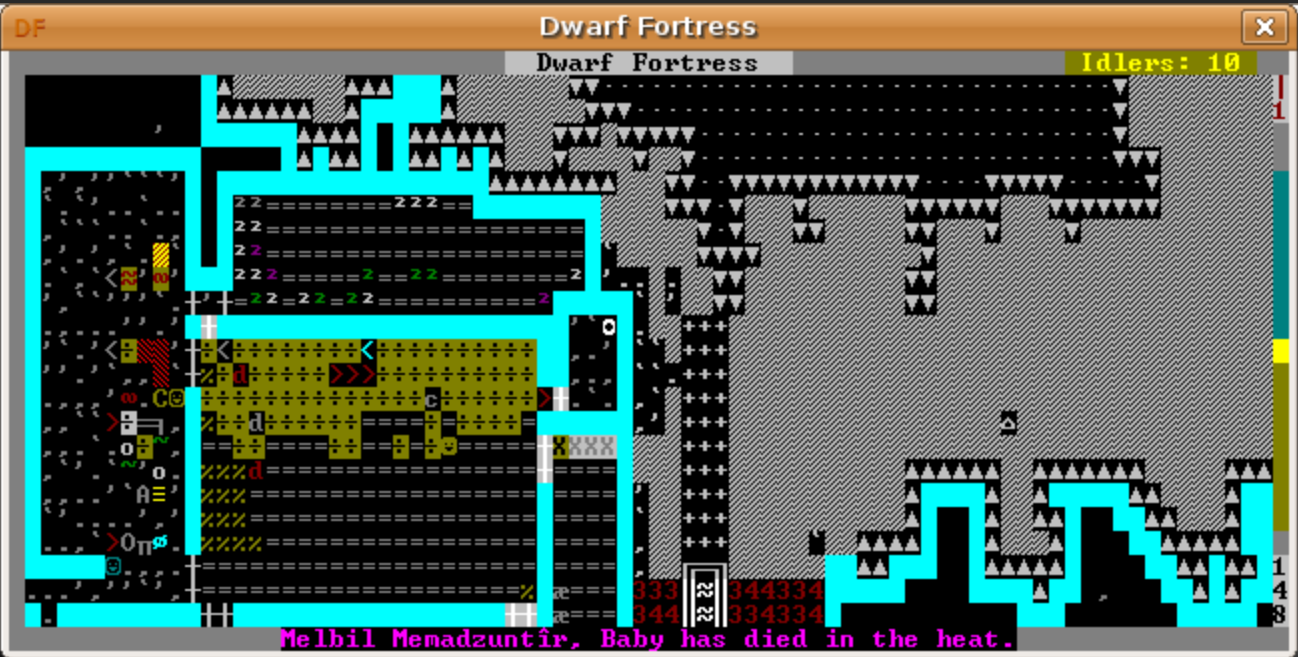
It's slightly discomforting to see Goden's child crawling around on the bridge next to the magma whenever you go out, but I'm sure nothing bad can come from this. Kogan really seems to appreciate the lack of armor in this fortress, too.





She's been on a roll recently!

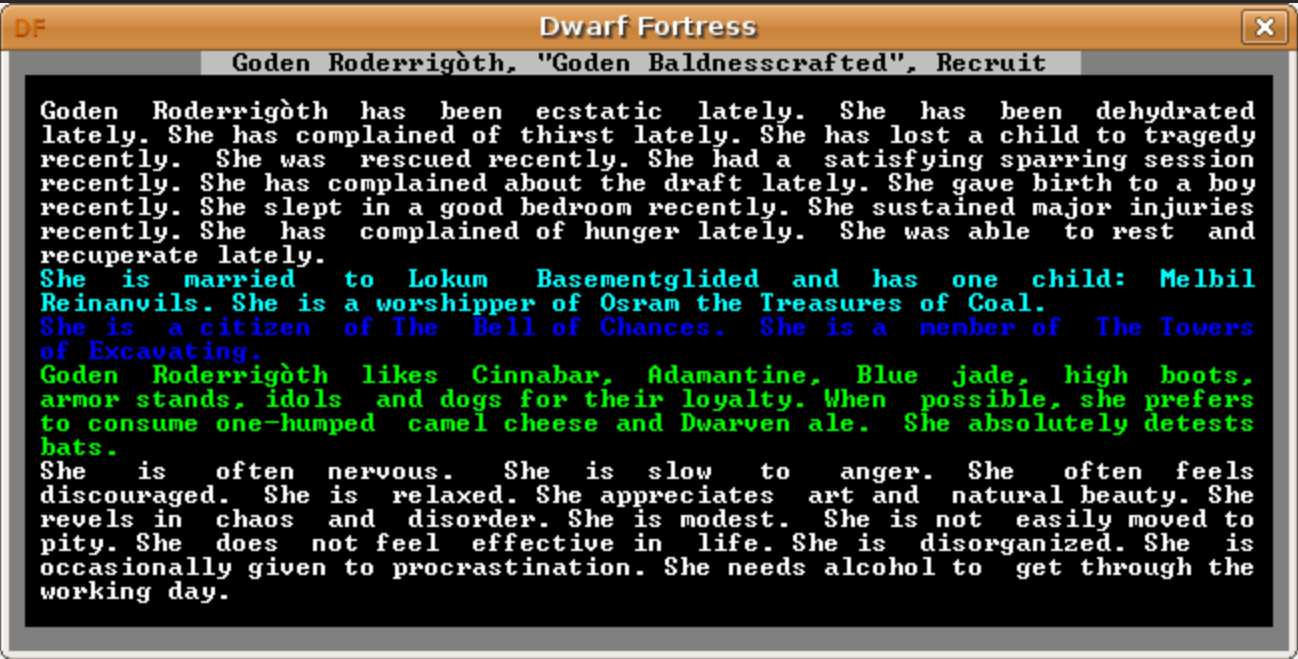
2nd Granite



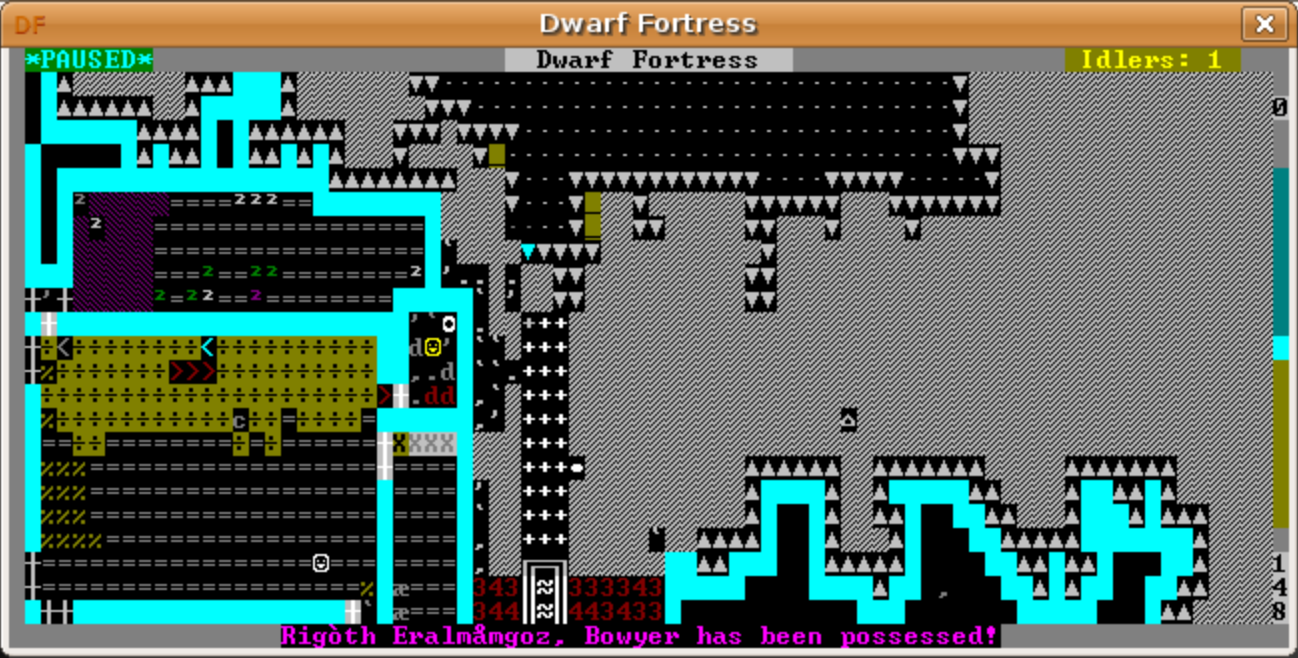
Oh.

Shit.

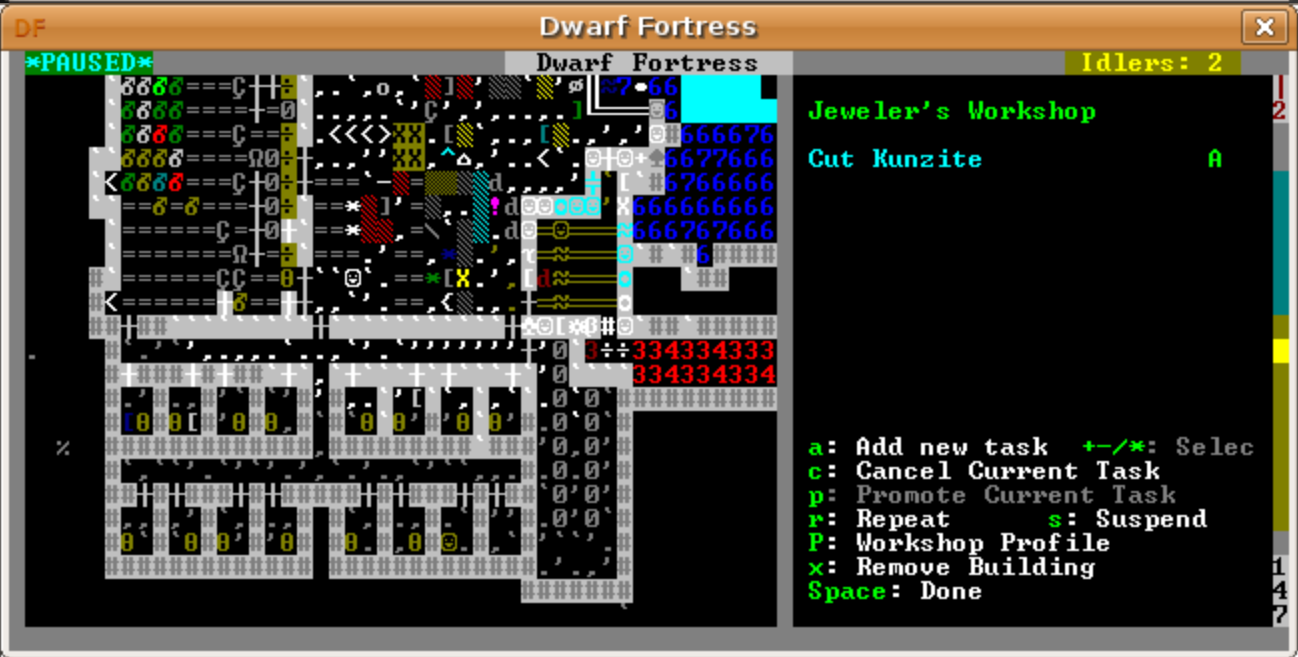
9th Granite



At least Goden is taking the loss of her child well. And who wouldn't with such a marvelous door in her room? She seems slightly dehydrated though, but Rigòth is fetching her some water!



15th Granite



Rigòth has been sitting in his workshop for days, muttering about cut gems. I wouldn't normally care too much, but since Cog has decided that it's his job to do what noone else wants to, we might lose our only animal trainer, bowyer *and* bone carver. Our jeweler has built a workshop and is working on getting some gems cut.

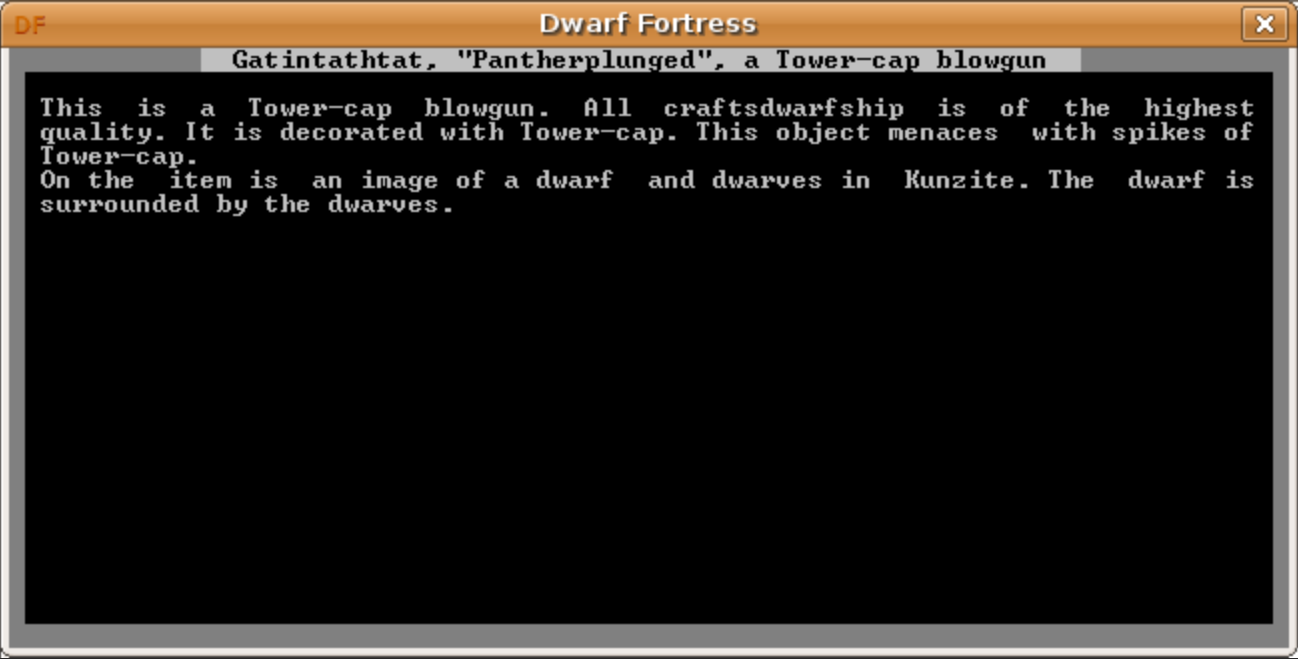
17th Granite



Rigòth finally got his cut kunzite and is working his arse off right now. There's a first time for everything, I guess. Some elves came around, and they still insist on bringing wood. This can not go on. A useful elf is a living elf.

20th Granite





Rigòth's finished and he's beaming with pride, showing everyone his majestic, masterfully crafted.. blowgun. A weapon that no dwarf, elf nor man can use. His life's achievement, the result of all his struggles, dreams and hopes is... a blowgun. Huh.

At least with that out of the way and with the new dining room finished, we can have a season-long party! We'll go for the world record! I still have the feeling that we've forgotten something, but it can't be that terribly important... Ah, I'll just go ask that dwarven wine barrel!

25th Granite



Oh.

Shit.



Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **kurisukun** on **October 01, 2008, 10:53:42 pm**

Oh.

Shit.

Such... moving poetry... I cannot stop laughing!!!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **webadict** on **October 01, 2008, 11:44:19 pm**

Your pictures are just as great. I think the so-called lack of quality helps it, despite what you think.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Blurb** on **October 02, 2008, 08:12:48 am**

Quote from: Vaftrudner on October 01, 2008, 10:14:37 pm  
Once again, Heffa decided that education, sleeping patterns and women are more important than making pictures for me

Heyyyyyyyy, go figure.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Duke 2.0** on **October 02, 2008, 09:58:19 am**

The night is still young!

Party on, party people!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 03, 2008, 11:20:06 pm**

Late spring and early summer as told by Logem Luslemudib, swordsdwarf

23rd Slate



We had more immigrants come today. Among them were one fisher and no less than *two* fishery workers. I don't really know what the king is thinking, but seriously, someone in the mountainhome should tell him that *fish do not swim in ice*.



Naturally, we let most of these people become part of the glory that is the military forces of Kunroder. That is, a brain-damaged milker, a psychotic axe-wielding ex-con from hell with the only steel weapon in this place, a speardwarf with his back shaped like an S and... me. Armok help them. We gave them all some new shining silver weapons and the mandatory wooden shields, along with the imaginary armor we are all wearing.

DF

Dwarf Fortress

The Nobles and Administrators of Kunroder

Mayor

Cog ònulôsed, Mayor

[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]

Village Manager

Cog ònulôsed, Mayor

[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]

Grand Treasurer

Ast Dîshmabtusung, Captain of

[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]

Village Broker

Cog ònulôsed, Mayor

[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]

Captain of the Guard

Ast Dîshmabtusung, Captain of

[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]

Enter: View Unit/Fill Vacancy

r: Replace

s: Settings

8293: Scroll

Space: Done

DF

Dwarf Fortress

Military Command Chain

Fortress Guard: 5/5

Rigòth Olonishen, Butcher

Squad: `erithzefon, "The Laborious Fountains"

Mosus Obokkurik, Dyer

Squad: Dumatrakust, "The Rough Tombs"

Cog ònulôsed, Mayor

Squad: Iosidigath, "The Armored Scrapes"

Athel Dorenrigòth, Brewer

Squad: Zonidith, "The Helmed Systems"

Lorbam Besmaruthmik, Potash Maker

Squad: Stinthäd Soloz, "The Theaters of Worsh

Momuz Luslemlolor, Siege Engineer

Squad: Dumatkizest, "The Rough Zeals"

Ast Dîshmabtusung, Captain of the

Squad: Gusilamost, "The Copper Towns"

Shorast Egebmistêm, Guard

Fortress Guard

Mörul Medenònul, Guard

Fortress Guard

Edëm Kelònul, Guard

Fortress Guard

Urvad Lolokcog, Guard

Fortress Guard

→Nomal Nitigcog, Guard

Fortress Guard

Enter promotes, a activates, v view squad, c zoom.

w weapons.

Since our population is soaring, Cog and Ast demands that a fortress guard is formed. They really don't care what is going on as long as they get better furniture though, so we just told 5 peasants that they were now officially the guard and could come spar with us. Unarmed. That's reassuring.

3rd Hematite

DF

Dwarf Fortress

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 8

Cerol Olinzágod, Gem Cutter cancels Cut Indigo tourmaline: Needs rough [MORE]

We've been training hard with the new recruits and somehow most of them have started to get comfortable with their weapons. Kogan has been insisting for weeks that we go into the chasm and clean up what the marksdwarves couldn't reach, and Cog finally agreed when Kogan told her that they were going to steal our magma.

5th Hematite

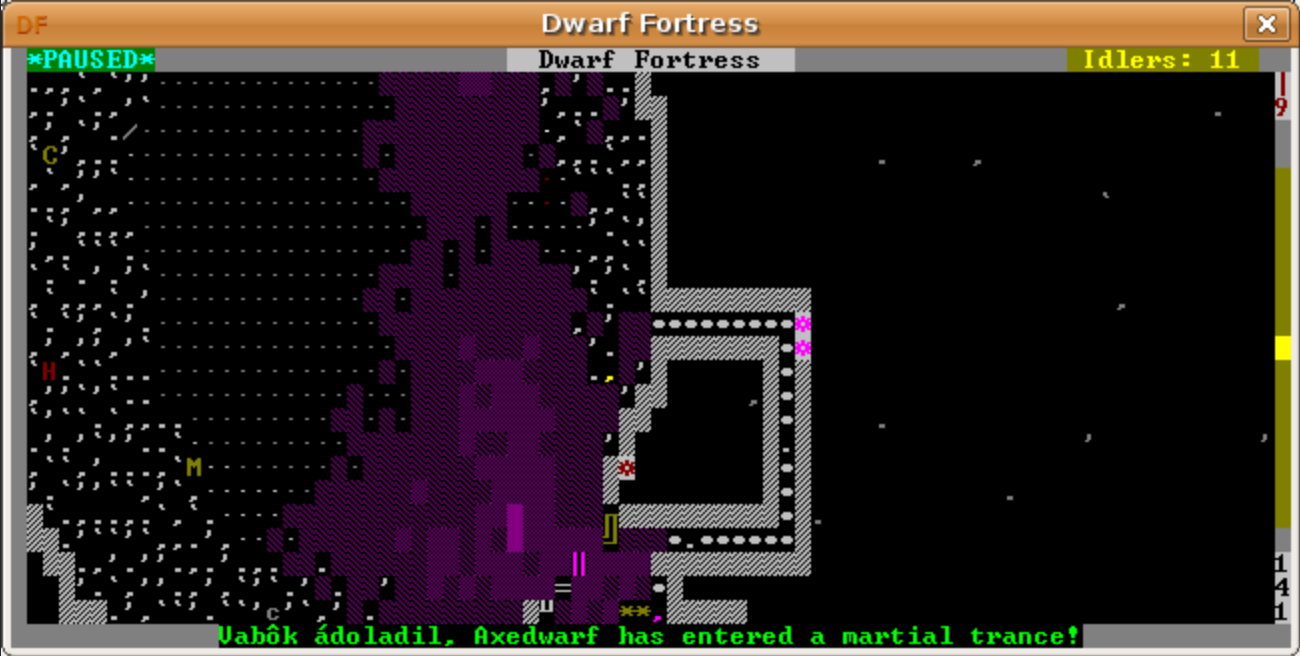
DF

Dwarf Fortress

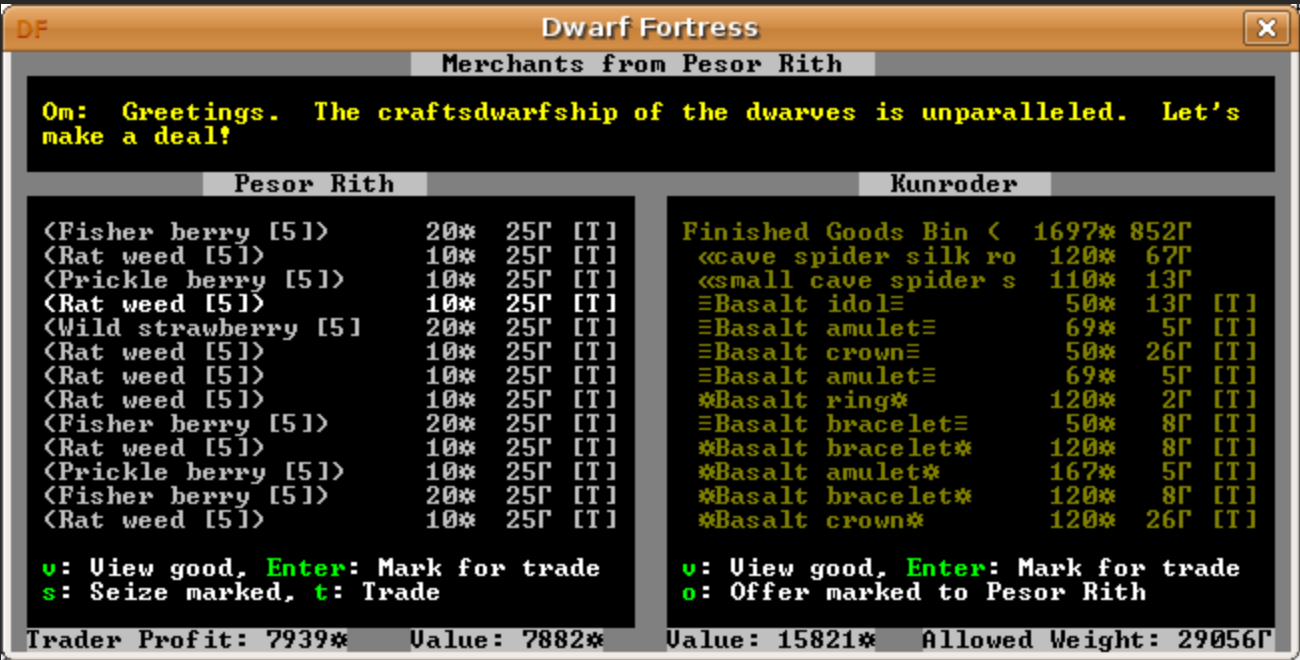
Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 10

Cerol Olinzágod, Gem Cutter is more experienced.

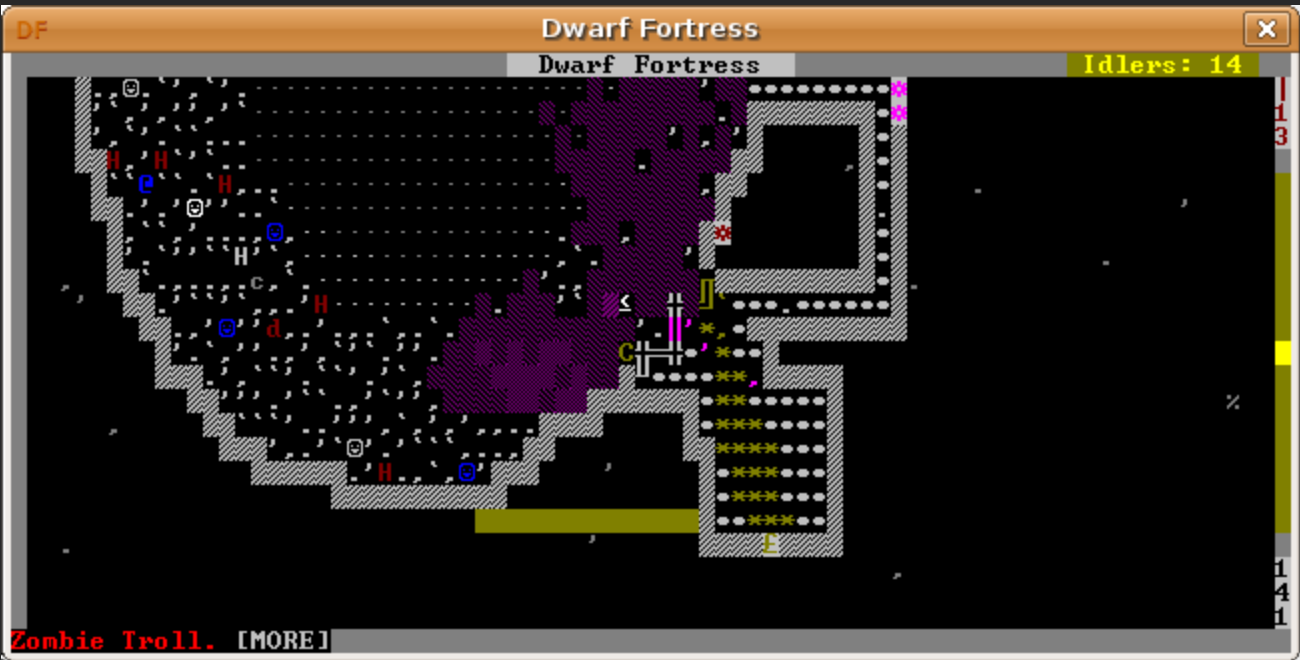


The miners broke through the walls today and ran away screaming while we charged. We didn't meet any serious resistance but damn, those things reek.



I hear some human merchants came around today aswell with their usual supply of wood and brewable items. Good news. We can't guard the depot right now since we're neck deep in rotting beasts from hell, but hopefully they'll manage.

### 8th Hematite



This is quickly turning into a fucking parody. Some peasants came down to pick up corpses and bones, but there are still things crawling around in the chasm that even the marksdwarves can't reach, so they all panicked and ran *to the other side of the chasm*. They're running around like madmen, and every time they get close to returning to safety, they panic and run *back again*. Meanwhile, all the miners that are not currently wetting themselves are off drinking. Good stuff.

### 12th Hematite





A miner finally got around to carving out access to the last troll, and a ledge where the marksdwarves could reach the troglodytes. Cerol did an unbelievable job with the few silver arrows she had, but Vabok is really starting to freak me out. The last surviving troll is currently being literally torn apart and he refuses to give it a killing blow. Just what we needed, another Kogan.



At least it's done now. We've killed dozens of beasts that peacefully lived beyond our reach for no particular reason and with no gain whatsoever. The king must be so proud. I want to die.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Zironic** on **October 04, 2008, 01:44:27 pm**

This reminds me of a fortress once, where I made a massive army of 2 wrestlers, one sword dwarf and one hammerdwarf, one of which became a champion. They had names, and suits of armor. They defeated all the monsters of the land with no problem. Then a goblin raid came. And those badasses had cross bows.

The following wave of migrants helped a lot.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 05, 2008, 10:04:40 am**

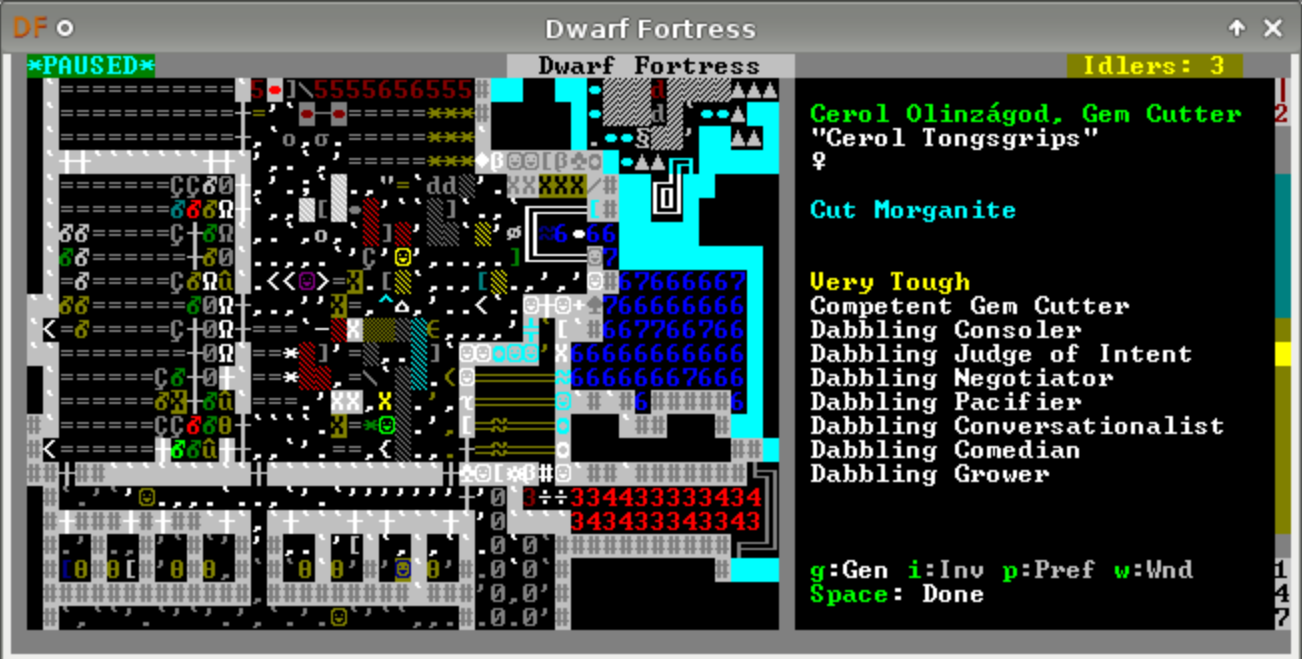
Quote from: Zironic on October 04, 2008, 01:44:27 pm  
Then a goblin raid came. And those badasses had cross bows.

Speak of the devil...

In case anyone's wondering why the screenshots are so goth all of a sudden, it's because Gnome, after working perfectly for a year, went bellyup for no particular reason and with no indication of why, so I did what any sane person would do - ignored it and installed xfce.

**Autumn according to Cerol Olinzágod, Gem Cutter**



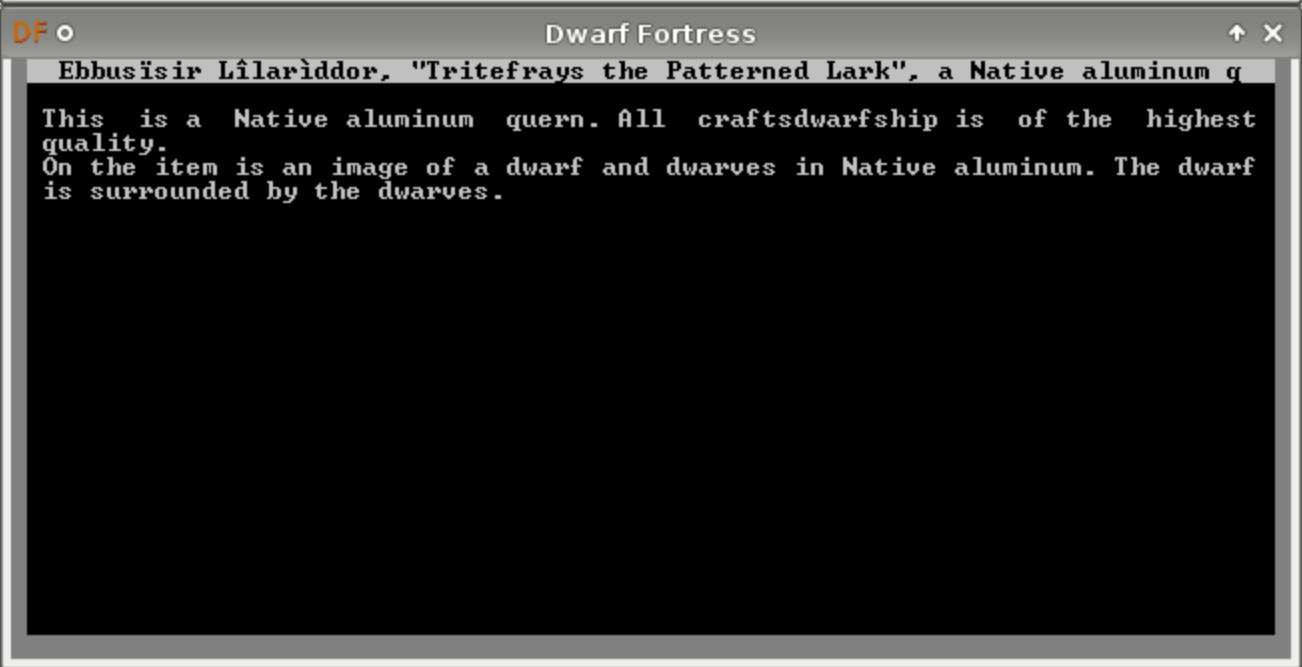


Life went on as usual all summer, except for Cog screaming for large gems every other day. Becoming mayor really went to her head, and there wasn't much there to start with. As autumn came around, I stopped trying to cut large gems and did something constructive instead. I started blaming the cats.

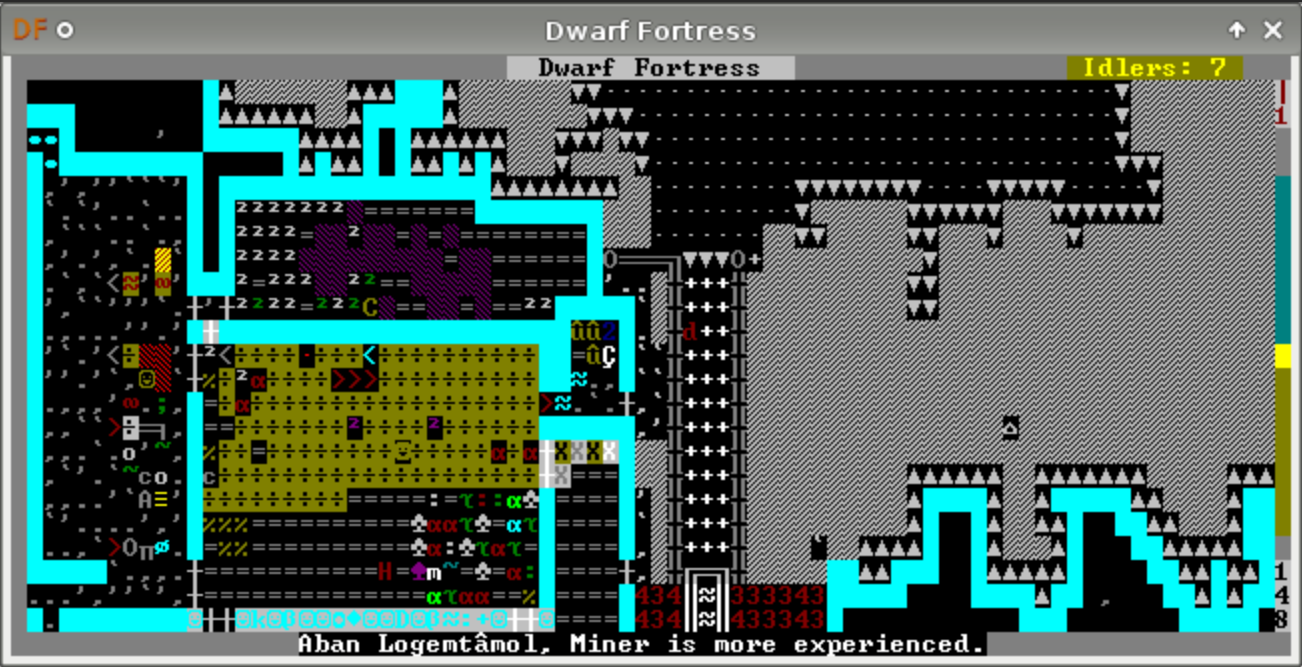


Cog actually believed that the kittens were eating all our large gems, and when I missed the deadline, she put Rigòth the butcher in jail for failing to find large gems while slaughtering them. I'm starting to like this place.





Deduk, one of the original settlers, got one of those moods that are all the rage these days and managed to construct the finest damn quern I've ever seen. He got so good in the process, he's considered legendary now. Bloody show-off if you ask me.

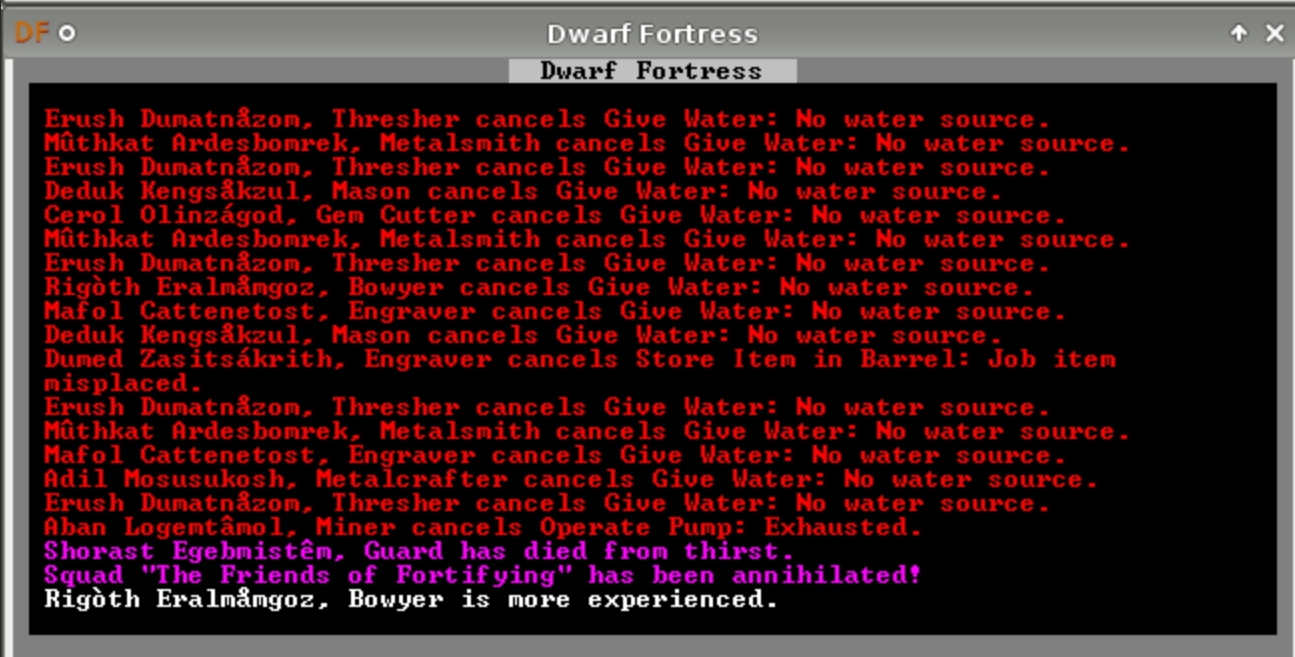
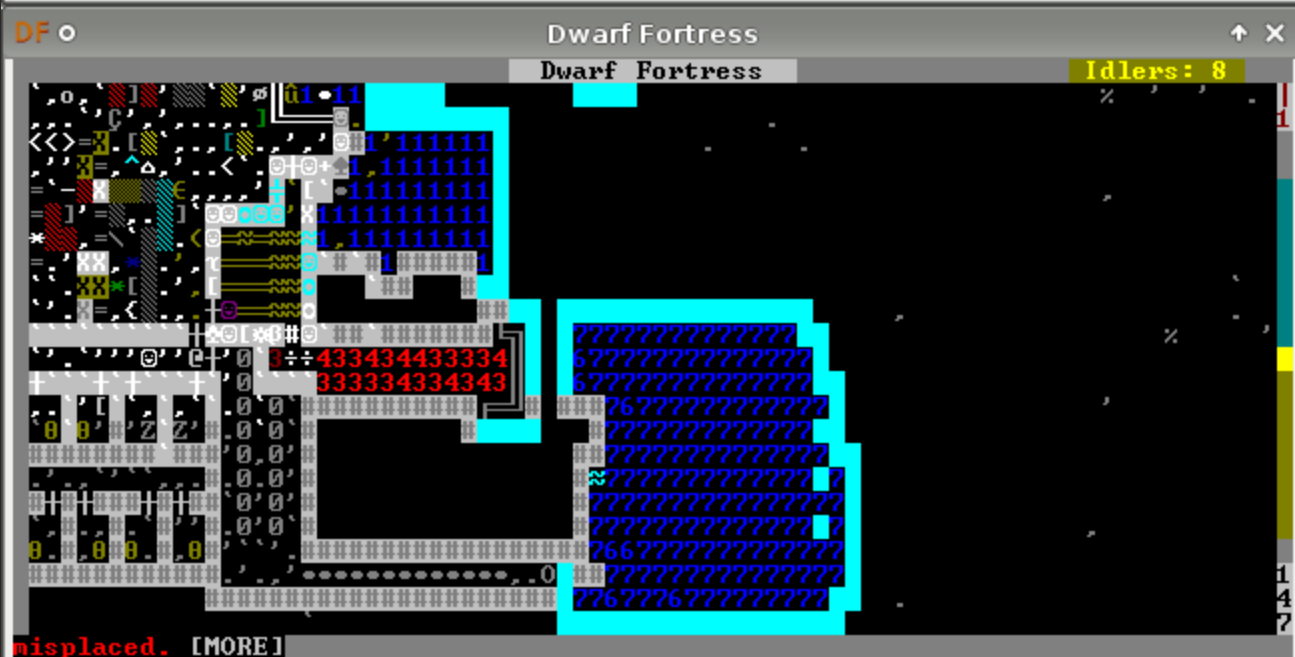


There was a big panic when we started noticing that the well-water was running out in early autumn. The water deposit we had was fine when our army consisted of five slackers, but it's hardly enough when Kogan and Vabok are sending guards to bed once a week.



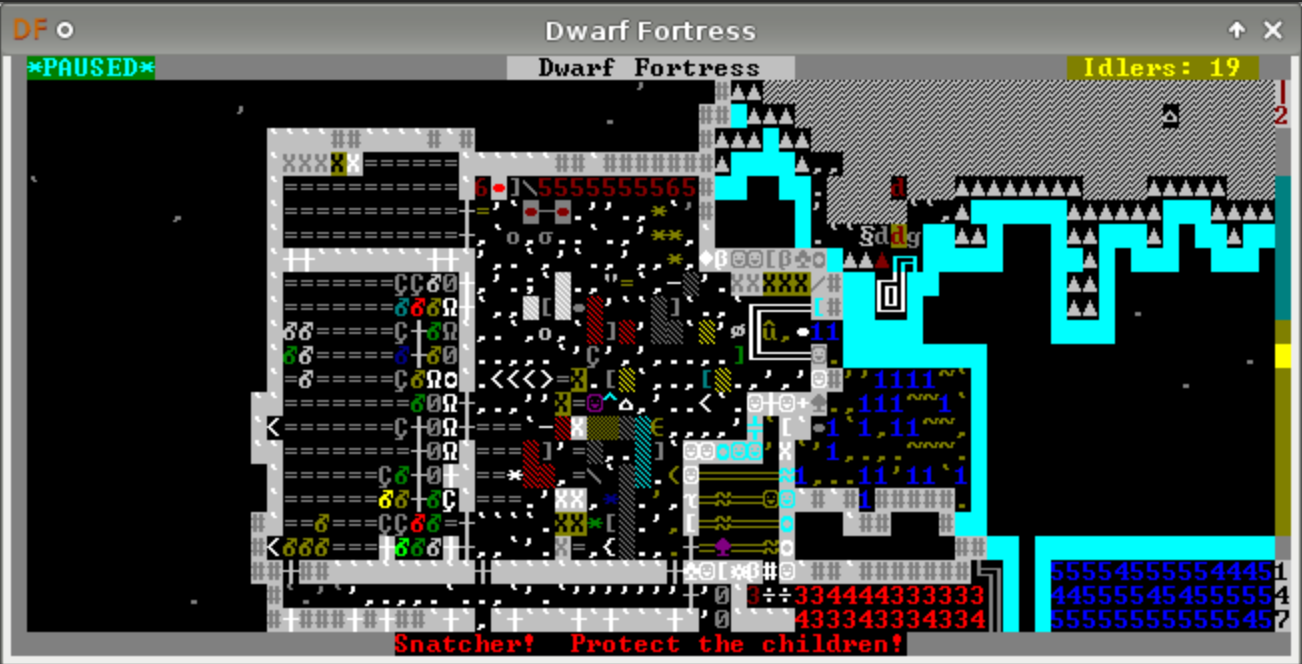
The miners started working on the new magma room just as the traders from the mountainhome came around. Since the miners have found around 3 galena veins, 4 native silver ones and enough cassiterite to build a fortress out of tin, we chose to skip the usual order for wood and told them to bring proper metals. With enough stone goods and some very good meals we managed to get some steel armor from the traders in addition to the usual orgy in wood and meat, but hardly enough to protect us from any real threat.





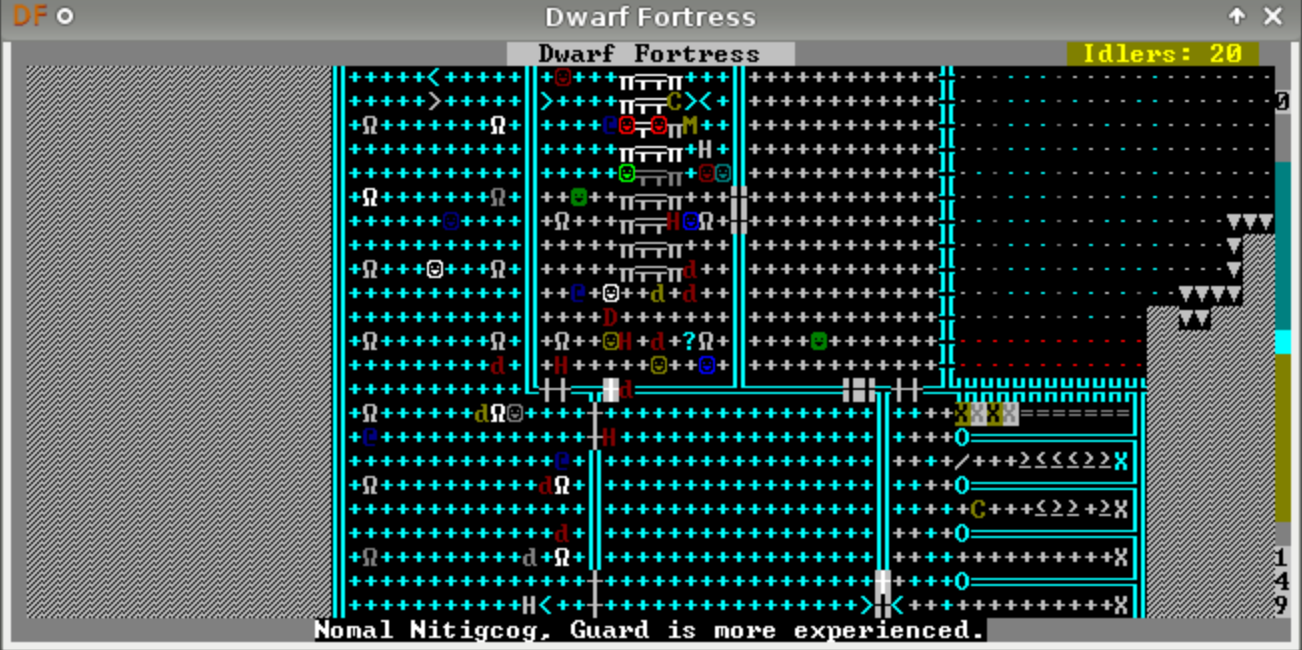


The magma room was finished and filled rather quickly, but not before two guards kicked the bucket. We started seeing goblins crawling around outside too, which makes the lack of water and proper armor very alarming.



Meanwhile, the dried up well water area serves as an additional food source. And, more importantly, to keep Cog busy. She's screaming for backpacks now and noone knows what her next fetish will be.





Some new immigrants went a long way to fill up the gaps in the guard and army, and to take our mind off the deaths, Cog has had Deduk make statues for a new garden.



Thîkut, one of the new immigrants, is training to become a backup siege operator for Shorast, but the grave news are that the new water supply is already half-emptied. With goblins crawling around outside, something tells me that we might have a problem here.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Boksi** on **October 05, 2008, 10:37:59 am**

Melt the entire damn glacier! Flood the world, or preferably, build some walls and only flood a small portion of the nearby world so that you have lots of water but it won't get away easily!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 05, 2008, 10:50:48 am**

Quote from: Boksi on October 05, 2008, 10:37:59 am  
Melt the entire damn glacier! Flood the world, or preferably, build some walls and only flood a small portion of the nearby world so that you have lots of water but it won't get away easily!

The problem with pumping magma is that when trying to fill a large area, too much of the magma evaporates before it gets up to even 2/7, to the point where you actually empty the top layer of the pipe and everything has evaporated. If I could, I'd turn the entire fucking glacier into an obsidian lake... By the way, is that Icelandic in your signature?

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Axe27** on **October 05, 2008, 10:53:54 am**

Build a fortress nearby on a river and redirect into the glacier area.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Boksi** on **October 05, 2008, 11:59:26 am**

Yes, it's Icelandic. And I suggest pumping the magma up from the lowest part of the pipe.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 05, 2008, 12:05:30 pm**

Quote from: Boksi on October 05, 2008, 11:59:26 am  
Yes, it's Icelandic. And I suggest pumping the magma up from the lowest part of the pipe.

The biggest problem there is that machinery seems to freeze. When I tried building a windmill, it did produce 20 units of power, but no machinery I attached to it worked. The windmill said "frozen here" and the gear assemblies said "frozen elsewhere". If I were to pump from the lowest level, that would require 15 dwarves actually managing to pump simultaneously :D

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Boksi** on **October 05, 2008, 12:08:47 pm**

Waterwheels, mayhaps? Set up a perpetual motion machine with some water, it fits Cog's crazy schemes after all.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 05, 2008, 12:14:29 pm**

Quote from: Boksi on October 05, 2008, 12:08:47 pm  
Waterwheels, mayhaps? Set up a perpetual motion machine with some water, it fits Cog's crazy schemes after all.

Good idea! I've played through winter already, but I'll play around a bit with it, thanks for the advice.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Reasonableman** on **October 06, 2008, 06:38:32 pm**

Just thought that I'd pop in to say that I approve of this thread most thoroughly. Nice illustrations, they really do add a lot to the story.

Also, Boksi: you see any Frungy matches lately? I missed the championships.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Squeegy** on **October 06, 2008, 11:44:57 pm**

Quote from: Vaftrudner on October 05, 2008, 12:05:30 pm

Quote from: Boksi on October 05, 2008, 11:59:26 am

Yes, it's Icelandic. And I suggest pumping the magma up from the lowest part of the pipe.

The biggest problem there is that machinery seems to freeze. When I tried building a windmill, it did produce 20 units of power, but no machinery I attached to it worked. The windmill said "frozen here" and the gear assemblies said "frozen elsewhere". If I were to pump from the lowest level, that would require 15 dwarves actually managing to pump simultaneously :D

You have to cover the windmills, with floors above them.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Ibrukromlam Oth** on **October 07, 2008, 06:30:20 pm**

Quote from: Reasonableman on October 06, 2008, 06:38:32 pm

Just thought that I'd pop in to say that I approve of this thread most thoroughly. Nice illustrations, they really do add a lot to the story.

Also, Boksi: you see any Frungy matches lately? I missed the championships.

Don't want to be rude, but I'd like to know as well, seeing how occupied I was trying to show my dwarves how to find the hot light in the darkness.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **nagual678** on **October 07, 2008, 11:50:24 pm**

Some hilarious stuff here, keep it coming.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Spoggerific** on **October 07, 2008, 11:56:51 pm**

Off-topic:  
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Quote from: Ibrukromlam Othör on October 07, 2008, 06:30:20 pm

Don't want to be rude, but I'd like to know as well, seeing how occupied I was trying to show my dwarves how to find the hot light in the darkness.

[/quote]  
Not to stay this too off-topic, but... given this forum's color choice, gray is really hard to read, and it's slightly distracting. (though not very much; the hard to read part is worse) Could you maybe post in some other color?

On-topic: I'm still waiting for your first siege. I wonder how well that will go. Also... is your bridge hooked up to a lever, or can you not seal your fortress? Personally, I don't make my fortress seal-able anymore, as it's not nearly as Fun.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 08, 2008, 05:56:10 pm**

Quote from: Spoggerific on October 07, 2008, 11:56:51 pm

On-topic: I'm still waiting for your first siege. I wonder how well that will go. Also... is your bridge hooked up to a lever, or can you not seal your fortress? Personally, I don't make my fortress seal-able anymore, as it's not nearly as Fun.

Yes, the bridge is hooked up to a lever in the dining room. I rarely seal off my fortresses neither, it's just in extreme cases, otherwise I like to see how much Fun my soldiers can take :)

Oh by the way, special thanks to Ragathol for the illustration this time!

Winter as told by Logem Luslemudib, swordsdwarf

10th Moonstone



Múthkat suddenly lost it today in the statue garden. She started screaming about "The man won't let me make armor out of silver! Fuck the system! Fuck the man! I won't surrender to a system based on exploitation of the peasants for the benefit of a small elite! Deregulate *this*, suckers!", at which point she locked herself in the magma forge with some silver, a bit of leather and a lot of bitterness. I don't know if this is a good thing.

21st Moonstone



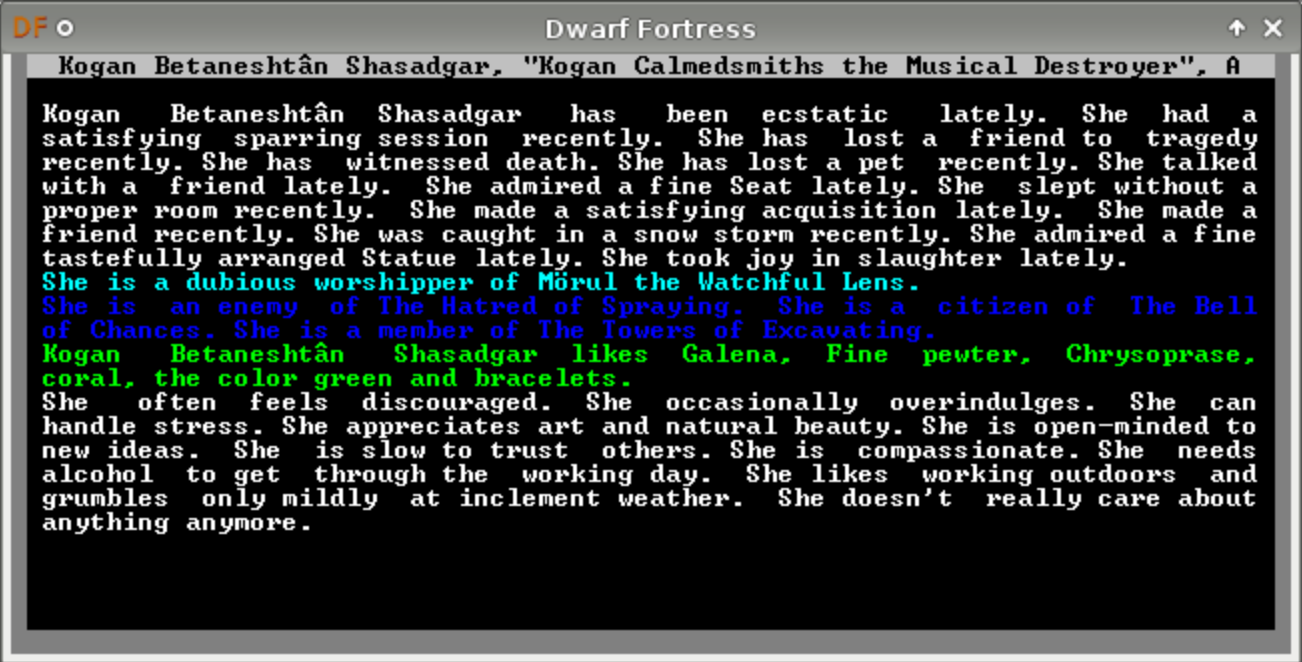
The chained war dog started barking in panic today, and suddenly we were aware of a half-dozen goblins just outside. Kogan quickly led us outside to deal with it, but it wasn't until we reached the dog that we saw the most terrifying sight - a goblin crossbowman!



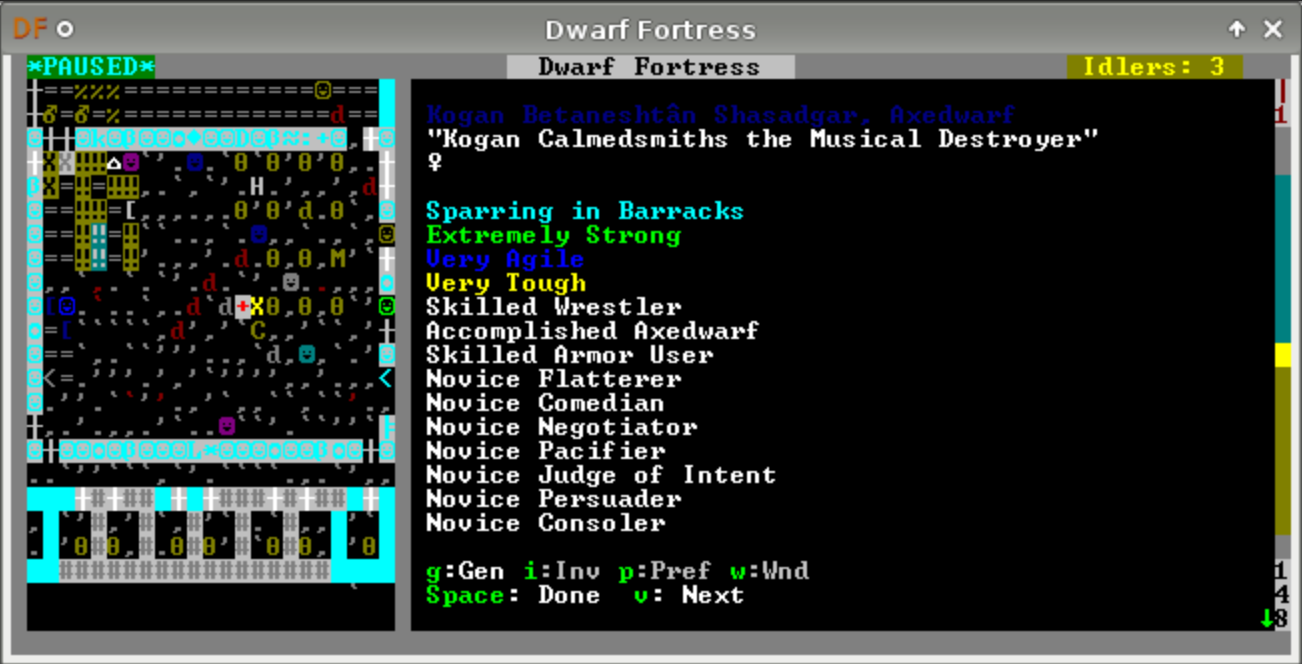
They were quickly torn apart, but not before Dumat and Minkot had been filled with bolts. This has been a terrible loss to us, and this day will forever be remembered as the day when innocent blood was spilled for nothing except evil and greed. By all of us. Except Kogan of course.







She will always remember this as "The day I got to chop five heads off!" Some consider it vital that Kogan always manages to keep her spirits up in the face of anything. Personally, it creeps me the fuck out. We've given her a suitable name as a way to honor her and, most importantly, to warn anyone who gets close.



25th Moonstone



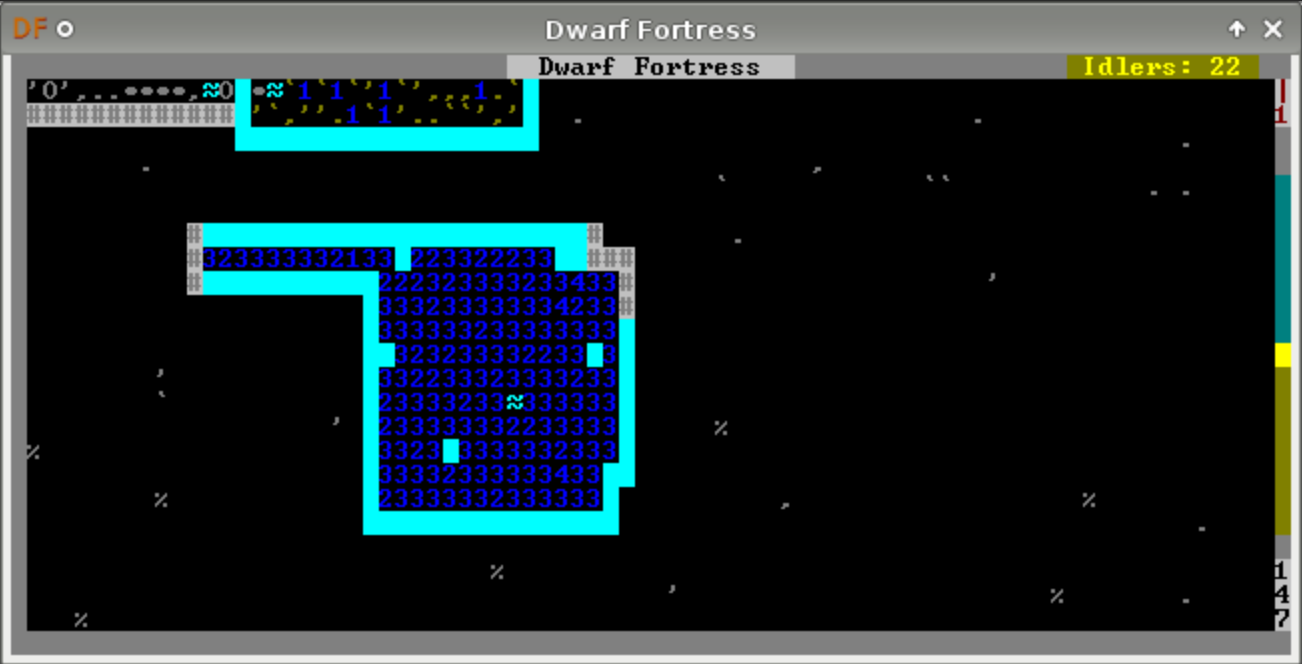
Múthkat finished today. She came out with the finest chainmail I've ever seen. It's so fine, in fact, that noone in the army dares to use it, not even Kogan. She also says that making a silver armor is a once in a lifetime accomplishment, and even though she got extremely skilled in the process, she still has nothing to work with.

5th Opal



Since the goblin assault, Tulon and two guards have used up all the water that was left. We're working on making another water room, but if this keeps up, we will never be able to satisfy the thirst of our wounded unless we come up with something completely different.

27th Opal



The water is *already running out*. This is a disaster, but Cog says that she has a plan that will allow us to create immense amounts of water. I overheard her talking with Deduk the other day, Deduk seemed troubled and even more so when she screamed "Fuck physics, we're dwarves!"

I want to get out of here.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Squeegy** on **October 08, 2008, 11:16:48 pm**

Did you read my bit about the windmills? =/

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 08, 2008, 11:39:10 pm**

Quote from: Squeegy on October 08, 2008, 11:16:48 pm  
Did you read my bit about the windmills? =/

Oh yeah, sorry, I forgot to reply. When I read Boksi's suggestion, I'd already played this update, and when I read yours, I'd already played half a year working on different designs that I was quite happy with. Thanks for the suggestion, but even if I got windmills working, they would simply take too much wood, since one can only power a pump and two gear assemblies by itself. I need to pump magma from the depths to get enough. Perpetual motion devices are of course very gamey, but until Toady allows the dwarves to simply take a bucket of snow and put it next to the forge, I'm willing to bend the rules a bit.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 09, 2008, 02:33:06 am**

MOAR! FUCK REASONING! WE'RE DWARVES!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **GlyphGryph** on **October 09, 2008, 04:30:25 am**

This is... just so... wonderful.

I can't wait to read more.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Aardvark** on **October 09, 2008, 08:35:00 am**

Fantastic illustration in this update. Try to keep him\her on the team.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Duke 2.0** on **October 09, 2008, 08:51:09 am**

Cog: Who is this Euclid fellow, and why does he keep trying to contradict me?

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Reasonableman** on **October 09, 2008, 03:01:55 pm**

Quote from: Jackrabbit on October 09, 2008, 02:33:06 am  
MOAR! FUCK REASONING! WE'RE DWARVES!

Heeeey.

This post has content!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **kurisukun** on **October 09, 2008, 03:22:38 pm**

Oh my....

Cog just makes my day.

I squeeked when I read the "fuck physics, we're dwarves!" Bit...

I never squeek. EVER. People are staring at my like I'm crazy. Course, the too loud laughter AFTER the squeek isn't helping.

You, are too funny.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 09, 2008, 05:12:27 pm**

Quote from: Reasonableman on October 09, 2008, 03:01:55 pm  
Quote from: Jackrabbit on October 09, 2008, 02:33:06 am  
MOAR! FUCK REASONING! WE'RE DWARVES!

Heeeey.

This post has content!

what? explain!  
i meant to continue posting when i said what i did btw

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Reasonableman** on **October 09, 2008, 05:24:17 pm**

I'll explain so long as nobody else continues to divert us from praising the fellow whose thread this is.

I responded to his saying FUCK REASONING because I am called Reasonableman, and it seemed like it may have been an insult directed at me. Possibly. I then covered the fact that my entire post was a single word with meaningless filler.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 09, 2008, 06:44:07 pm**

Quote from: Duke 2.0 on October 09, 2008, 08:51:09 am  
Cog: Who is this Euclid fellow, and why does he keep trying to contradict me?

That's the guy with bad breath and horrible skin that Cog used to beat with a ruler back in physics class. Bloody teacher's pet. No vision!

Quote from: Aardvark on October 09, 2008, 08:35:00 am

Fantastic illustration in this update. Try to keep him\her on the team.

Unfortunately, the lad who made that picture is a professional cartoonist, and I don't know how much time he has to waste. Unlike me and Heffa who live solely on leeching off the Swedish government.

Quote from: kurisukun on October 09, 2008, 03:22:38 pm

I never squeek. EVER. People are staring at my like I'm crazy. Course, the too loud laughter AFTER the squeek isn't helping.

This is a good thing!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 10, 2008, 01:19:59 am**

Quote from: Reasonableman on October 09, 2008, 05:24:17 pm

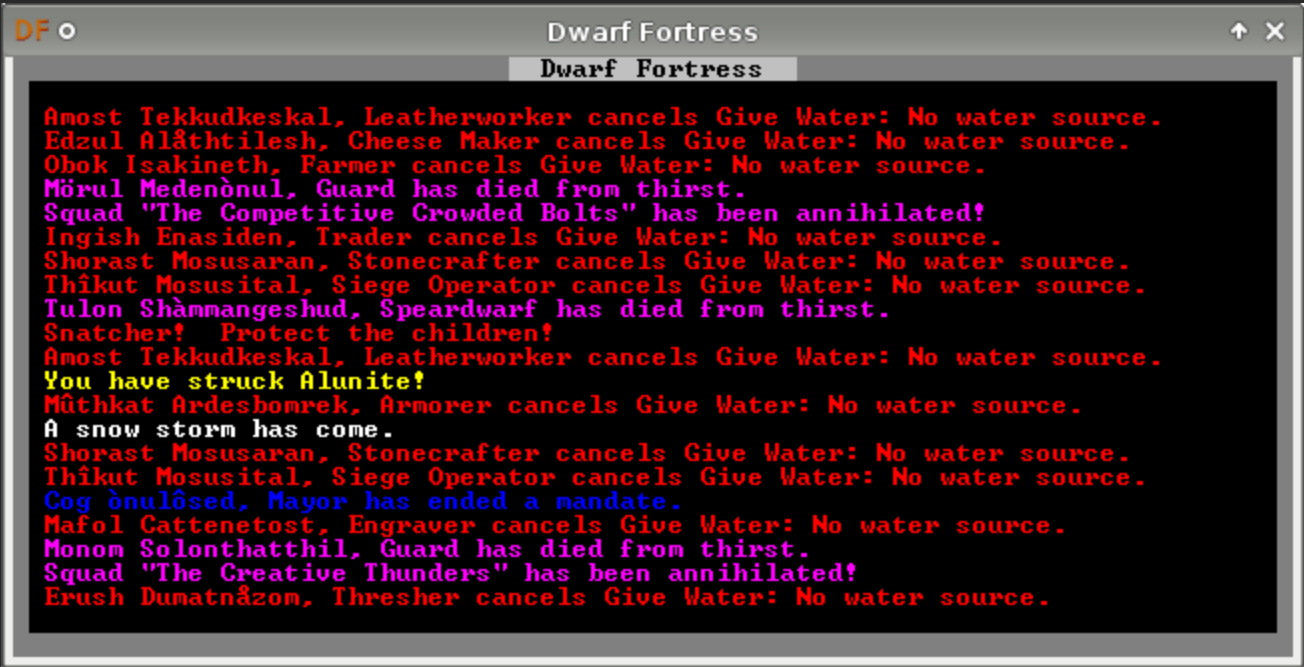
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oooooooooh

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 10, 2008, 04:41:26 am**

**Year four, according to Mûthkat Ardesbomrek, suddenly the best damn armorer in this civilization** for some fucking reason noone really understands but hey, whatever, it's not like I've worked all my life to improve the quality of my work until she suddenly swept in with her silver and took over, I hope her children get eaten by groundhogs the fu- oh right

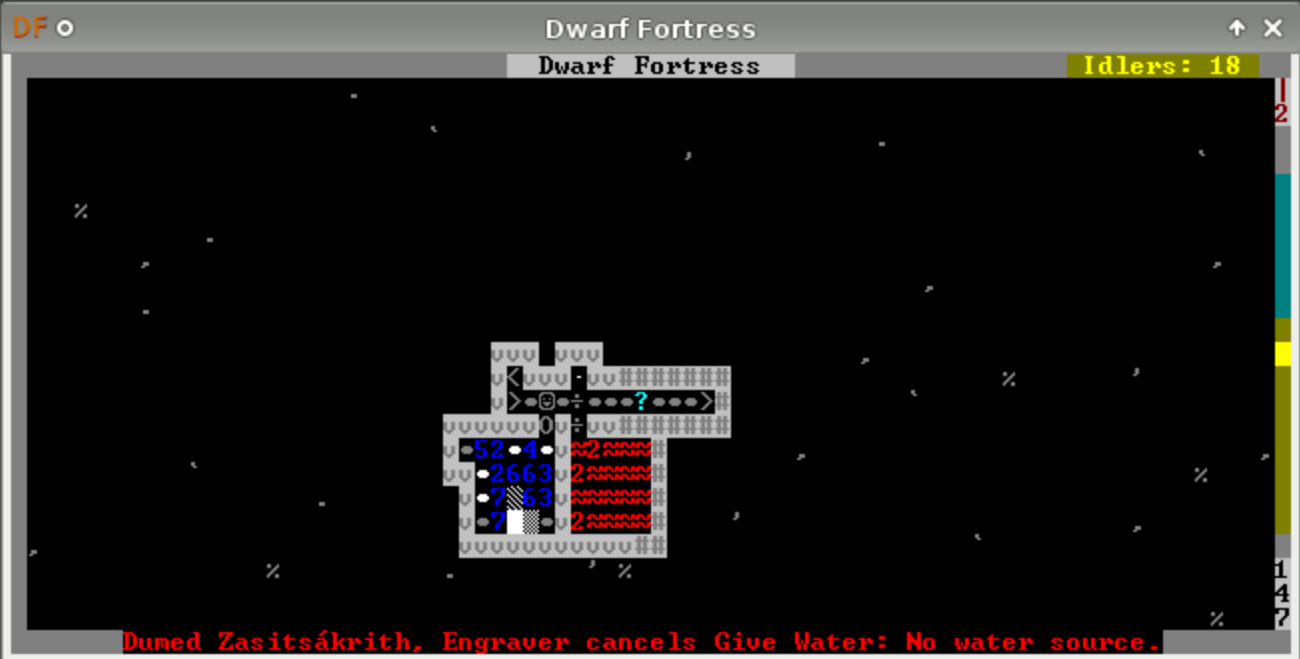


The winter of 53 ended in disaster. While Cog was rushing around giving digging orders and demanding silver corkscrews, we lost three to horrible, sober deaths. The others were ordered to stand on duty indefinitely, to avoid further sparring accidents. Of course, the guards can't muster up half a brain between them and went on as usual, with completely obvious results.

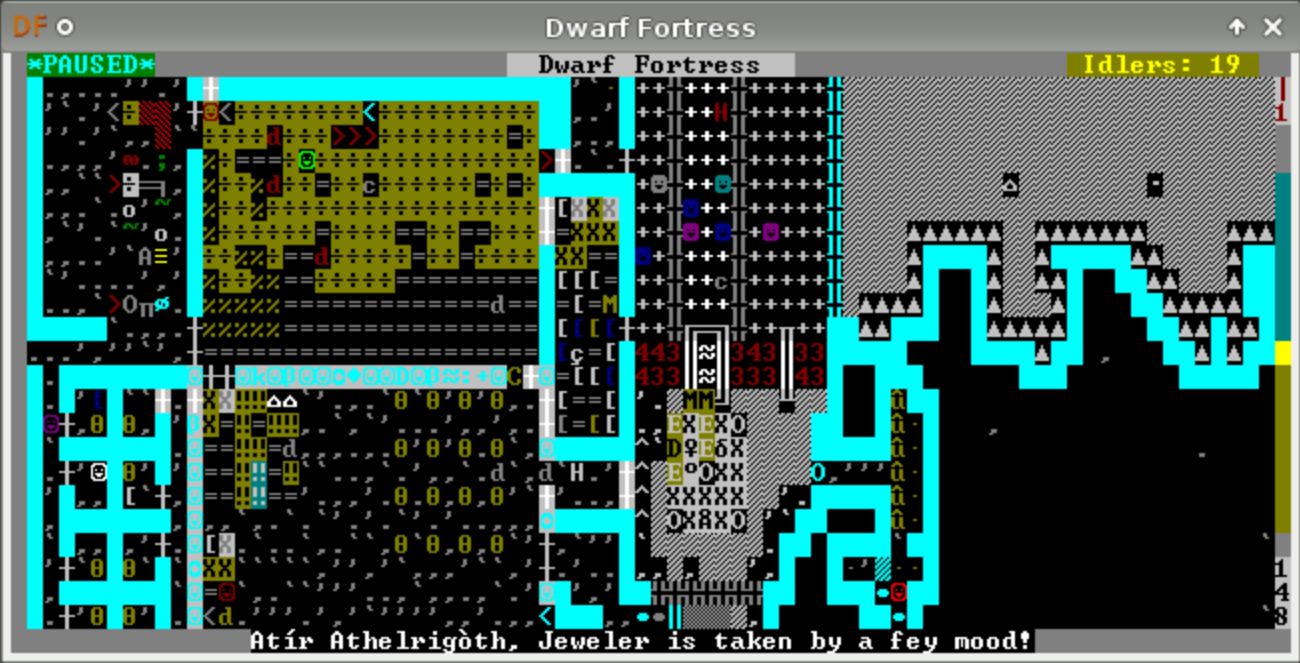
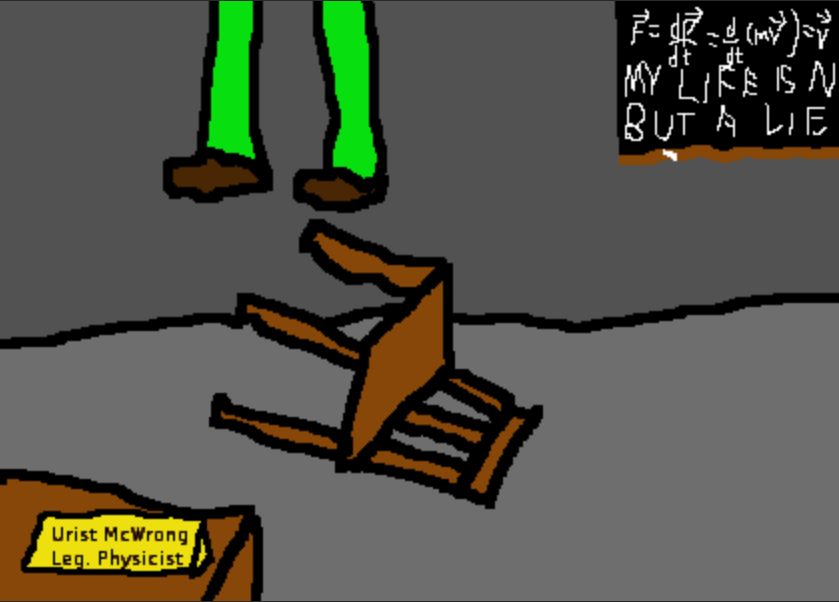


By spring we had our first prototype of the perpetuum mobile up and running. The plan was rather simple, as can be expected from a cognitive trainwreck like Cog.





Some magma was pumped up into a pocket just beneath the glacier, with enough heat to make the melted ice run into a water deposit in the relatively warm mountain. On top of that, a waterwheel was built and connected to a screw pump. The screw pump created a flow that actually managed to drive both the waterwheel and the pump itself, with excess energy to spare! This of course defies all science as we know it, and I hear that it created quite the stir in the mountainhome.



Since my mood, everyone's doing it. Fuck them, I was there before it was mainstream. Back when I was young, we had to crawl five miles through a snowstorm to get a turtle shell, up-hill both ways, naked with troglodytes eating us alive and with no feet nor hands.



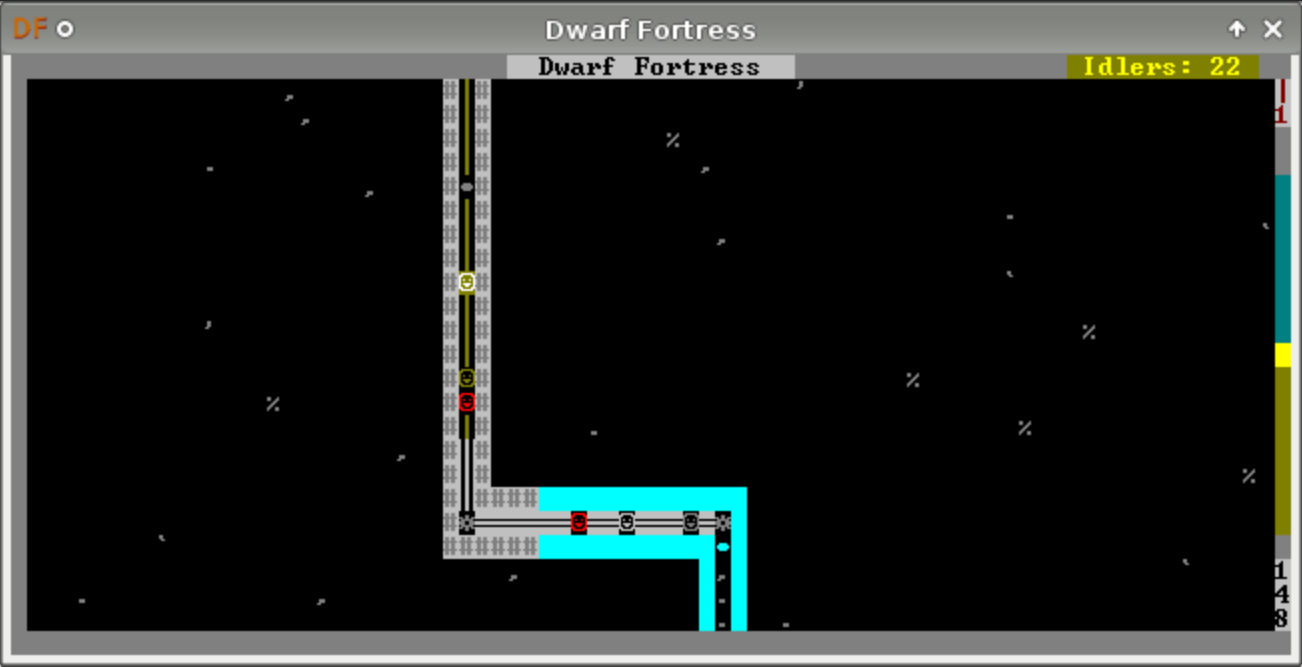
Although one has to give him credit for managing to carve out an entire trap from a gem as large as my thumbnail.



Our prayers were answered at the end of spring, when the miners found copper in the soon-to-be-magma room. It enables me to finally start making some real armor. Of course, to balance everything out, our worst nightmares came true when the mountainhome sent an immigration party led by a noble.



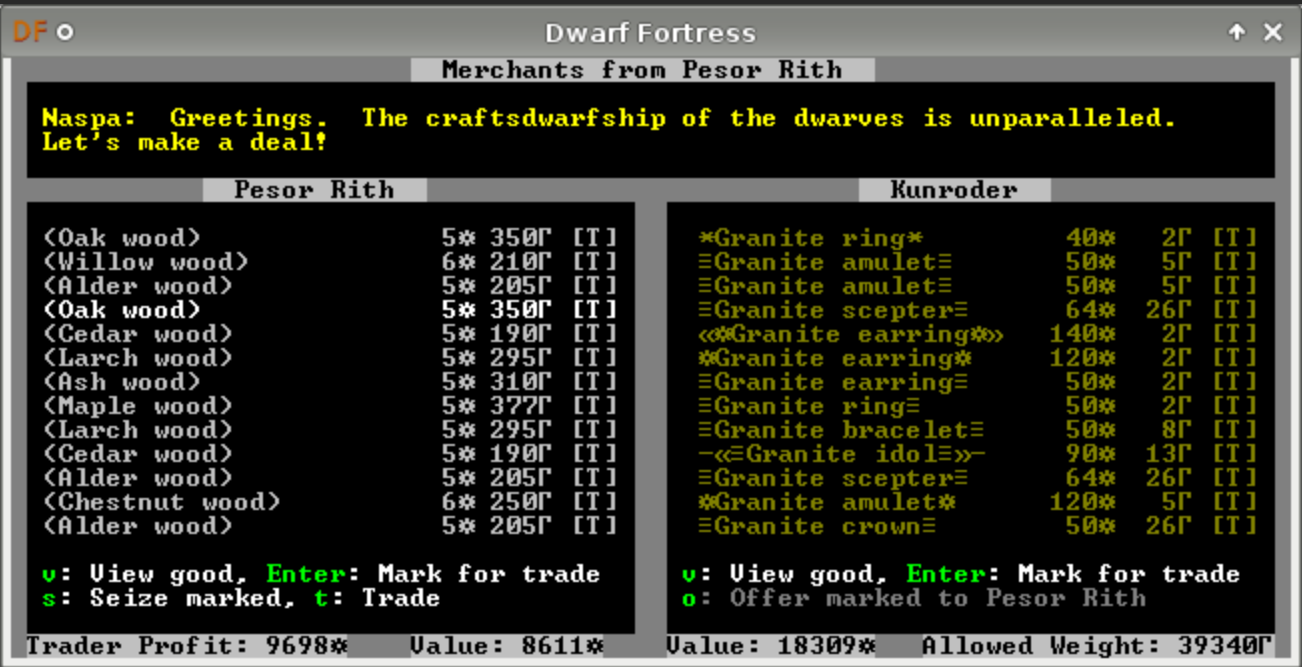
Stukos, they call him. Famous for making the crappiest fucking metal mugs in the known universe, and known for spending way too much time with animals that could potentially eat his family in their sleep. In his ordinary amiable way he greeted us all with a friendly "WHERE THE FUCK ARE MY ROOMS?"



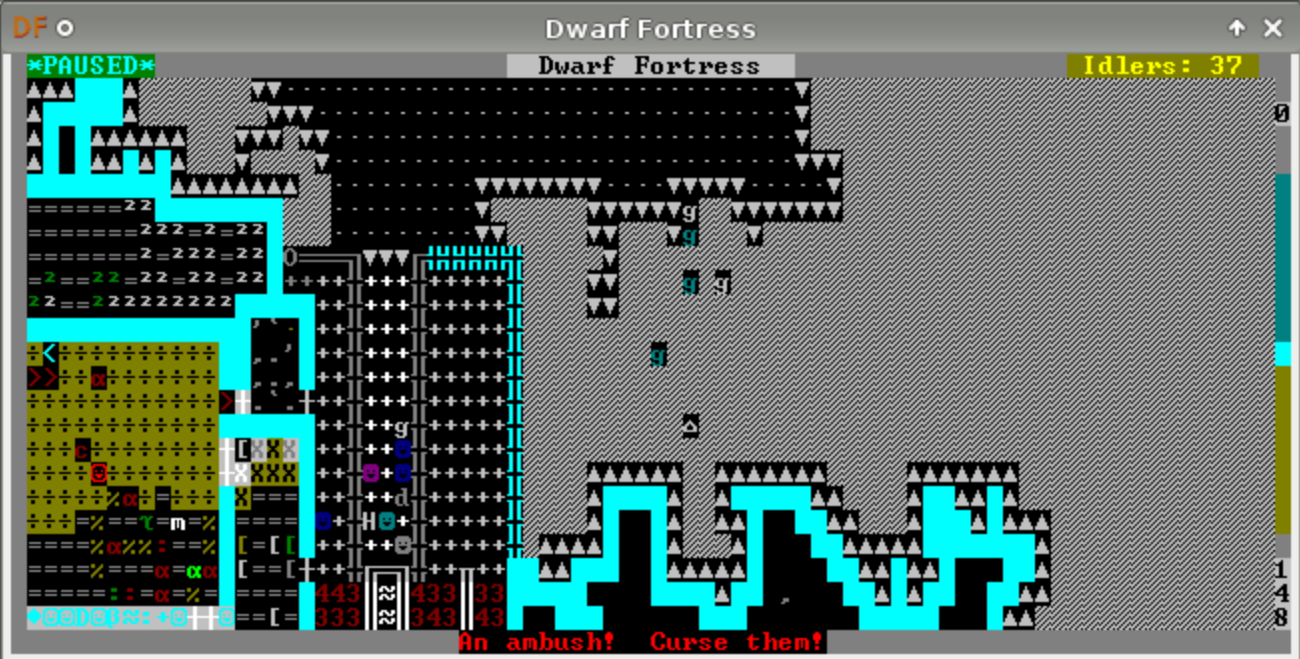
As summer came around, we ran out of wood. The elves brought a small supply, but not enough to build axles all the way to the magma pipe, so with nothing else to do, we actually made some rooms for Stukos.



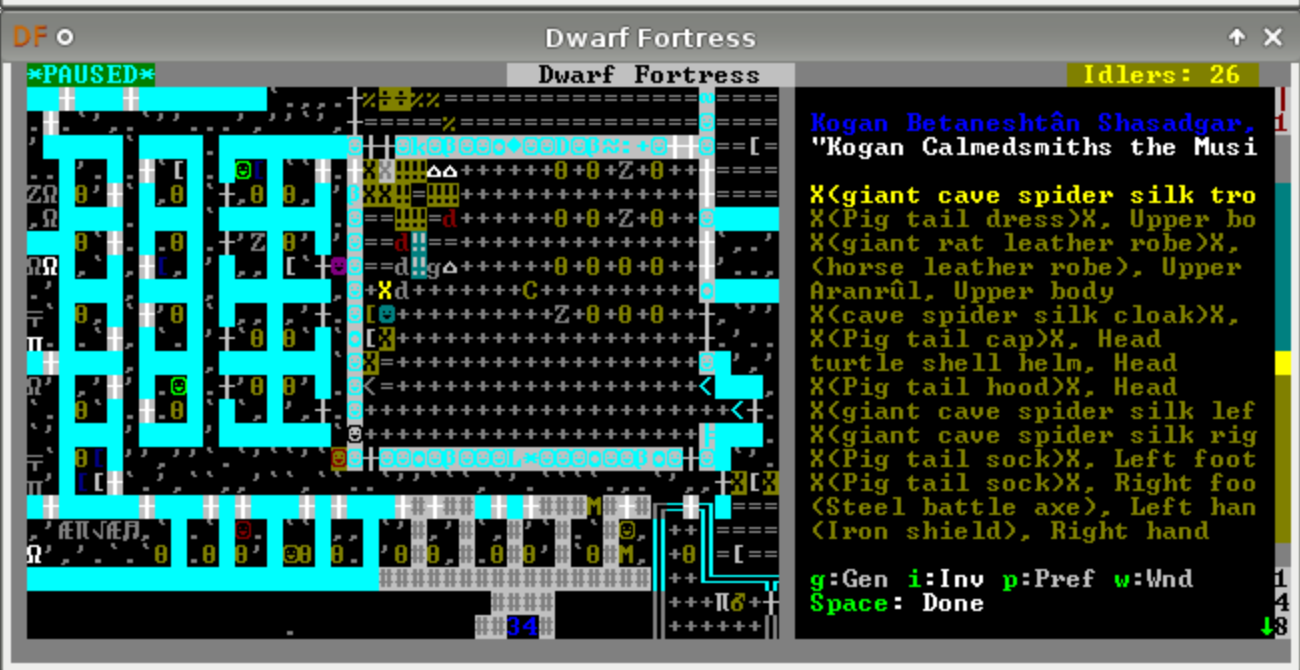
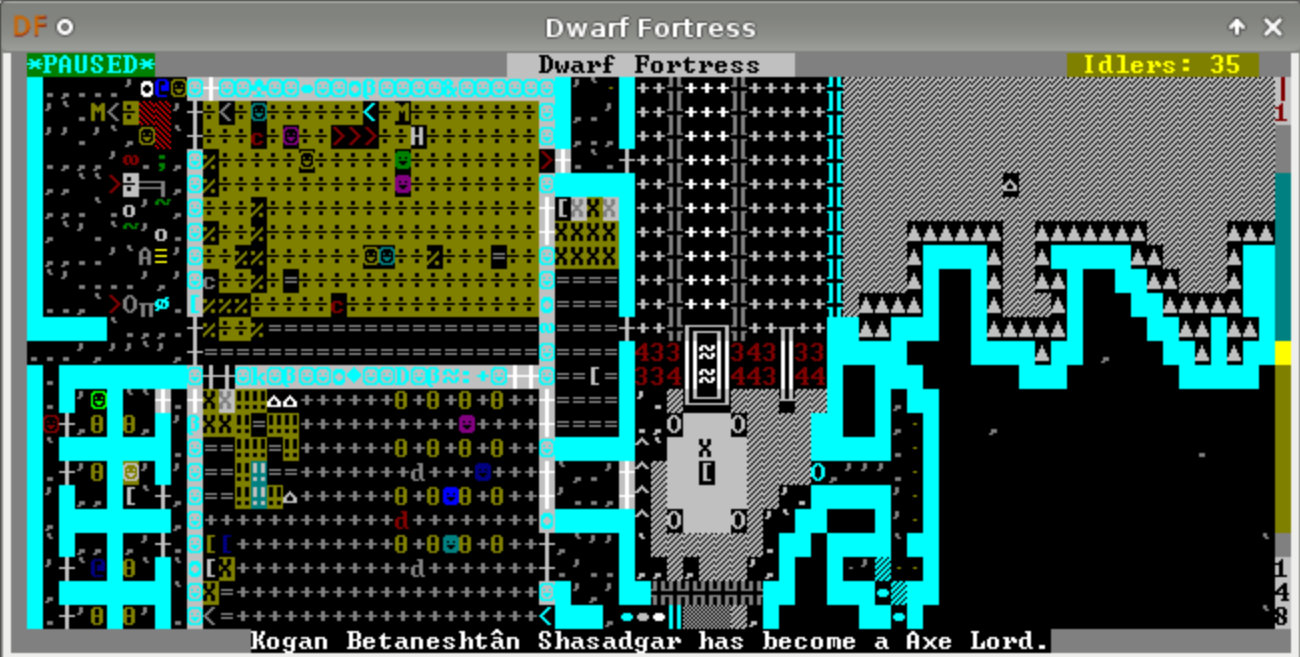
He finally stopped kicking babies down stairs.



The humans came around with wagonloads of wood, probably saving our lives, and the rest of summer was spent building pumps and axles, with only two major interruptions.

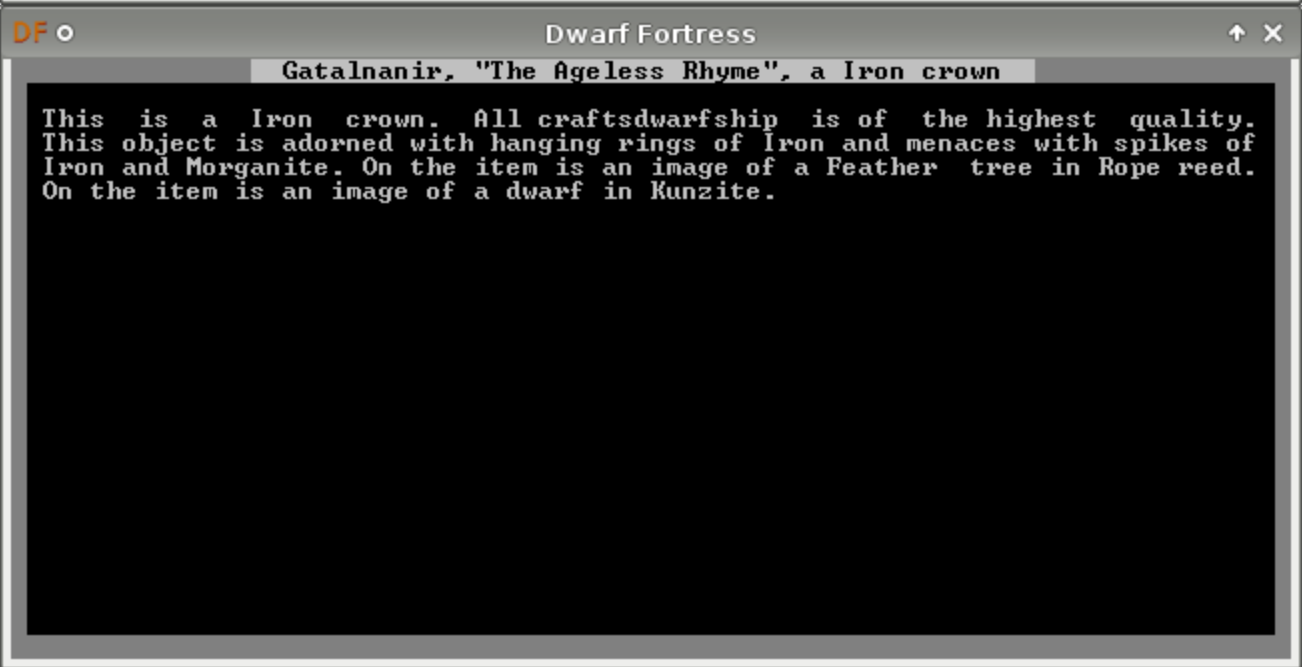
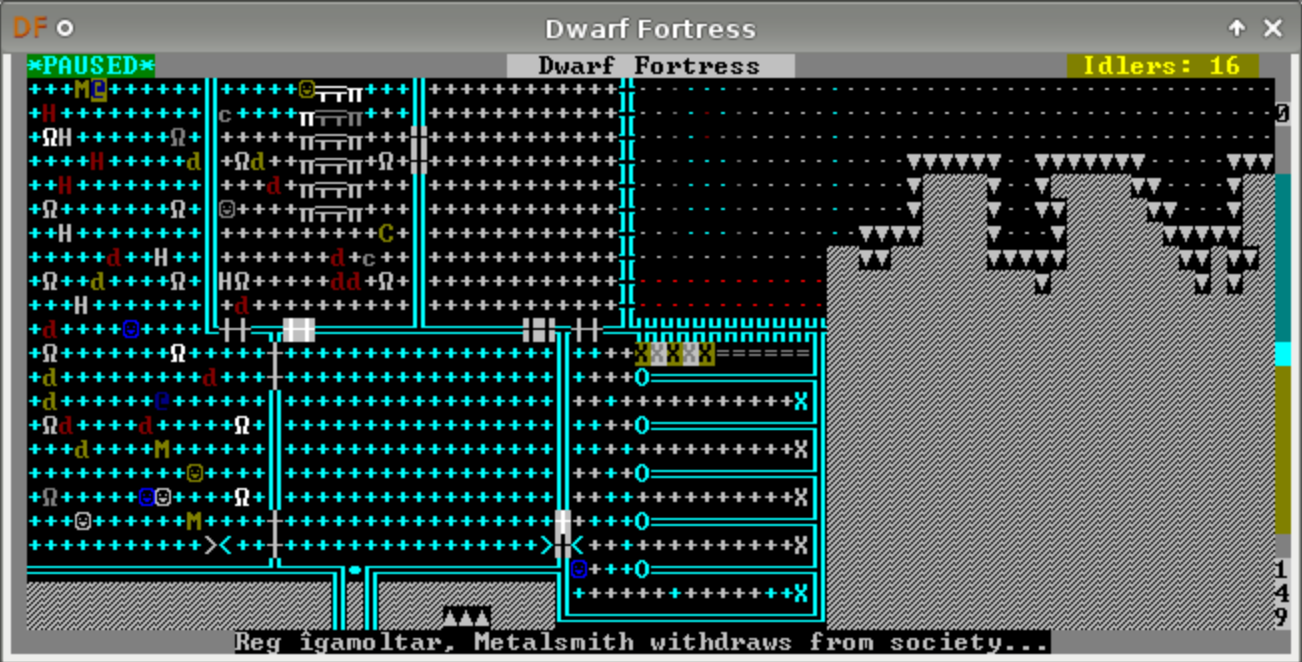


The first one was handled so well by Kogan that she was declared good enough to actually use my silver armor.



The other one turned Reg into a hero.

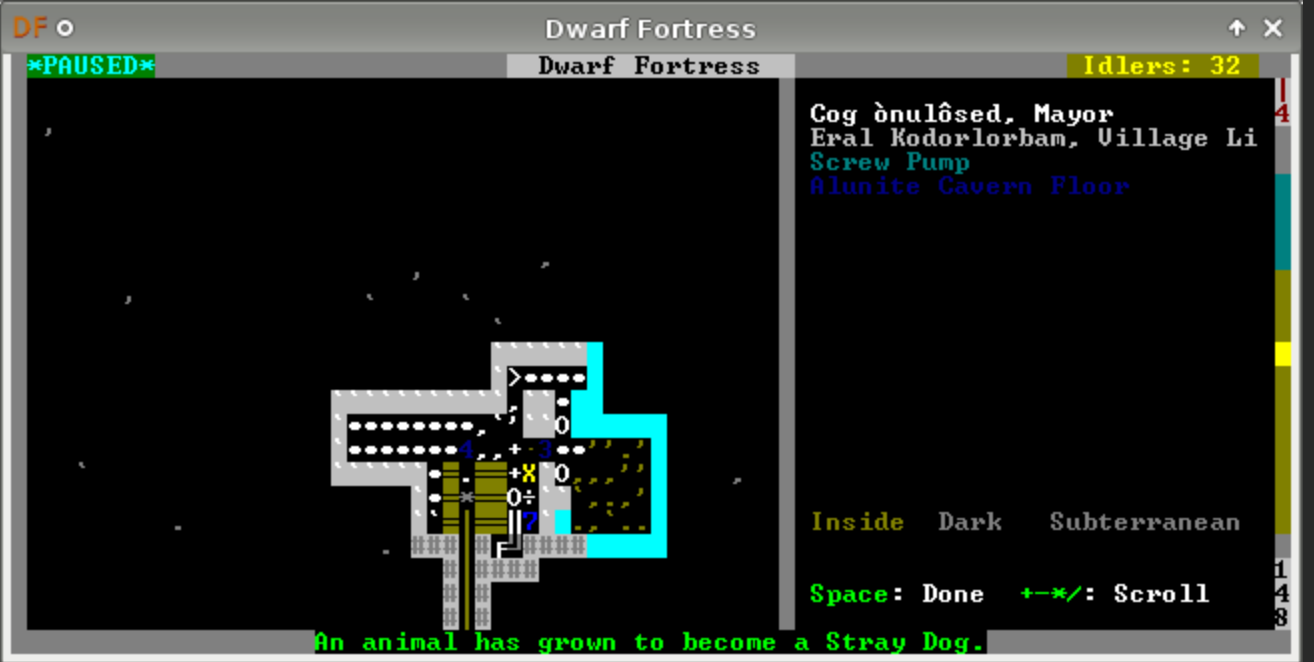




Together with Atír, he's turning our piles of worthless silver into the stuff of legends.

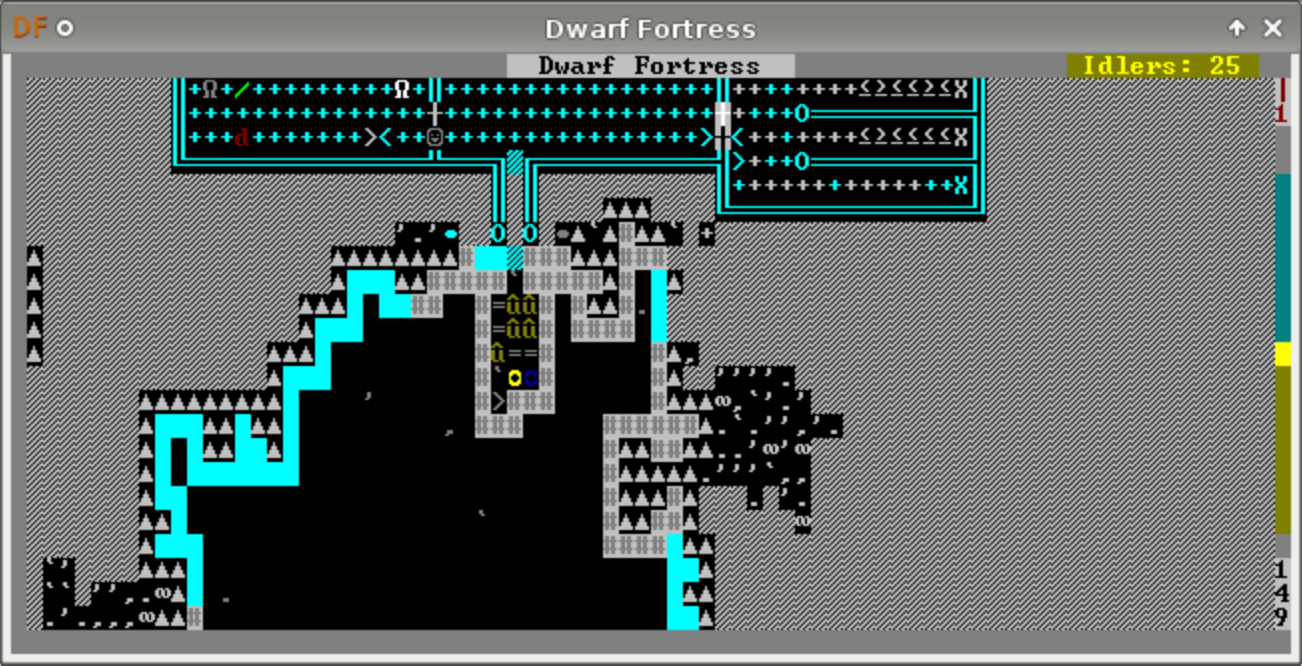


Now, the perpetual motion device had several problems. The first one was that the flow of water was too uneven. It turned out that with the ambitious magma pumping Cog had in mind, we needed no less than 300 power. The water flow created by the screw pump only managed to create the right flow for three water wheels to be powered simultaneously about 50% of the time, and thus it was impossible to make the wheels power the pump. So the pump was eventually moved to the side to be handled manually. It's no longer a perpetual motion device, but it's still a fucking beast.



As autumn came around, the liaison arrived to find Cog maniacally manhandling the pump, screaming with joy. It actually worked. It actually *worked*. Thirty logs worth of axles, more silver corkscrews than I want to count and only a puddle of water combined with a woman too stupid to see how fucked up her ideas are. That's all you need to pump magma from the depths of the mountain up to an unsuspecting, innocent glacier.





I don't want to, but I love her.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **KaelGotDwarves** on **October 10, 2008, 04:58:15 am**

lol physics.

I need to work on my perpetual motion machine.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 10, 2008, 08:21:23 pm**

this is absolutely fucking hilarious. why does all the best DF stories take place in a glacier?

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Spoggerific** on **October 10, 2008, 08:28:05 pm**

Quote from: Jackrabbit on October 10, 2008, 08:21:23 pm  
this is absolutely fucking hilarious. why does all the best DF stories take place in a glacier?

\*ahem\*

Boatmurdered did not.

However, I do know of two exceptional stories that do take place on a glacier: Nist Akath, and this.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **webadict** on **October 10, 2008, 08:31:06 pm**

Quote from: Jackrabbit on October 10, 2008, 08:21:23 pm  
this is absolutely fucking hilarious. why does all the best DF stories take place in a glacier?

I disagree. I say that many good, current and previous stories do take place in a glacier, but all of them? Nay. Nay, I say. There are legends that we dwarves have, and we shall not forget them, lest we take in the new and leave out the old. What say ye? Why not just live among nature then, while we're at it? Maybe then you'll appreciate our stories, our ancestry! You sir, disgust me.

On a more related note, excellent job on the story. I really enjoy reading it.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 10, 2008, 08:51:28 pm**

I got compared to Nist Akath! I'm gonna let everyone know at the next pub I go to. I'll never sleep alone again :)

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Time Kitten** on **October 10, 2008, 10:22:46 pm**

Hmm... Cog needs destroy more 'science'. What will she think of when this water starts to run low? Maybe she'll pump the magma out then back in to try again?

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Maggarg - Eater of chicke** on **October 11, 2008, 04:28:14 am**

Presumably she's going to destroy gravity next.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Cheetar** on **October 11, 2008, 07:19:07 am**

Quote from: Maggarg - Eater of chicke on October 11, 2008, 04:28:14 am  
Presumably she's going to destroy gravity next.

It can be done! Someone managed to make ice blocks float up, but I forget the thread.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Duke 2.0** on **October 11, 2008, 08:33:24 am**

My guess would be cold fusion.

Cog: Moar ice blocks!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **mainiac** on **October 11, 2008, 09:00:15 am**

Poor Urist McWrong.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **RPB** on **October 11, 2008, 06:23:19 pm**

Hmm. Theoretically an infinite-water system might be possible, if you can take a reservoir filled to 7/7 water and pump out a small amount of water into a shallow pool outside where it will freeze. A single 7/7 tile can provide water for several shallower tiles, all of which (I believe) will freeze into solid walls of ice, each one being capable of producing a 7/7 tile of water when melted.

SUCK IT LAWS OF THERMODYNAMICS

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Duke 2.0** on **October 11, 2008, 06:37:47 pm**

Quote from: RPB on October 11, 2008, 06:23:19 pm

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SUCK IT LAWS OF THERMODYNAMICS

Or even better, a system that does not need frozen water.

Alright, so a pump can pump any amount of water, right? And the output is always seven in height, right? So rig a pump loop where the pumps are always pumping up level one water and dumping it in a system where excess water bleeds out of the loop.

SCREW YOU LAW OF CONSERVATION OF MATTER!!!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 11, 2008, 07:17:08 pm**

Quote from: Spoggerific on October 10, 2008, 08:28:05 pm

Quote from: Jackrabbit on October 10, 2008, 08:21:23 pm

this is absolutely fucking hilarious. why does all the best DF stories take place in a glacier?

\*ahem\*

Boatmurdered did not.

However, I do know of two exceptional stories that do take place on a glacier: Nist Akath, and this.

okay, okay. why does 2 out of 3 of best, be it in hilarity or general awesomeness, dwarf fortress stories, take place on a glacier. what is it about DF that turns people into nitpickers? (myself included)

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **inaluct** on **October 11, 2008, 07:31:50 pm**

I'm not a nitpicker at all. I'm practically the opposite. I build rooms into preexisting structures all the time, usually accidentally. My fort is sprawling and inferiorly built, and I don't nitpick about anything.

Except that you can make prismatic blades out of chert and flint, not just obsidian!!

***NOT JUST OBSIDIITIAAAAANNNNNNNNN!!!!***

AUGH

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Time Kitten** on **October 11, 2008, 08:00:11 pm**

Just takes one person with the stats to go in and edit that, doesn't it? Fix the melting temps while you're at it, I hate departing in biomes where THE ROCKS MELT when left out in the open.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 11, 2008, 10:47:07 pm**

Quote from: RPB on October 11, 2008, 06:23:19 pm

Hmm. Theoretically an infinite-water system might be possible, if you can take a reservoir filled to 7/7 water and pump out a small amount of water into a shallow pool outside where it will freeze. A single 7/7 tile can provide water for several shallower tiles, all of which (I believe) will freeze into solid walls of ice, each one being capable of producing a 7/7 tile of water when melted.

SUCK IT LAWS OF THERMODYNAMICS

Yeah, I thought about that, but I haven't got any bauxite for mechanisms and very little iron/steel for elaborate magma projects. Besides, I've played about a year from the last update and it's still alternating at 6/7 and 7/7, so I'd say I'm fine for a few years :)

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 12, 2008, 01:50:14 am**

Quote from: inaluct on October 11, 2008, 07:31:50 pm

I'm not a nitpicker at all. I'm practically the opposite. I build rooms into preexisting structures all the time, usually accidentally. My fort is sprawling and inferiorly built, and I don't nitpick about anything.

Except that you can make prismatic blades out of chert and flint, not just obsidian!!

***NOT JUST OBSIDIITIAAAAANNNNNNNNN!!!!***

AUGH

ha, if I was any good at making a fortress that *wasn't* a huge sprawling mess, i would probably be in a position to nitpick. can you change the raws to make flint and chert sharpenable? (or whatever the word is)

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Vaftrudner** on **October 16, 2008, 08:09:27 am**

I've decided to end the thread here. This has been a fun experience and with it being my first attempt to write DF, I'm very satisfied. But there is simply no way I can continue writing this because the fortress is doing too good. It's 58 and I'm up at 7 million wealth, and

nothing poses any threat whatsoever to me. The goblin sieges are just pathetic, and I don't even use traps. Plus a lot of things didn't turn out the way I needed them to to continue my story. I'll probably come back with something bigger and better though, now that I've had a chance to try it out. Thanks to all you who read and commented this.

Oh by the way, one last picture, big thanks to Raga:

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Flar Moonchill** on **October 16, 2008, 10:24:15 am**

Enjoyed it while it lasted matey, good job!  
I'll definetly check out while your next story when it's ready!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Muno syoan** on **October 16, 2008, 06:02:10 pm**

/Applause.  
Inspirational stuff Vaftruder, look forward to the next one.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Jackrabbit** on **October 16, 2008, 06:44:09 pm**

:'  
  
good on you for making us laugh. come back soon!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Duke 2.0** on **October 16, 2008, 06:50:30 pm**

I congradulate you on a fortress well done.  
  
I also hope any future endavors don't do so well.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Flintus10** on **October 17, 2008, 04:54:42 am**

Yeah this thread was a great change and a terrific laugh so well done

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Zako** on **October 17, 2008, 07:32:34 am**

I liked it while it lasted, especially the brain damaged marksdwarf. :)  
  
Cant wait till the next one!

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Glacies** on **October 18, 2008, 12:20:08 pm**

\*claps\*  
  
Well, somebody actually just ending a thread rather than just ignoring it. I hope people take feathers outta your book.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Danaru** on **October 19, 2008, 06:25:12 pm**

I've noticed the name Kogan being used a lot more in the forums to refer to non-specific dwarves, much like how Urist is used so often  
:D

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **snelg** on **December 04, 2008, 05:03:39 pm**

Wait, what's this? A happy ending without mandates, hammering, pain, death and tantrum spirals etc.?  
  
Great story though, I enjoyed reading every part of it. ;D

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Dakk** on **December 08, 2008, 09:05:14 pm**

NEEDS MOAR

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **sonerohi** on **December 08, 2008, 09:13:38 pm**

Bison? Dakka? Definitely not story because he clearly stated he's stopping the story.

Title: **Re: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Zombie Troll**  
Post by: **Nyxalinth** on **January 23, 2013, 04:04:15 pm**

Quote from: Plank of Wood on September 24, 2008, 12:55:32 pm

Quote from: Tibbles on September 23, 2008, 10:43:47 pm

>Zombie Goats  
>Zombie Goasts

"And John Freeman felt sorry for them because they couldn't live here anymore because they were zombie goasts so he blew up the house and they were at peace"

And then JOHN WAS A ZOMBIE!  
  
Thread Necro, but if you're still around I had to tell you how much fun this is.

